EBRUARY.

THE EMPIRE'S GREATEST RAILWAY.

NEW BOOKS FOR BOYS.

THE CAPTAIN

A MAGAZINE
FOR BOYS & "OLD BOYS."

EDITOR, "THE OLD FAG." ATHLETIC EDITOR, P.F. WARNER.

6d

Vol. XII. No. 71. FEBRUARY, 1905.

"INTEREST YOUR SON IN ENGINEERING."

MODELS

There is a . . .

Fascination

about a **MINIATURE LOCOMOTIVE** that will actually work when steam is up, run on rails, over bridges, and through tunnels, and pull a load of miniature coaches and wagons in a realistic manner. We have made the production of these Locomotives and Railway Accessories our special study, and are able to offer the benefit of our experience to those interested, thus making it possible for an intelligent lad to run the Locomotive in the Hall or Dining Room, or lay a Model Railway around the garden. This is the fascination that is as instructive as it is interesting, and, at the same time, the knowledge of Engineering gained is of inestimable value.

SEND AT ONCE FOR OUR
SPLENDID NEW CATALOGUE
of over 250 pages, fully illustrated.

The most comprehensive, complete, and up-to-date catalogue in the trade. Intensely interesting to all mechanically inclined. With every Catalogue we present a Coloured Plate of our celebrated Midland Railway Compound Locomotive.

Just ready, post free, 7d.

W. J. Bassett-Lowke & CO.,
NORTHAMPTON.

"A Pastime to-day—a Business to-morrow."

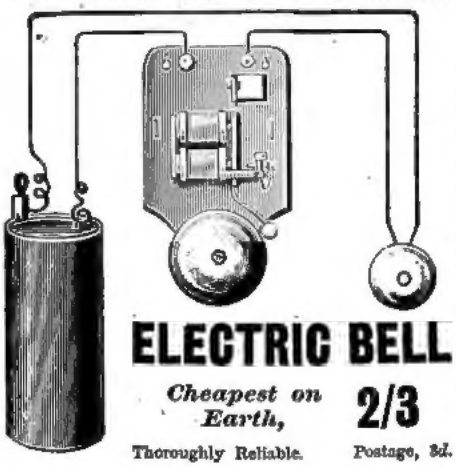
Published Monthly by GEORGE NEWNES, Ltd., 7-12, Southampton Street, Strand, W.C.

Digitized by Google

GAMAGE FOR SPORTS AND AMUSEMENTS.

Lowest Price. Biggest Variety. Best Quality.

YOU CAN FIT IT YOURSELF.



ELECTRIC BELL

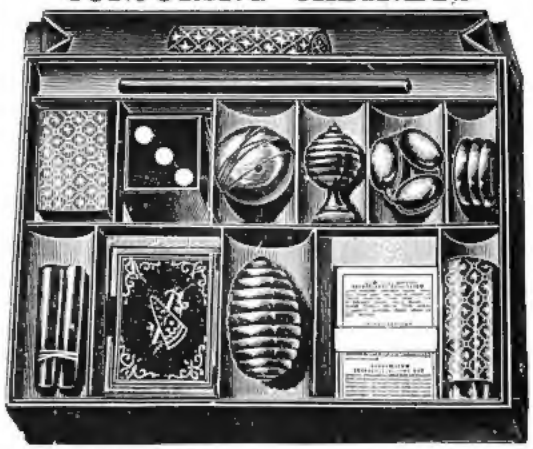
Cheapest on Earth, **2/3**

Thoroughly Reliable. Postage, 3d.

Wire, Battery, Push and Bell complete.

SELLING IN THOUSANDS.

CONJURING CABINETS.



No 1	Containing	7	Good Tricks	...	Price	1/9	Post 3d.
" 2	"	9	"	...	"	2/9	" 4d.
" 3	"	13	"	...	"	4/3	" 4d.
" 4	"	17	"	...	"	5/6	" 4d.
" 5	"	21	"	...	"	7/6	" 4d.
" 6	"	31	"	...	"	12/6	" free.

GAMAGE'S: *The Home of Talking Machines.*

4/11 GAMAGE'S SPECIAL PHONOGRAPH

Not to be Beaten anywhere.

Will take all Standard Cylinder Records.

COLUMBIA GRAPHOPHONES. QQ, 29/6. AA, 47/6 A B, 84/-

COLUMBIA X P RECORDS, 10½d. each.

Largest Stock of **GENUINE EDISON PHONOGRAPHS** and **RECORDS** in London.

"GEMS" ... 42/- "STANDARDS" ... 84/-

GOLD MOULDED RECORDS, 1/6, carriage paid.

Carriage extra outside Gamage's motor delivery of 6 miles from Holborn.

4 ft. Tables					£3	19 6
Superior 6 ft. Tables ..	£6	0	0	and	£7	15 0
7 ft. Tables	£8	10	0	and	£9	10 0
6 ft. Dining Billiard Table					£14	15 6
Bagatelle Boards, from						31 0

BILLIARD 6 ft. TABLES

For standing on Ordinary Table. Rubber Cushions, covered Good Cloth, Slate Bed, adjustable Feet, complete with Ivory Balls, Two Cues, Rest, Marker, Level, Chalk, Rules, &c.

Price Cash, **£4:19:0**

Physical Education Appliances.

CHEAPEST AND BEST HOUSE IN THE WORLD.

THE NEW WRIST MACHINE. For strengthening muscles of arms. **1/9** pair. Post. 3d.

BOXING GLOVES.	PORTABLE ROWING MACHINES.	FENCING GOODS.
GYMNASTIC SETS.	CHEST EXPANDERS.	PUNCHING BALLS.
HOME GYMNASIA.	CALISTHENIC WANDS.	INDIAN CLUBS.

Special Agents for all the Sandow Appliances.
Appointed Outfitters to all Sandow Schools and Institutes.

Every accessory for Athletes in Stock. Special attention given to Club Outfits.
Estimates Post Free.

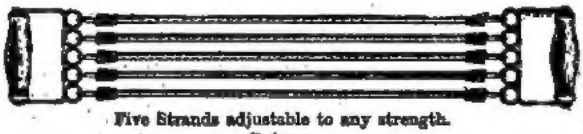
ORDERS OVER 10/- CARRIAGE PAID, UNLESS OTHERWISE STATED.

A. W. GAMAGE, Ltd., Holborn, London, E.C.

Digitized by Google

City Sale & Exchange

CHEST EXPANDER.



Five Strands adjustable to any strength.

Prices.

Ladies'	3/-
Man's	4/-
Athletes'	5/-

Postage, 4d.

THE WHITELY HEALTH EXERCISER.

Guaranteed English made. Packed in neat Box, complete, with Hooks for Door Attachment, Chart and full instructions.

Ladies'	3/-
Gents'	4/-
Athletes'	5/-

Postage, 4d.

SANDOW'S OWN COMBINED DEVELOPER.

(Combination of Rubber Exerciser and Dumb-bells.) Each apparatus consists of :—Rubber Developer with Steel-plated Fittings. Pair Handsome Nickel-plated Detachable ½ lb. Dumb-bells. Foot Attachment and Hooks. Concise Photographic Anatomical Chart. Packed in strong Box, 12/6, carriage paid.

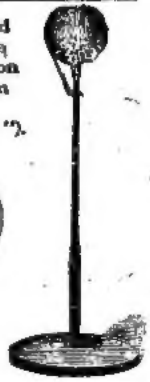
IRON DUMB-BELLS.

Octagon shape, uncovered, 1½d. per lb. All weights. Carriage extra.

Illustrated Catalogue Post Free on application (*mention "Captain"*).

BOXING GLOVES.

Buff Chamois	4/6 set
Superior ditto	6/6 ,,
Gold Cape, stuffed hair ...	7/6 ,,
Superior Gold Cape, ventilated	11/0 ,,



THE PORTABLE STRIKING BAG.

No. 1.—With Spiral Spring, weighted with heavy Iron Stand, 29/6. Carriage extra.

90, 91, 93, & 94

FLEET STREET, LONDON, E.C.

A

PRACTICAL AIR-GUN.

For Volunteers, Rifle, and School Clubs, &c. The most reliable and accurate air-gun ever put on the market. Not only more accurate, but shoots stronger than any other. Suitable for small Game. Used in the Principal Air-Gun Clubs all over the country. Correctly sighted and beautifully finished. 21s., 25s., and 35s.

The New "Militia" Air Rifle.

ASK YOUR DEALER

to show you one, or send for Illustrated List to the Sole Proprietors

MARTIN PULVERMANN & CO.,

(Dept. 4)

26 Minories, London, E.

WE HAVE HIT THE BULLSEYE THIS --- TIME

EVERY BOY SHOULD LEARN A CRAFT

GOLD MEDAL for TOOLS

We sell **INSTRUCTION BOOKS** on all Art Crafts. We publish **ORIGINAL DESIGNS** and make and sell **TOOLS** for Craftsmen.

Fretwork, Wood Carving, Repoussé Work in Metals and Leather, Bent Iron Work, Marqueterie Staining, Poker Work, &c.

REPOUSSÉ WORK is most fascinating, and the results are of a remarkably pleasing character. If you are interested, send stamp for our New Sheet of Tools, &c.

We are thoroughly equipped for the supply of Carving Tools of the best quality at very reasonable prices.

Send for Large Illustrated Catalogue (with Two Presentation Designs), 6d. Post Free.

HARGER BROS. (Home Handicrafts Dept.), **SETTLE.**

For Delicacy of Flavour

PETER'S

THE ORIGINAL **MILK-CHOCOLATE**

Stands Unrivalled

Digitized by Google

The GREATEST SUCCESS of the YEAR

Is **BRIGHT'S STAMP MARKET** for the purchase and exchange of **COLLECTORS' DUPLICATES.** Write for full particulars.

The 6th Edition "**A.B.C.**" **CATALOGUE** is **now ready**, nearly 900 pp. and about 6,000 Illustrations, giving all varieties of Watermark, Perforation, Paper, Type, etc., for stamps, and full list of Postcards, Envelopes, Wrappers, etc., price **2/6**, or Post Free **2/10.** Part I., containing **stamps only** of all countries, 650 pp. price **1/6**, or Post Free **1/9.** The cheapest, best, most reliable, and **ONLY** complete Catalogue published in English, and **The only true basis for both buying and selling Stamps.**

WE DON'T GIVE STAMPS AWAY, but we give better value for money than any other Firm. Our **APPROVAL SHEETS** are the best in the market, and will be sent on application. **LIBERAL DISCOUNT.**

Price List of Sets, Packets, Albums, etc., etc., Post Free. Interchangeable Albums from 8d. upwards.

BRIGHT & SON, 164 STRAND, W.C.

25 DIFFERENT BRITISH AFRICANS

with Packet No. 203.—Contains **Niger Coast**, old Bolivia, Canada long **Registered**, U.S. 1879 Unpaid, Straits Settlements, St. Louis **Exhibition**, British **Levant** (40 paras on 2½d.), Costa Rica (President Soto), **British South Africa**, Canada **Map**, France **Empire** (imperf.), **German Morocco**, Guatemala **1c. on 5c.**, Italy Segnatasse, Japanese **Korea**, Servia **10 on 20 paras**, Uruguay (**Monument**). Price **6d., postage extra.** Collections wanted. Wholesale, Retail Lists gratis.

The PREMIER STAMP CO., Brighton.

THE "ONKAPARINGA" STAMP COMPETITION.

In connection with my well-known Series of Approval Books.

FIRST PRIZE.—A Collection of 2,000 Varieties of Foreign and Colonial Stamps mounted in a **LATEST** Edition Gibbons' Imperial Album, in Three Vols.

OVER 100 OTHER PRIZES.

Send for 4-page Descriptive Circular.

L. S. CHARLICK,

26 GLENLOCH ROAD, HAMPSTEAD, LONDON, N.W.

500 Stamp Mounts given free to all applicants for our Approval Sheets. Good, clean stamps, 4d. in the 1s. discount.

The NORTHERN STAMP Co., Marshfield, Bradford, Yorks.

Send for 36-page Stamp Circular, post free, containing

600 CHEAP SETS OF STAMPS.

Ask for Samples of the New Perforated Stamp Hinge.

H. STAFFORD SMITH & CO., STAMP IMPORTERS, BRIGHTON.

BARGAINS IN STAMPS.

THE "ENTERPRISE" SERIES.

BEST VALUE IN VARIETY PACKETS EVER OFFERED.

ALL CLEAN AND PERFECT SPECIMENS.

No. 24 contains **75 ALL DIFFERENT**, including Madagascar (cow and monkey), Gaboon (new issue), Malay States (tiger), New Zealand (Mount Cook), Congo (leopard), Old Grenada, Chili (Columbus), Indian Native States, Jamaica, Mexico (obsolete), Colombian Republic (1901), &c., &c. And a fine **Set of Five Servia 1890** (5 to 25 paras unused). Price **3d.** post free.

No. 25 contains **110 ALL DIFFERENT**, including Guatemala (new issue), Antioquia (1902), Mauritius (obsolete), Cuba (1901 5c.), Deccan, Bolivia, Bulgaria, Somaliland, Paraguay (1903 lion), Nyassa (giraffe), Hayti (1898 Arms), Venezuela, Argentine Republic, China, North Borneo, Victoria, Queensland, South Australia (2d. violet), Japan, British Guiana, Ceylon, Transvaal, &c., &c. And in addition a splendid **Set of Five Labuan** (catalogued at 1/6). Price **6d.** post free.

All Collectors should see our New Illustrated Catalogue and Novelty List, post free on application.

KING BROTHERS, LTD., Stamp Importers, **BILSTON.**

3D. "MOROCCO" PACKET contains 3D.

100 Stamps, including a Fine Set of

8 MOROCCO

(with King's Head). St. Louis Exhibition (very handsome), **Congo** (large Pictorial), Chinese Empire (Dragon), Tunis (Arms), Tasmania (Views), Barbados (Britannia), Guatemala (Parrsquet), Buffalo (Express), Chili (Columbus), Paraguay (new Issue), &c., &c. Price **3d.** Postage, 1d. extra (abroad, 3d.).

In addition, every applicant desiring **APPROVAL SHEETS** will receive **FREE,**

13 OBSOLETE FRANCE.

LIST EXTRACT. | 3 Chili (1904 surcharges), used, **3d.**; 5 Gwalior, **3d.**; 3 Danish, W. Indies, **3d.**; 2 Niger Coast, **3d.**; 3 Sarawak, **3d.** Postage extra.

PERRIN BROS.

57 Fortunegate Road, Harlesden, N.W.

50 Stamps 6½d. B. Colonials (K. & Q. Heads) &c. good value (Sect. 1 **B Colonials**) **6d. in 1/- discount.**

APPROVAL SELECTIONS (Section 2 **European and Foreign**) **4d. in 1/- discnt.**

2 Jamaica (pictorial) *gratis* to applicants for Approval Selections.

PEARCE & STAMFORD, 7 Katharine St. (opposite Town Hall), Croydon.

IF YOU ASK to see my new approval sheets, at 50 per cent. discount, and send **4d.** for this month's **BARGAIN PACKET**, I will send free a set of **NEWFOUNDLAND.** The new packet contains

SEVENTY-FIVE different postage stamps, including new issue Jamaica, Malaya, Malta, Hong Kong, British South Africa, set of India, Argentine, Gibraltar, set of Japan, West Australia, Jamaica (Llandovery), Trinidad, Victoria, Orange Free State, Great Britain (Army Official and set of 10 obsolete), &c., &c., price post free **4d.** only.

NEW APPROVAL SHEETS fine variety perfect stamps, low prices, **DISCOUNT 50** per cent. Write to-day for a selection. **COLLECTIONS** purchased; stamps exchanged. Correspondence desired with all Colonies.

F. G. ROWE

(formerly of 24th) 22 Desborough Road, Plymouth.

J. JAS. ARTHUR & CO.

will send to Beginners, &c., Approval Sheets of Stamps at half usual prices, also subject to a good Discount. Satisfaction guaranteed. Established 1880, at

31 West Sunniside, Sunderland.

MIDLAND STAMP CO., CASTLE BROMWICH.

CHEAP SETS, ALL DIFFERENT.

	s.	d.		s.	d.		s.	d.
30 Argentine	..	6	20 French Colonies	..	5	28 Cuba	..	7
25 Hungary	..	4	45 Germany	..	7	29 Switzerland	..	6
15 Bolivia	..	9	21 Wurtemburg	..	6	30 Turkey	..	8
50 Belgium	..	9	24 Greece	..	6	40 United States	..	5
23 Brazil	..	6	20 Mexico	..	8	21 Salvador	..	6
20 Bulgaria	..	6	21 Nicaragua	..	6	30 Venezuela	..	7
18 Chili	..	6	15 Peru	..	6	10 Borneo	..	9
16 Colombia	..	6	16 Luxemboug	..	8	20 Canada	..	6
13 Costa Rica	..	4	24 Portugal	..	6	16 Cape Good Hope		9
12 Guatemala	..	6	30 Roumania	..	6	27 India	..	6
30 Holland	..	4	15 Finland	..	4	10 Newfoundland		6
20 Honduras	..	8	20 Servia	..	6	10 Labuan	..	9
13 Ecuador	..	6	50 Spain	..	9	14 Mauritius	..	1 0
70 Austria	..	1 4	10 Siam	..	1 0	17 Newfoundland		3 0
24 Chili	..	1 2	50 Cuba	..	1 6	10 Orange Colony		1 9
10 China	..	1 0	16 Philippine	..	8	9 Seychelles		1 6
30 Ecuador	..	1 5	20 Uruguay	..	7	20 Straits	..	1 3
26 Egypt	..	1 0	12 Jamaica	..	8	10 Transvaal	..	9
40 Japan	..	6	30 India	..	1 0	24 Victoria	..	1 3
50 Nicaragua	..	1 0	10 Labuan	..	10	30 West Australia		10
12 Paraguay	..	1 0	20 India			10 Jeburn	..	1 0
45 Salvador	..	1 0	Native States	1	0			

500 varieties Foreign Colonial, **2/6**, **250** varieties Foreign Colonial, **9d.** List of hundreds of packets and sets, free.

Only Address—**CASTLE BROMWICH, BIRMINGHAM.**

THE "BEST" 3D.

60 STAMPS. ALL DIFFERENT.

Including **British South Africa (Rhodesia), Malta (King), Mauritius (Arms), Transvaal (King), St. Louis, 1904 (large oblong)**, Set of 5 Finland, Set of 5 India (including King), Cuba (baby King), Mexico, Victoria, Chili (new issue), South Australia, Costa Rica, Canada (card), Obsolete "Army Official" (King), **Peru (Llamas)**, New Issue France, **New Issue Jamaica, Orange River Colony** (King, Springboks), **China (Dragon), Tasmania (View)**, Ceylon (King), **Monaco** (obsolete), &c., &c.

3d. Postage 1d. extra (Colonies and abroad, 3d. extra). **Only one Packet supplied to each person.**

In addition, every purchaser applying for a selection of our Ideal Approval Sheets will receive a

SET OF 10 GUATEMALA GRATIS!

New Price List of Bargains in Albums, Sets, and Packets, splendidly illustrated, post free and gratis. Mounts, 6d. per 1,000. Postcard Albums in great variety.

ERRINGTON & MARTIN,

SOUTH HACKNEY, LONDON, N.E.

Digitized by Google

THE THREE STANDARDS FOR STAMP COLLECTORS

form a unique present, and the best possible start towards making a collection of stamps of the British Empire.

THE STANDARD CATALOGUE. Fifth Edition (1905) now ready, 422 pages, 2,000 illustrations. No minor varieties or perforation measurements. Cheapest, simplest, and neatest catalogue in the world. **1/6, post paid anywhere.**

THE STANDARD ALBUM. A high class illustrated album on an entirely new plan, which does away with all the objections hitherto urged against a printed and illustrated album. Every stamp fully described, and spaces numbered to correspond with catalogue numbers. Vol. I., for stamps of Great Britain and Colonies, Now Ready; five styles of binding, 10/-, 16/-, 23/-, 35/-, 45/- (postage extra). Best value for money ever offered. Full details and specimen page sent free for the asking.

THE STANDARD PACKETS of Postage Stamps of the British Empire. Entirely new, having been made up specially for the Standard Album, and comprise used and unused postage stamps of **Great Britain and Colonies only.** None but standard varieties are included, such as are found in our catalogue, and spaces provided for in the Standard Album. The prices of the Standard Packets are as follows, and include inland postage, but to places abroad the postage will be charged extra:—

	s.	d.		s.	d.
No. 31 contains 100 all different ...	2	0	No. 33 contains 500 all different ...	30	0
No. 32 „ 250 „ ...	10	0	No. 34 „ 900 „ ...	80	0

If Packet No. 34 is ordered at the same time as a Standard Album at **16/-** or upwards, we will, **if desired,** mount the 900 stamps with hinges in the album, each stamp in its correct place, **without any extra charge,** but if ordered with a **10/-** Album, a charge of **2/6** will be made for mounting.

68 page price list of other packets and sets, sent free on receipt of a penny stamp for postage.

Established 1869. **WHITFIELD KING & CO., IPSWICH.** Telephone 368.

IT WILL PAY YOU to buy from my Approval Sheets and Books, **THEY ARE SO CHEAP.** Big Discounts. All responsible applicants sending 1d. postage will receive **FREE 2 new Paraguay** (Lion), and **500 Stamp Hinges. SPLENDID PACKETS** for beginners, 500 varieties **5/-**, 1,000 **12/6**, each stamp different. 50 New Issues and Pictorial **1/6.**
A. C. HARRISON, 14 Cambridge Gardens, Notting Hill, W.

N. CROCODILE PACKET 2d.
50 different STAMPS, postage **1d.** extra.
including rare **NORTH BORNEO** 12c. (Crocodile, a fine stamp), China (dragon), new issue **Guinea** (native), Senegambia and Niger, Victoria, Deccan (Hyderabad), India (King), Cape (King), Trinidad, N.Z., Turkey, Madagascar (cow and monkey), &c., &c. Postage 1d. extra. Send at once.
OUR PRICE LIST, 72 Pages, 150 Illustrations, contains offers of thousands of bargains. We will send you a copy gratis and post free.
We sell **PICTURE POSTCARDS** that give real satisfaction. Try a packet of 25 different, full sized views, for **4d.** post free.
ERNEST WOOD & CO., Chorlton-cum-Hardy, Manchester.

SUPERIOR MIXTURES. British Colonies, 6d. 100; Queenslands, 6d. 100; Mexico, old and new, 1/1 100; Bulgaria, old and new, 9d. 100; Japan, 3d. 100; Russia, 4d. 100; South and Central American, 1/1 100; Italy, new, 6d. 100; Colonial and Foreign, fine mixture, 2/6 1,000. **PACKETS:** Colonial and Foreign, 100 different, 1/-; 200 different, 3/6; 500 different, 4/-; 1,000 different, 12/6. Price Lists free.
A. MONTGOMERIE & CO., Stamp Importers, Brighton.

A USEFUL PRESENT.
COMPLETE STAMP COLLECTOR'S OUTFIT for 2/6
post free, comprising
(1) **The Rowland Hill Stamp Album,** bound in cloth. Spaces for about 3,500 varieties. (2) **200 Different Stamps** from all parts of the world. No cut cards, envelopes, or floods.
(3) **4,000 Best Stamp Hinges.** (4) **Perforation Gauge.**
Given away with each Outfit—Pemberton's Price List of British and Colonial Stamps, well illustrated. A complete guide to, and catalogue of, the stamps of the British Empire.
Particulars of better outfits from **5/-** to **£10 10s.** on application.
P. L. PEMBERTON & CO., 84 High Holborn, London, W.C.
Publishers of "The Philatelic Journal of Great Britain."

STAFFORD SMITH'S ALBUMS.
Send for 36-page Stamp Circular, post free. Permanent Stamp Album, 4s. and 5s.; 9,000 stamps described, 12,000 extra spaces.
H. STAFFORD SMITH & CO., Stamp Importers, BRIGHTON.

"CAPTAIN" EYE OPENER, Feb. (Quote Feb. when ordering.) **110** different, **4d.** only, including Argentine, Cyprus, China, Gibraltar, Japan Prince Imp. and scarce 8 ochre, scarce Portugal "Centenary," U.S. 3 different 10c. Venezuela, Jamaica 2 "Views." GRATIS Large List Sets, Sheets ½d. Stamps upwards. 250 Mounts and Set of 2 Iceland and 3 old Sweden gratis to all who apply for sheets. 500 different stamps and Album, 5s. 6d., free inland, abroad **8s.** extra; 1,000 for 15s. Bright's Catalogue 1/9, King's 1/6, post free; 3d. less to callers—**A. C. McAUSLAN & CO., 36w Bath Street, Glasgow.**

We have a
TREMENDOUS VARIETY
of Approval Selections to send out to responsible applicants.
A **Free Gift** to all mentioning *The Captain*
Loose Stamps and Collections purchased.
J. W. SPOWART & Co., Foreign Stamp Importers, Southport.

RARE OLD COLONIAL GIVEN AWAY!
Bona-fide applicants for my famous Approval Selections enclosing Stamp for postage receive GRATIS a **Rare Old Large 1d. Vermilion Tasmania** (inscribed "Van Diemen's Land") Catalogued by Gibbons at 2s.
Also **500 Best Quality Stamp Mounts.**
Graham Morris, Twickenham.

50 % OFF GIBBONS' 1904 CATALOGUE.
Approval Books containing fine Stamps, now ready to be sent out. High discount 50" off Gibbons' 1904 Catalogue. Plenty of bargains. State wants.
W. HOUTZAMER, 161 Strand, London, W.C.

Our Bargain Sale Catalogue contains 20 Choice Collections of
750 DIFFERENT STAMPS FOR 1/-
List of the lots, sent post free.
THE EMPIRE STAMP CO., Commercial Chambers, Horsmonden.

STAMP EXHIBITION.
(Junior Philatelic Society.)
EXETER HALL, FEB. 3 & 4.
For the perfect protection and better display of the Stamps being shown by the majority of the competitors at this Exhibition, the Committee has decided to exclusively adopt the
CISTAFILE SYSTEM
in place of Albums.
Tickets for admission may be obtained gratis from—
LAWN & BARLOW, Stamp Experts and Sole Manufacturers of the Cistafile,
99 REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.
Cistafile Booklet Post Free.

Digitized by Google

J. W. JONES,

SPECIALIST in Stamps,

444 Strand
(Charing Cross),
London.

SPECIAL BARGAINS.

Great Britain, 1d. Black ...	3d.
United States, 50 varieties	1/6
Porto Rico, 10 unused ...	6d.
Cuba, 12 unused	1/-
Philippines, 17 unused ...	1/-
Spain, 50 varieties	1/-

Collections, priced singly, and special stock books, may be had on approval.

444 STRAND.

CHEAP PACKETS.—100 different variety, 6d.; 50 different British Colonials, 6d.; 100 different Colonials, 1/2.
CHEAP SETS.—10 Brazil, 2d.; 7 Chili, 2d.; 10 Portugal, 2d.; 10 Mexico, 2d.; 10 Uruguay, 4d.; 6 Luxemburg, 2d.; 10 Sweden (official), 3d.; 5 Philippines, 4d.; 7 Tunis, 3d.; 40 Spain, 6d.; 6 Turkey, 2d.; 25 Indians, 1/-
CHEAP SHEETS.—Prices low; discount liberal.
EDWARD ROBERTS, 31 Pym St., Nottingham.

"THE IRONCLAD PACKET," 1D.

This Packet contains a splendid selection of Foreign and Colonial Stamps and **NO** common European, so often found in cheap packets; it includes the following:—**4 U.S.A. (Ironclad) War Stamps, Argentine, Chinese Empire,** Western Australia (Swan), Cuba (arms, unused), **Peru** obsolete, 6 Canada (including 1898 and King's Head issues), **5 JAPANESE POST-CARDS, Borneo,** Transvaal (King's Head), and a fine obsolete Costa Rica. All the above for 1d. (postage 1d. extra) 2d. in all. Worth over 1/-. This packet will only be supplied to those who **ask to see** my world-famed Approval Sheets.

Beautiful Pictorial Postcards, 100 different for 2/6. 50 different stamps 2d. 100 different stamps 6d. 1,000 mounts 5d.

H. C. WATKINS, 36 Lordship Lane, Wood Green, N.

TO TEST US and get satisfaction!

☞ Order Set 44a.

15 different **DENMARK,** 1 cre to 100 cre. Price **9d.** post free.

☞ WE PRESENT to every purchaser a packet of 50 stamps, including British Colonials, King's Head, and obsolete issues. **A Marvellous Bargain!**

ALFRED GILBERT & CO., Weston-super-Mare.

STAMP COLLECTORS! NOTE THIS!!

EXTRAORDINARY BARGAINS IN PACKETS.

2s. 6d. worth of Stamps for 3d.

This Packet, No. 78, contains 100 well mixed Stamps, including following:—Venezuela (Map Stamp scarce), Canada (King's Head), States of Colombia (new issue), Ecuador Jubilee (scarce), Borneo (native), Cuba (baby King), Brazil (old issue), Deccan (Native Indian States), Turkey (obsolete), Greece (latest issue), Argentine, Roumania (old issue), Canada (maple leaves), Spain, India, New Zealand (Universal), Costa Rica (1892), &c., &c. Post free, 3d.

5s. worth of Stamps for 5d.

This Packet, No. 79, contains 100 well mixed Stamps from all parts of the World, and includes Labuan 12c. (Crocodile, this fine stamp usually sold at 1s.), Hayti (large stamp), Peru (obsolete), Travancore (Native Indian State), Mexico (obsolete issue), Queensland, New South Wales, Persia (old issue), Egypt (official issue), Roumania (latest issue), Bulgaria, Canada (map stamp), Porto Rico (obsolete), Ecuador (1896, rare), Trinidad (old head issue), United States (Buffalo Exhibition Stamp), Jamaica (Waterfalls, obsolete), Portuguese Indies (scarce), Nicaragua (old issue), Reunion (scarce), &c., &c. Post free, 5d.

SPECIAL NEW YEAR COLLECTIONS.

500	Stamps, all different, Post Free ...	3/3
1,000	" " " ...	10/9
2,000	" " ...	29/6

These contain all very nice specimens. A large quantity of rare stamps. Price is less than half usually asked for these fine collections. Satisfaction guaranteed. Money otherwise refunded.

APPROVAL SHEETS.—Our sheets are known all over the world for their marvellous cheapness. All collectors should send for one to inspect. Discount 6d. in 1s.
Also books of Stamps for advanced collectors.

Our Price List, Post Free on Application. Undoubtedly the Cheapest List in the Trade.

EDWARD COOPER & Co.,
14, Archway Road, Highgate, London, N.

STAMPS.—

As an advertisement during the 1904-5 Season, I am selling all stamps purchased from my Cheap Approval Selections at **HALF-PRICE,** and the first **50 Applicants for Approval Sheets during this month,** enclosing 1d. stamp to cover postage, will receive **GRATIS** the scarce **2d. K.E.I. Transvaal surcharged "Halfpenny."**

W. H. REGAN, 51 Queen's Road, Bayswater, London, W.

COINS.—

Pamphlet on the Copper, Tin, and Bronze Coins of England, 16 pages. Illustrated with 30 Wood-Engravings, with List of Coins for disposal. 7d. post free.

W. H. REGAN, 51 Queen's Road, Bayswater, London, W.

SELECTIONS of RARE STAMPS or COINS sent on approval to **Advanced Collectors** on receipt of satisfactory references.

W. H. REGAN, 51 QUEEN'S ROAD, BAYSWATER, LONDON, W.

Established 1880. **W. H. REGAN'S Monthly Stamp and Coin Circular, sent post free to all Clients.** Telephone 1241 Western.

APPROVAL SELECTIONS

of stamps of all countries, in good condition, at very low prices. Large discount. Catalogue free.

BRIDGER & KAY, 65 Bishopsgate St. Without, London, E.C.

A Collection of One Hundred genuine Stamps **all different,** including the following **unused:** Antigua, Anjouan, Bechuanaland (obsolete), Bermuda provisional, British Somaliland, China, Colombia 1903, Crete, Dahomey, Falkland Islands, Fiji (King), Gambia (King), &c., post free 7½d.

I have a splendid assortment of Approval Books of British Colonials and Foreign Stamps priced to allow a discount of **6d.** in the **5s.** Full of bargains.

Collections bought for Cash. Highest prices paid. Fiscals also wanted.

JOHN JAMES COATES,
4 SOUTHWARK ST., LONDON, S.E.
Established 1879.

GREAT BRITAIN.

Collect the stamps of your own country: 30 different for **1s.,** including **1d.** black.

HERBERT JAMES & CO., 43 Eastcheap, E.C. Tel.: 13023 Central.

'XTRA SP'L.

Post Free, 4d.

125 Genuine Foreign Stamps, every one different, including Java unused, Martinique, Peru, New Zealand, Columbian Republic unused, Cuba unused, Venezuela unused, Costa Rica, Bosnia, Mexico, Cape of Good Hope, Chili, Brazil, Argentine, &c., also the following Sets: 6 Canada, including King's Heads; 8 U.S.A., including 2 oblong picturesque; 5 Australian, and 6 Japanese. Every purchaser of this Packet also purchasing from our Approval Sheets is presented gratis with four handsome unused long Ecuadors, catalogued 6d. each, and a Japanese Stamp with Head of a General. Only one Packet to each applicant. Large Illustrated Catalogue gratis and post free.

CAPE & CO., Stamp Importers,
BRISTOL.

STAMP COLLECTIONS AND LARGE LOTS BOUGHT FOR READY CASH TO ANY AMOUNT.

Parcels of stamps from abroad particularly desired. All packages sent should be Registered and contain List and lowest price required. Remittances sent per return of mail. Rare stamps and curiosities also desired, for which we will pay very high prices. The *Royal Postage Stamp Album* for British and British Colonial Stamps contains 550 pages, well illustrated, with full catalogue of stamps on one side and ruled spaces for stamps on the other page. The most up-to-date and cheapest album published, price 2/6 post free. Catalogue of Colonial Stamps, containing nearly 1000 illustrations, 256 pages, price 2d., post free. Selections of Colonial Stamps sent on approval to reliable applicants. No rubbish sent, only nice specimens. A fine stock of rare stamps on hand. Lists of wants will have our immediate and careful attention. Our stamps are on sale in nearly 2000 Stationers' and Booksellers'. Send your name and address on a postcard, and we will send you the address of our nearest agent selling our Stamps, Mounts, and Albums.

Cable Address, "STAMPVOL, LONDON."

EDWIN HEALEY & CO.,
14 Wormwood Street, Old Broad Street, London, E.C.
Established over 20 years.

Telephone No. 3309 London Wall.

Digitized by Google

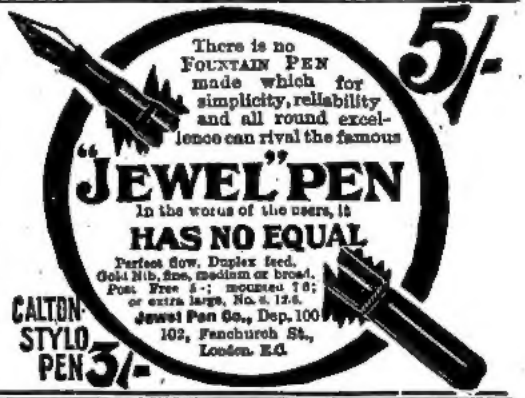
"Oh, East is East, and West is West, and never the twain shall meet,
Till you entrain for CROOKED LANE, just off King William Street."

Messrs. A. H. DINGWALL & CO.

will be pleased to meet their numerous correspondents at above address and give them an opportunity of inspecting their superb stock of OLD and tried issues, which is their speciality, and they are now able to offer many new and interesting varieties on pieces of the original envelopes. Persians of all values, fine Germans and French Colonials, British King's Heads, high value Continentals, &c.

Will *Captain* readers kindly note that A. H. DINGWALL & Co. do not sell any but **genuinely postally used** specimens, and that it is therefore useless to write to them for Labuans, North Borneos, Abyssinians, Persian Officials, et hoc genus omne. But they can supply a few bargains for February, so this list should be kept for reference and enclosed in case orders be forwarded.

Argentine 5c. blue **2d.**, 1 peso blue **4d.**, 1, 2, 3, 5, 10, and 15c. **1d.** each, 20 and 30c. **1d.** each, Barbados 1874 1d. blue large star **6d.** (a good stamp), Belgium 1fr. yellow unpaid **5d.**, Canada King's Head 2½c. **6d.**, Brazil 2000 reis on 1000 reis only **3d.** each (said, 1/-), 1000 reis head **2d.**, 700 reis **5d.** (on pieces), France 1fr. **5d.**, 25c. **4d.**, 5fr. **8d.**, 40 and 80c. **1d.** each, Mexico 50c. oblong **4d.**, 1 peso blue **9d.**, 3 pesos black and red **4/-**, and many others. Payment to cash, postal (or post office) orders, or cheques; foreign stamps of low values not accepted. Rare or gie stamps or old collections or old English or European on entires bought for cash, and bankers' references (if) can be given. Address to **15 Crooked Lane, LONDON, E.C.**, and no longer to Weston-super-Mare.



EVERY READER OF THE "CAPTAIN" SHOULD SUBSCRIBE TO
"THE WEST-END PHILATELIST."
PRICE 1/6 FOR 12 NUMBERS.
The Best Magazine for Stamp Collectors.
THE WEST-END PHILATELIST
A Special Bargain offered every month to subscribers at a price that would be a real bargain to a dealer, and therefore much more so to a collector. Do not miss it.
Send for a specimen copy and also for **Price List of Sets and Packets** (now ready).
BOTH POST FREE ON APPLICATION. Telephone No. 4809 Gerrard.
D. FIELD, 4 & 5 Royal Arcade, Old Bond Street, London, W.

BUTLER BROS.' 1905 BARGAINS

PRICE LIST, 1905,
60 pages, full of illustrations and interesting offers that have never appeared in any of our previous lists. It contains also a **GUIDE TO STAMP COLLECTING**, and much information for collectors. It is post free from us, and is

SOMETHING NEW.
Write for it to-day.

This 1905 list is our 21st Annual Edition, and we wish to tender our thanks to stamp collectors for their kind support during the last 21 years.

A NEW PUBLICATION.
On February 1st, we hope to commence the publication of

BUTLER BROS.' MONTHLY CIRCULAR
which will contain particulars of new issues and other matters of much interest to collectors generally. No charge will be made for it. The twelve monthly numbers will be sent as issued, upon receipt of **6d.** to pay postage.

THE GREAT Packet contains **140** different stamps, including a **Set of Ten Picturesque British Colonials**, including Turks Islands, Jamaica, Malta, Western Australia, Tasmania, &c., Brazil, Set of 5 India, **Set of 20** different **Roumania**, Greece, Turkey, &c., price **3d.** post free; and **FREE** to every purchaser, a Set of **Seven Sweden Service**, very scarce, and used only on official letters.

No. 55 **Excelsior** Packet contains **50** different stamps, including **New Brunswick**, Set of 12 Sweden, Costa Rica, Ceylon, **Antioquia**, Set of 7 Egypt, N.S. Wales 1903, O.R. Set of 18 Roumania, Orange River Colony (King), Canada, Queensland, &c., post free **6d.** (Abroad 7d.), and **FREE** to every purchaser a Set of **10 Finland.**

1906 **Excelsior** Packet, containing **60** different stamps, including pictorial **British Beehuan, Corea, Gold Coast, Somaliland**, New Zealand, Turkey, Queensland, Cape Colony, Manitoba, Argentine, British Guiana, &c., and a **Set of Seven Costa Rica**, including scarce first and pictorial issues. Post free, **6d.**; Abroad, **7d.**

NEW STAMP ALBUM.
No. 2 **Excelsior** 1904 Edition, 208 pages (size 11 by 8½ inches), beautifully bound in cloth, with spaces for 7,000 specimens. Hundreds of Illustrations at the heads of various pages. Price **2/6** post free.
(The best half-crown album published).

PICTURESQUE COLONIALS.
3d. each Set, Postage extra.
2 Antigua; 2 Montserrat; 2 St. Kitts-Nevis; 2 Turks Islands; 2 Niue; 2 Aitutaki; 2 St. Helena; 2 Fearless Islands; 2 British New Guinea.
The 9 Sets post free, **2/6**

ONE MORE OFFER.
Send **3d.** for postage (Abroad 5d.), and we will send the list and a packet of **50** Stamps, including **United States Special Delivery** (Messenger Boy), Egypt, Brazil, Turkey, Chili, Ceylon, Argentine, India, Canada, New Zealand, &c. **Mention Packet "A."**

BUTLER BROS., CLEVEDON.

THE COLOSSAL PACKET

Comprises 24 grand King's Head issues from Natal, Cape, Levant, Gold Coast, Malta, Orange River, Transvaal, Ceylon, Hong Kong, India, Straits settlements, Canada, Newfoundland, a **magnificent set of 19 different Australian**, 2 obsolete English Officials, 2 British Guiana, and finally, the 12, 15, and 24c. Labuan, which alone are catalogued at 7/6. This superb packet post free for **9d.** to those applying for our famed approval sheets at the **gigantic discounts** of 7d. and 8d. in the 1s. *To those not asking to see our sheets, the price of packet is 1s. 6d.*

Write for it

SPECIAL.—2 Queen's Head Ceylons, surcharged "On Service," 3d.; 6d., and 1s. South Australia 3d.; 6d., and 1s. Natal, King's Head, 3d.; 10 25, and 30c. Straits Settlements, King's Head, 3d.; 6d., 1s., and 2s. New Zealand 1s.

A. W. TYRRELL & CO., 75 Little Britain, E.C.
(The oldest stamp shop in the City of London.)

WE PRESENT FREE! A RARE UNUSED SEYCHELLES and RARE UNUSED BRITISH EAST AFRICA to Everyone writing us for A SELECTION ON APPROVAL and enclosing one penny to pay postage.
We give advantageous terms, a liberal discount, and ARE ALWAYS CHEAP.
ALFRED GILBERT & CO., Weston-super-Mare.

THE "OFFICIAL." 120 STAMPS including Costa Rica (Arms), Argentina (Liberty), Dutch Indies, Japan, Egypt, U.S.A. (1 dollar), Peru (surcharged), Russia, India (King), Madagascar (Cow and Monkey), Portuguese East Africa (Elephants), French, Guinea (new pictorial), Canada, New Zealand, Barbados (Sea Horses), &c., &c. **Price 3d.** Postage extra. In addition, applicants for Approval Sheets will receive **FREE** a Set of **SIX DIFFERENT OFFICIAL STAMPS**, including two unused. **W. AINSWORTH, 21 Bethesda Road, BLACKPOOL.**

FREE! FREE!! FREE!!!
To everyone applying for one of our Approval Sheets, and mentioning *The Captain*, we will present **GRATIS** a Set of Seven Japan and a Set of Five Russia, Post Free.
THE BELLE STAMP CO., Forest Hill, S.E.

212 Different Colonial and Foreign Stamps. 212
FREE, 10d. **Unsurpassed Value.**
64 Different British Colonial Stamps, FREE, 9d.
Splendid **Unused Sets.** Gambia 1898, Queen's Head, complete Set of 8, **4/6.** Falkland Islands, ½d. to 1s., 8, **4/6.** Prince Edward Island, 1872, 8, **2/3,** New Brunswick, 1860, **1/3.** Zululand, 1894, 6, **4/6 free.**
A Splendid Selection of Old Issues. Cheap and Rare. Large and Liberal Discount.
W. B. KIRKPATRICK,
4 Bedford Place, Russell Square, London, W.C.

W. H. PECKITT,

Dealer in Rare Stamps,
47, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.
Telephone: 3204 GERRARD.
Telegrams and Cables: "PECKITT, LONDON."

KING'S HEADS—
SINGLE WATERMARK.
All in stock, unused.
Ask for quotations.

A fine Selection of Stamps always on view, ranging from New Issues to the Greatest Rarities.

Digitized by Google

"CAPTAIN" PRIZES.

See Competition No. 2, if you want to win this "Benetfink" Football.

ALL PRIZES ARE OF THE BEST QUALITY.

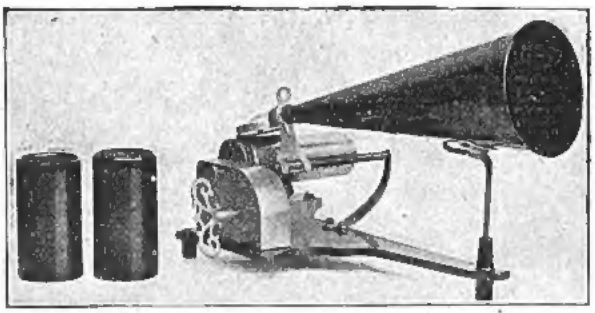
See page 472.

Awarded as Prize in the "Drawing of an Open Door." Competition No. 5.

Books to the value of 10/- are awarded in Competition No. 6, "Derivations."

A "LOUIS WAIN" GOLF SUBJECT. Handsomely framed by Messrs. Muller & Co., of 62 Strand, London.

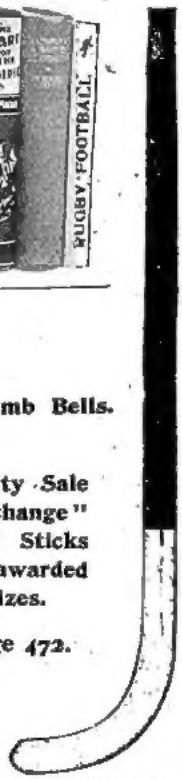
A Set of SANDOW Grip Dumb Bells.



Three of these New Columbia Graphophones are awarded as prizes to the winners of "Hidden Advertisers" Competition. See page 472.

And "City Sale and Exchange" Hockey Sticks are also awarded as prizes.

See page 472.



See Competition No. 2 if you want one of these Hockey Sticks, made by Messrs. Benetfink.

CONSOLATION PRIZES ARE AWARDED IN ALL COMPETITIONS

Three of these 10/6 "Swan" Fountain Pens are awarded as Prizes to the winners of Competition No. 4, "Photographic Competition."

Digitized by Google

H. GRADIDGE & SONS,

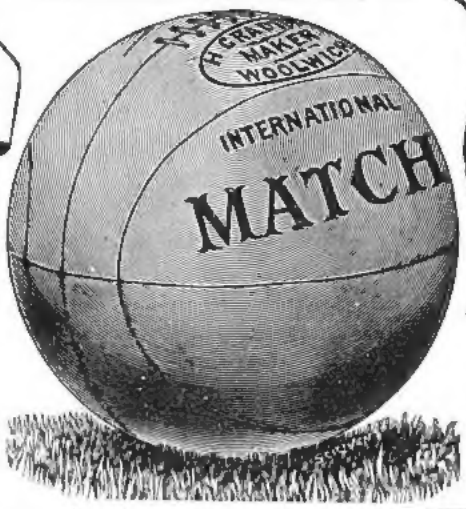
Manufacturers and Exporters of all articles used in FOOTBALL and HOCKEY.

A very large assortment of all kinds of STICKS, BOOTS, SHIRTS,
SHINGUARDS, BALLS, &c., &c.

Shirts from 2/3.

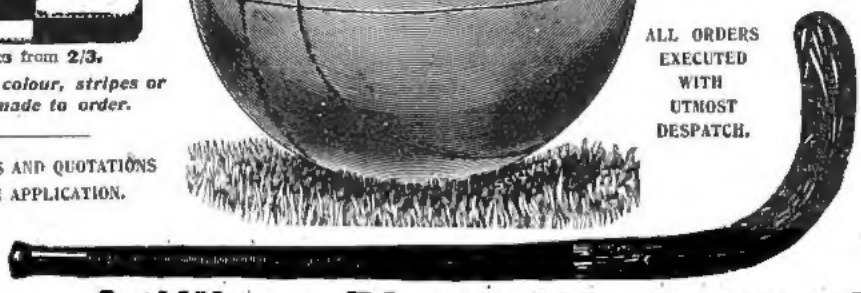
Shirts, any colour, stripes or halves, made to order.

PRICE LISTS AND QUOTATIONS FREE ON APPLICATION.



All Chrome Boots, 8/6, 10/6, and 12/6.

ALL ORDERS EXECUTED WITH UTMOST DESPATCH.



Factory:—Artillery Place, Woolwich, S.E.

RICHFORD'S EXPRESS ENGINES

SCALE MODEL MIDLAND LOCO.
Tender, and complete set Oval Rails No. 7194. Oxidised or Enamelled Brass Boiler with Water Gauge, D.A.S.V. Cylinders, fitted with Reversing Eccentrics worked from Cab, Safety Valve, Whistle, Steam Dome, Outlet Cock, &c. The whole splendidly Finished and Lined Correct Colours. Priced, with Complete Oval of Rails and Carriage Paid.

No. 1 Gauge	(not reversing)	31/6
No. 2	(reversing) ..	62/6
No. 3	.. .. ..	70/6
No. 4	.. .. ..	100/-

All Sizes in Stock, and also in G.N., L. & N. W., and L. & S. W., same price.

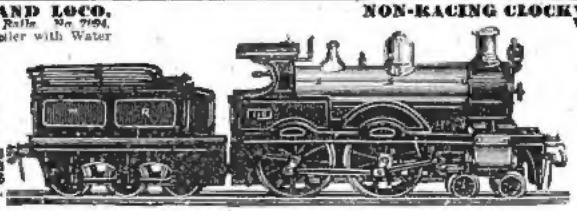
NON-RACING CLOCKWORK RAILWAYS,
Will not derail but run at uniform speed.

No. 1. Engine with Patent Regulator, Tender, Two Carriages, Guard's Van, and Oval Set of Rails. Brake worked from both Rail and Cab, 11/- post free.

No. 2. Ditto, larger, 16/6 post free.

No. 3. Ditto, but reversing, 21/6 post free.

We also stock Electric Motors, Dynamos, Shock Coils, &c. Send for Engine and Electrical Novelty List Post Free



No. 2 Gauge. Length of Engine and Tender, 21 inches.

C. RICHFORD & CO., 153 Fleet Street, London, E.C.
BRANCH DEPOT: 52a High Holborn, W.C.

A Lasting Cure for Neuralgia.

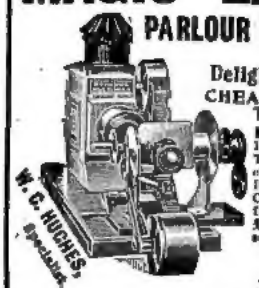
ZOX If you are in pain, try it to-day. It costs you nothing. Send us your address and a stamped envelope and we will send you two powders free. It depends then on your free experiment whether you have faith in ZOX to cure Neuralgia, Toothache, Headache, and Nerve Pains. Mention CAPTAIN MAG.

Of all Chemists at 1/- and 2/6 per box, or post free from—
The ZOX CO., 11 Hatton Garden, London, E.C.

MAGIC LANTERNS.

PARLOUR BIOSCOPES £3 3s.
COMPLETE.

Delightful Home Amusement.
CHEAPEST, BEST, AND MOST TECHNICAL in the WORLD.



Pamphengos Oil Lantern, giving 12 ft. brilliant pictures, £2 5s. Triple and Biunial Lanterns, Alghisian effects, as supplied to Mme. Patti, Polytechnic, &c. Grand Illustrated Catalogues, free, 6d. 50,000 Slide List, free, 6d. The Professional Bioscope, **£11 11s.** complete with Lantern. Bioscope Peep-shows, **£12 12s.** Large Illustrated Cinematograph List, free, 6d.

Before purchasing go direct to
Brewster House,
82 Mortimer Rd., Kingsland, London, N.

Digitized by Google

Hobbies
ONE-PENNY
A WEEKLY JOURNAL FOR AMATEURS OF BOTH SEXES

For YOUNG BOYS and OLD BOYS,

"HOBBIES" is far and away the best **Weekly Paper.**

The price is only One Penny, and with each copy is given away weekly a handsome design for Fretwork or some other Hobby.

"HOBBIES" deals with Stamp-Collecting, Photography, Fretwork, Turning, Carving, Iron and Leather Work, Outdoor Hobbies, Gardening, &c., &c.

No Young Fellow with any go in him can possibly do without "HOBBIES."

Send a Postcard for a Specimen Copy of "HOBBIES," or order from your Newsagent.

HOBBIES Ltd.,
12c, Paternoster Square, London, E.C.

"THE MODEL ENGINEER" ILLUSTRATED HANDBOOKS.

Price, **6d.** each. Post free, **7d.**

A Splendid Series of Instruction books for Amateurs and Students.

No. 1. Small Accumulators: How Made and Used.
No. 2. The Slide Valve Simply Explained.
No. 3. Electric Bells and Alarms.
No. 4. Telephones and Microphones.
No. 5. Electric Batteries.
No. 6. Model Boiler Making.
No. 7. Metal Working Tools and their Uses.
No. 8. Simple Electrical Working Models.
No. 9. Simple Mechanical Working Models.
No. 10. Small Dynamos and Motors.
No. 11. Induction Coils for Amateurs.
No. 12. Model Steamer Building.
No. 13. Machinery for Model Steamers.
No. 14. Small Electric Motors.
No. 15. Simple Scientific Experiments.
No. 16. Acetylene Gas: How to Make and Use it.
No. 17. The Locomotive Simply Explained.
No. 18. Simple Experiments in Static Electricity.
No. 19. X-Rays Simply Explained.
No. 20. Patents Simply Explained.
No. 21. Mechanical Drawing Simply Explained.
No. 22. Electric Lighting for Amateurs.
No. 23. Model Steam Turbines.
No. 24. Small Electrical Measuring Instruments.
No. 25. The Beginner's Guide to the Lathe.

PERCIVAL MARSHALL & CO.
26c, POPPIN'S COURT, FLEET STREET, LONDON, E.C.

SEEKING A PROFESSION.

STUDENTS TO ENGINEERING AND NAVAL ARCHITECTURE.

Premium Moderate.

Exceptional Advantages for Training as above.

Students from these Works have obtained IMPORTANT posts in H.M. Navy and Mercantile Marine.

For terms and full particulars apply to—

COX & CO.

Engineers & Shipbuilders

Docks Ironworks & Dock Head Foundry, FALMOUTH.

Approved for the Practical Training of Candidates for the direct entry of Probationary Assistant Engineers in His Majesty's Navy.

SUPERIOR PRINTING OUTFITS.

For 7d., 1/2, 1/8, 2/8, 3/8, 5/8, 6/3, and 9/9, post free!

Consisting of Letters, Points and Ornaments, a Type-holder, supply of Ink, Pad, and Tweezers. Any name, &c., can be made at pleasure, for stamping Books, Papers, and Printing Cards.

Illustrated Catalogue Free.

AGENTS WANTED!

Patent "Air Cushion" Rubber Stamps, 9d. &c.

Your Name, 1/9; Your Name and Address, 2/3; Your Monogram, 6d. *Postage 3d. extra.*

C. LINDNER, Farringdon Avenue, London, E.C.

THE
WORLD'S CURE
FOR
Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Bronchitis, Influenza, Whooping-Cough, Hoarseness, &c.

Owbridge's Lung Tonic

The enormous Success of Owbridge's Lung Tonic could not have been won and continues to increase after **30 YEARS,** *apart from its great intrinsic merit as the most efficacious remedy ever known.*

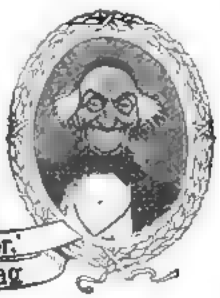
Beware of Substitutes; ask for **"OWBRIDGE"** *when buying Lung Tonic and* **TAKE NO OTHER.**

Sold everywhere
In bottles, at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., & 11s.

COPYRIGHT

Digitized by Google

THE CAPTAIN.



A Magazine for Boys and "Old Boys."

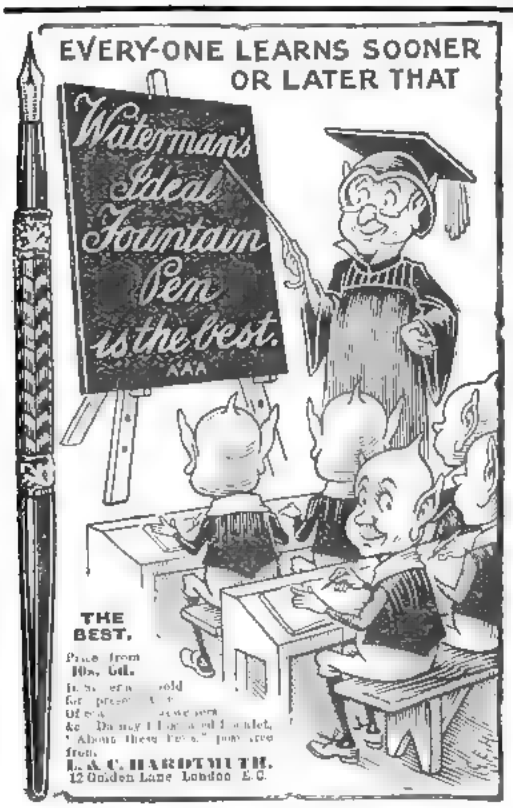
(With which is Incorporated the "Public School Magazine.")

P. F. Warner, Athletic Editor. — Editor, The Old Fag

Contents for February, 1905.

		PAGE
"THE TURNING WORM"	*Back of Frontispiece*	
THE EMPIRE'S GREATEST RAILWAY With Illustrations from Photographs.	WILLIAM MACMILLAN	386
FAVERSHAM'S SCOUTS Illustrated by T. M. R. WHITWELL.	E. ST. CLAIR	394
THE CYCLING CORNER. (SOME NOTES ON THE STANLEY SHOW.) With Illustrations.	ARCHIBALD WILLIAMS	400
THE HEAD OF KAY'S. (CHAPS. XVII.—XX.) Illustrated by T. M. R. WHITWELL.	P. G. WODEHOUSE	404
MICROSCOPIC MYSTERIES OF FERNS With Illustrations by the Author.	JAMES SCOTT	414
TALES OF THE FAR WEST. (No. II—THE TRADER'S DUEL.) Illustrated by E. F. SKINNER.	F. W. CALKINS	417
"CAPTAIN" CAMERA CORNER	ARCHIBALD WILLIAMS	421

(Further contents on next page.)



To Cyclists the

Jagan Two Speed Hub

is a boon,
making Winter Riding
a luxury,
Hill Climbing easy,
Coasting a delight,
and a
HIGHER NORMAL
GEAR possible.

Write for Booklet and Gear Table, Dept. IX.,

EADIE MFG. CO., LTD. Redditch

Contents—*continued.*

		PAGE
AT HICKSON'S. (No. 5—The Reformation of Parleby.) Illustrated by Alfred Pearse.	F. L. Morgan	425
THE STAMP COLLECTOR. (Falkland Islands.) With Illustrations and New Issues.	E. J. Nankivell	431
THE ATHLETIC CORNER. (The Story of Middlesex.)	P. F. Warner	435
OUR BOOK CORNER		440
NATURALISTS' CORNER Illustrated by Mabel E. Step.	Edward Step, F.L.S.	444
HELD UP! Illustrated by George Soper.	John Mackie	447
SCHOOL MAGAZINES REVIEWED	A. E. Johnson	452
THE RABBIT TRAPPER	Charles Tresidder	454
THE DUFFER. (Book II. Chaps. XVI.–XIX.) Illustrated by Gordon Browne, R.I.	R. S. Warren Bell	455
SOME AMERICAN BATTLESHIPS	A. B. Cull	467
CAPTAIN CLUB CONTRIBUTIONS		468
COMPETITIONS FOR FEBRUARY		472
"THE OLD FAG"		473
RESULTS OF DECEMBER COMPETITIONS		479

The Captain is published monthly by the proprietors, George Newnes, Limited, 7 to 12 Southampton Street, Strand, London, England. Subscription price to any part of the world, post free, for one year, 8s. 6d. Cases for binding any Volume may be obtained from Booksellers for 1s. 6d.; or post free for 1s. 9d. direct from the Office. Vols. IX., X., and XI. are now ready, price 6s., or post free 6s. 9d. each. Vols. I. to VIII. are out of print. American Agents in the United States, the International News Company, 83 and 85 Duane Street, New York.

The Editor does not hold himself responsible for any MSS., photographs, or drawings submitted to him, but when stamps are enclosed he will endeavour to return those contributions of which he cannot make use. Typewritten MSS. are preferred.

C. B. FRY'S LATEST TIP TO ATHLETES.

"I can with complete confidence "recommend

BARLEY WATER

"made from

Robinson's Patent Barley

"as a drink very valuable to "Athletes during training, and "to anyone engaged in severe "physical exertion."

(Signed) **C. B. FRY.**

(*Vide* letter 3rd September, 1904.)

The Sorrows of Parting will be mitigated if your parting gift be a

'Swan' Fountain Pen.

Writing will then become a pleasure, and though distance separates friends, it will be effectively bridged by a 'Swan.'

Made in Three Sizes at

10s. 6d., 16s. 6d., 25s.,

up to £20, postage free.

SOLD BY ALL STATIONERS.

Catalogue free on application.

Mabie, Todd & Bard,

93, CHEAPSIDE, E.C.

95a, Regent Street, W., LONDON;
3, Exchange St., MANCHESTER; and
Brentano's, 37, Avenue de l'Opera, PARIS.

Size No. 1 "SWAN," mounted with wide Gold Bands, 14/6.

LEAVE THE CROWD

and qualify yourself to obtain a first-class position with first-class pay. We teach you in your spare time, in your own home, without affecting your present position, to become an Electrical or Mechanical Engineer. Electrical Engineering is acknowledged to be the profession of to-day. No other field offers such chances of promotion, brilliant opportunities, and quicker advancement. The overcrowded trades offer no chance of advancement. The supply is greater than the demand. A man draws the same salary year in, year out, without any prospects. Why? Because there are hundreds waiting to take his place, at even less salary. Then he is face to face with

THE UNEMPLOYED QUESTION.

We could write pages on this subject. But the whole matter is in a nutshell. There are too many applying for ordinary positions. We offer you the means to leave the crowd. We have thousands of students to-day all over the world whom we are lifting to the pinnacle of success. Our students testify to our successful methods by obtaining the first positions possible. Let us qualify you. We have courses in Electrical Engineering, Mechanical Engineering, Electric Lighting, Dynamo Design, Motors, Mechanical Drawing, Telephony, Telegraphy, Mathematics, &c. We teach anyone who can read and write to

BECOME AN ELECTRICAL ENGINEER.

Don't take our word for it. We ask you to investigate matters for yourself. If you write to-day, we will send you our interesting book, "How to become an Electrical or Mechanical Engineer," absolutely free. It tells you the story of success and explains our System to you in detail. Do not hesitate to write and let us know your desires, your ambitions. We can help you.

"To-day is your opportunity, to-morrow the other fellow's."

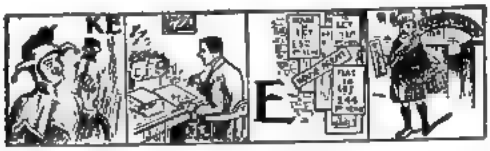
THE ELECTRICAL ENGINEER INSTITUTE OF CORRESPONDENCE INSTRUCTION,
494 Temple Chambers, Temple Avenue, London, E.C.

Correct Solution to the "Hidden Footballers" Competition, from the Dec. Number, 1904.

See Competition Results.

1. Reader. 2. Thickett. 3. Hughes. 4. Turner.

5. Settle. 6. Jones. 7. Sagar. 8. Burnup.



9. Fenike, 10. Dunn. 11. Events. 12. Maxwell.

B.S.A.
CHANGE SPEED GEAR

Enables you to climb hills easily, or go slowly when you need to.

Perfect Control Effected.

B.S.A. CO., Ltd., Birmingham.

Half actual size.

THE "MARVEL" MONOGRAM BOX

Any 3-letter Monogram, mounted in enamelled metal pocket box, self-inking, style as shown. Agents wanted for this and other novelties. Dept. O., 89, Aldersgate St., London.

6D. Post Free.

THE MOST AMUSING BOOK OF THE SEASON.

DIALSTONE LANE.

By W. W. JACOBS. Illustrated by WILL OWEN. 6s.

Daily Graphic.—"He would be a dull dog whom Mr. W. W. Jacobs failed to amuse in 'Dialstone Lane.'"

Daily Telegraph.—"Nothing funnier has been published for a long time. . . . A diverting narrative in Mr. Jacobs's best vein."

Daily Express.—"Mr. Jacobs retains his reputation as a maker of mirth in 'Dialstone Lane' . . . told in as amusing a style as anything that Mr. Jacobs has produced."

Daily Mail.—"Causes the broadest of broad grins. . . . Jacobs makes one roar."

BY THE SAME AUTHOR.

AT SUNWICH PORT.

With Illustrations by WILL OWEN. 3s. 6d.

ODD CRAFT.

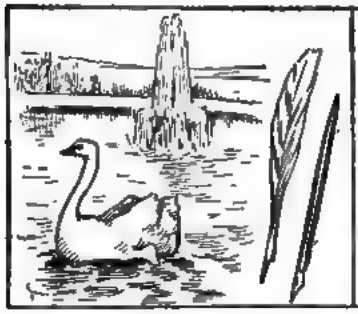
With 16 Illustrations by WILL OWEN. 3s. 6d.

Academy.—"We can say nothing better in praise of this delightful volume than that it is Mr. Jacobs at his best."

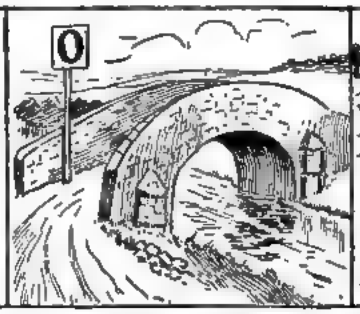
GEORGE NEWNES, Ltd.,
3 to 12 SOUTHAMPTON ST., STRAND, LONDON, W.C.

"HIDDEN ADVERTISERS" COMPETITION.

See "CAPTAIN" COMPETITIONS for FEBRUARY, page 472.

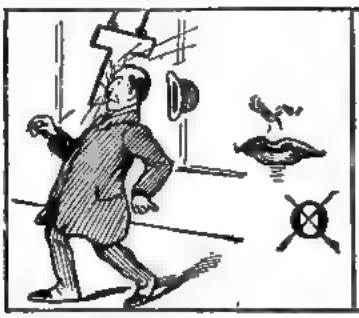


1.—.....

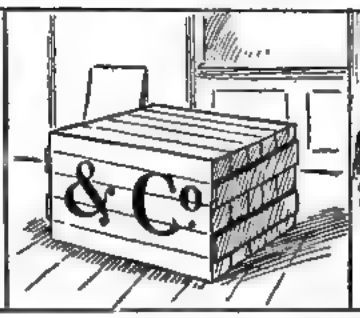


2.—.....

3.—.....

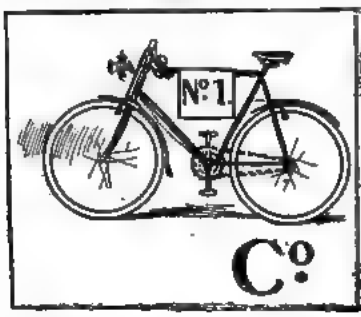


4.—.....

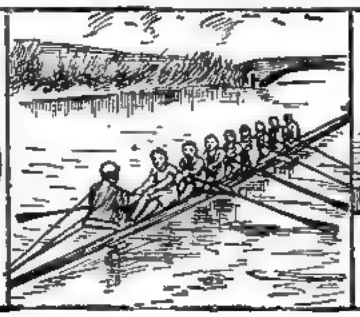


5.—.....

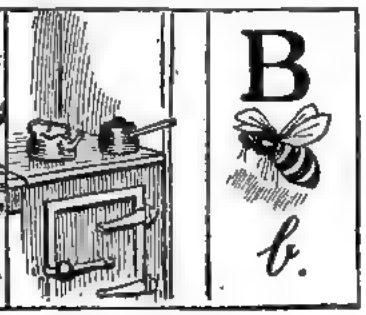
6.—.....



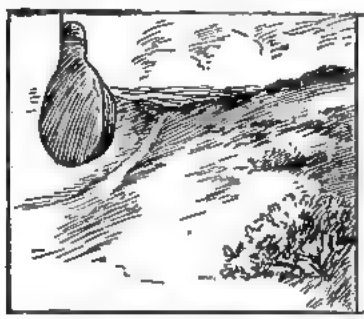
7.—.....



8.—.....

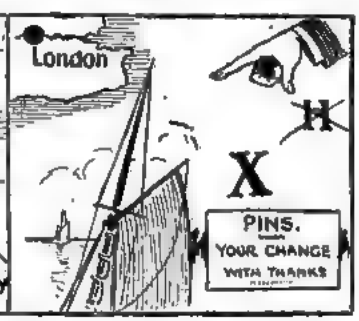


9.—.....



10.—.....

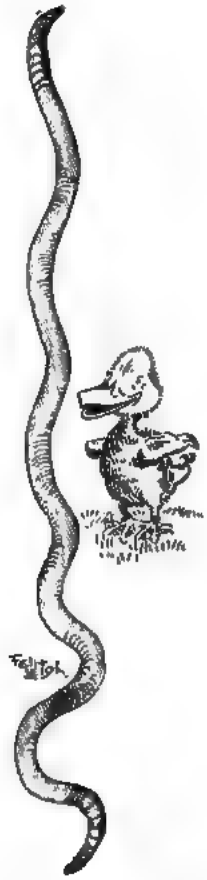
11.—.....



12.—.....

Name ..... Address .....

Class ..... Age .....



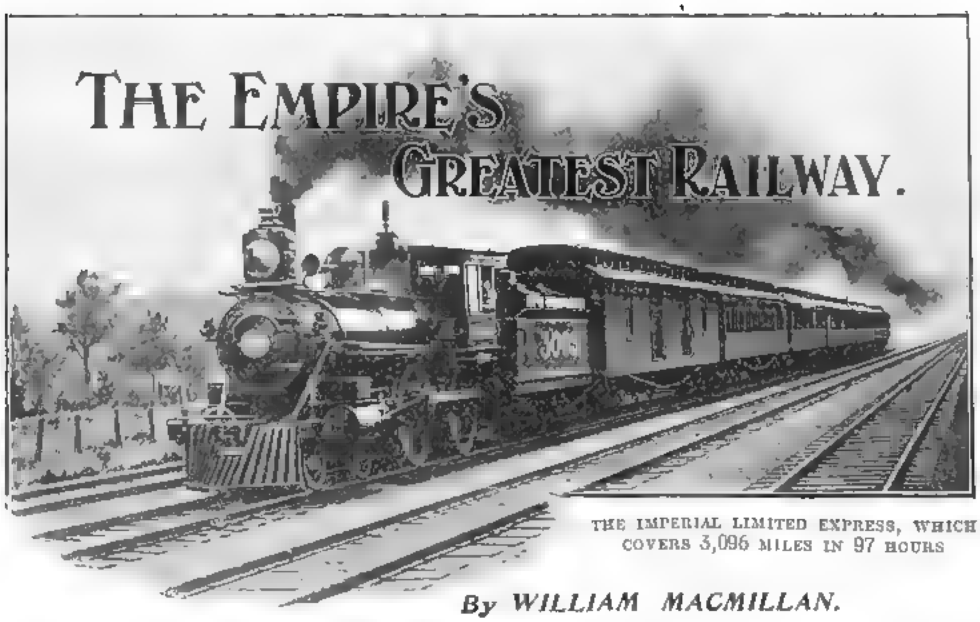
"THE WORM WILL TURN."

PRUDENT DUCKLING (before making a seizure) :—"I wonder which end *turns least*."

BISON IN THE NATIONAL PARK, BANFF, ALBERTA

These are the few survivors of the enormous herds that once darkened the plains of North America Civilisation and firearms have led to their practical extinction

THE EMPIRE'S GREATEST RAILWAY.



THE IMPERIAL LIMITED EXPRESS, WHICH COVERS 3,096 MILES IN 97 HOURS

By WILLIAM MACMILLAN.

TAKE a return ticket from London to Edinburgh; then slip down to Penzance and back; repeat the two journeys, and finish up by a run to Liverpool. You will then have a dozen miles to spare before you have travelled a distance equivalent to the great trans-continental trip over the metals of the "C. P. R."—Canadian Pacific Railway—which stretch from Quebec to Vancouver.

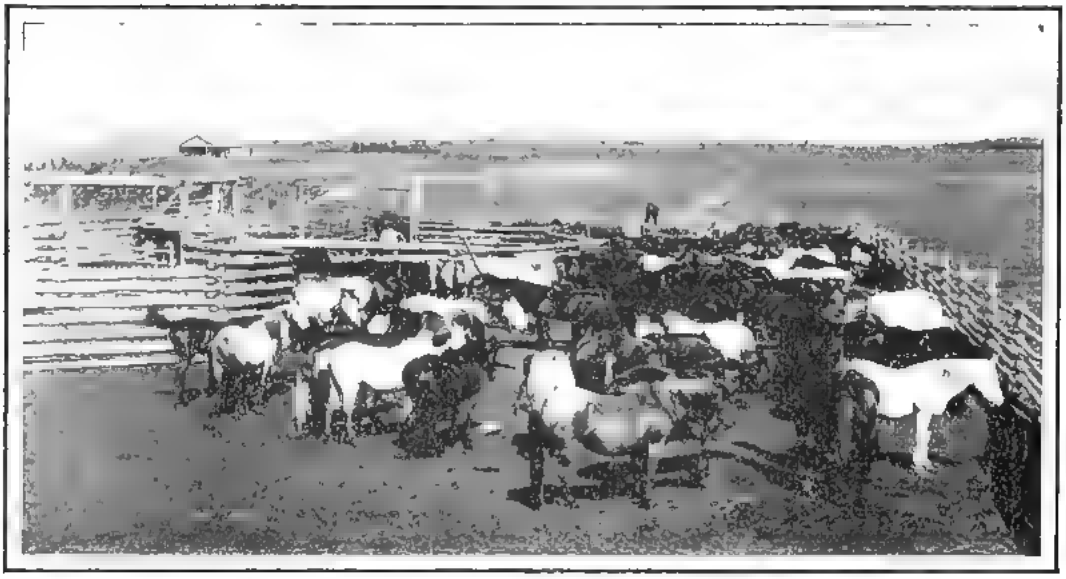
It is proposed to give in this article a brief account of this great system, which to-day, including its giant tentacles reaching north and south, boasts more than 10,000 miles of track. The illustrations will supply an idea of some sights that may be seen by the traveller.

As Englishmen we have reason to be proud both of the existence of the C. P. R., of the manner in which the "through track" was laid, and of the huge development of Canadian territory to which the passage of the iron horse has led. In 1871 British Columbia entered the Confederation of Canadian States, and it was soon seen that, unless it could gain ready access to the older states on the far side of the continent, mere political union would be but a weak bond on which to rely in times of national stress. Only the year before, Louis Riel's rebellion on the Red River—the theme of one of Mr. Mackie's vivid stories in THE CAPTAIN—had shown the Government the vulnerability of the remote Pacific province, should the country be plunged into war. And the Columbians, on their part, very reasonably demanded the construction of a Trans-Canadian railway as a condition of entering the Confederation.

Owing to the magnitude of the task it had to fall on the shoulders of the Government. The then Premier, Sir John Macdonald, promised that trains should be running from Montreal to Vancouver before ten more years had passed. Surveys were commenced at once, and £750,000 was spent on mapping out a suitable path for the rails between Lake Superior and the Pacific. A large volume might be written of the adventures encountered by the engineers who probed the wild, icebound tracts of the Rocky Mountains, climbing like goats along the faces of awful chasms, or dangling at the end of ropes to seek a resting-place for the legs of their theodolites.

It was no very encouraging report that they brought back. Of the 2,500 miles then under consideration, the 650 between Ottawa River and Lake Superior lay through a region where mountains of adamantine hardness barred the way, while the 600 odd miles of the Rockies provided an almost equally tough nut to crack. Nor were the 900 miles of prairie between Calgary and Winnipeg to be without their problems.

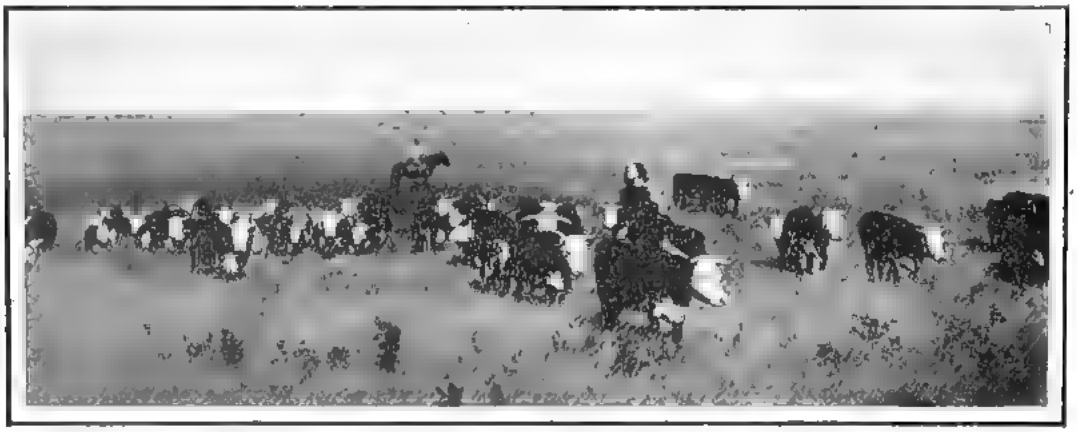
However, that the engineer, though he recognises difficulties, is not dismayed by them, may be proved up to the hilt by the records of engineering. In this case the two most serious obstacles were want of money and a consistent Government policy; which delayed matters seriously till 1879, when a start was made at the Pacific end, so that the platelayers might work



A HORSE CORRAL ON ELBOW RIVER, CALGARY.
From this place thousands of horses were despatched to South Africa during the Boer War.

eastwards to meet the people pushing westwards from Lake Superior. Two years more elapsed, and then a private company took over the job, agreeing that, in return for 25,000,000 dollars in cash, as many acres of land, and a free present of the already partly-completed portions, they should lay the balance of the rails by May, 1886.

To fulfil their contract, the Company must bore, cut, embank, and metal 400 miles a year. In a country where means of communication were almost non-existent, this presented a formidable task. It was necessary for the engineers to distribute their energies, and commence simultaneously at several points; at Ottawa, Lake Superior, and Winnipeg, from which they pushed westwards; and at the Pacific end. In eight months of 1881 the navvies accounted for 165 miles west of Winnipeg. This was not fast enough going. Contracts being called for, a St. Paul firm undertook to carry railhead to the Rockies. Wages ruled high—eight shillings per diem for a navvy, nearly a pound for two horses and a driver. Things began to hum. The distance was divided into over three hundred separate sub-contracts.



HEREFORD CATTLE AT CRANE LAKE, ASSINIBOIA.
England depends largely on Canada for her supply of beef.

The Union Pacific folk in the United States had astonished the world; but the Company beat their record. Among the great army of 9,000 men who invaded the solitudes of the prairie, dawdlers were unpopular. The "boss's" eye soon marked them, and they were requested to make room for business men. "As soon as a gang had finished one section," says a writer in *Engineering*, "they had to move from 100 to 150 miles ahead to their next location, where in another six weeks they were tolerably sure to hear the locomotives behind them, and the clanging of the hundred hammers of the plate-layers close at their heels. In advance of the track-laying party were two bridge gangs, one working at night and the other in the day, and as every stick of timber had to be brought from Rat Portage, 140 miles east of Winnipeg, they were seldom more than eight to ten miles ahead of the track-layers. Where not a stick of timber nor any preparation for work could be seen one day, the next would show two or three spans of a nicely-finished bridge, and twenty-four hours afterwards the rails would be laid and trains working regularly over it. Following these came the track-laying gang, the most attractive and lively party of the lot, and on which most of the interest of those who visited the work seemed to centre. There were three hundred men with thirty-five teams in this gang. Moving along slowly, but with admirable precision, it was beautiful to watch them gradually coming near, everything moving like clockwork, each man in his place, knowing exactly his work, and doing it at the right time, and in the right way. Onward they come, pass on, and leave the wondering spectator whilst he is still engrossed with the wonderful sight. Each day from 20 to 25 20-ton cars of rails and fastenings, and from 40 to 50 cars of ties and other materials were laid down by this busy track-laying gang, and nearly all of this had come an average of 1,000 miles by rail before it was safely delivered at 'the end of the track.'"

With this description in mind, the reader will not be surprised to learn that 1882 saw no less than 849 miles of finished railway laid, besides 110 miles of grading in advance. Yet even this record was topped the following year; July 28th marking the maximum rate of advance—6 1-3 miles in a day! Once more inverted commas will be excusable.

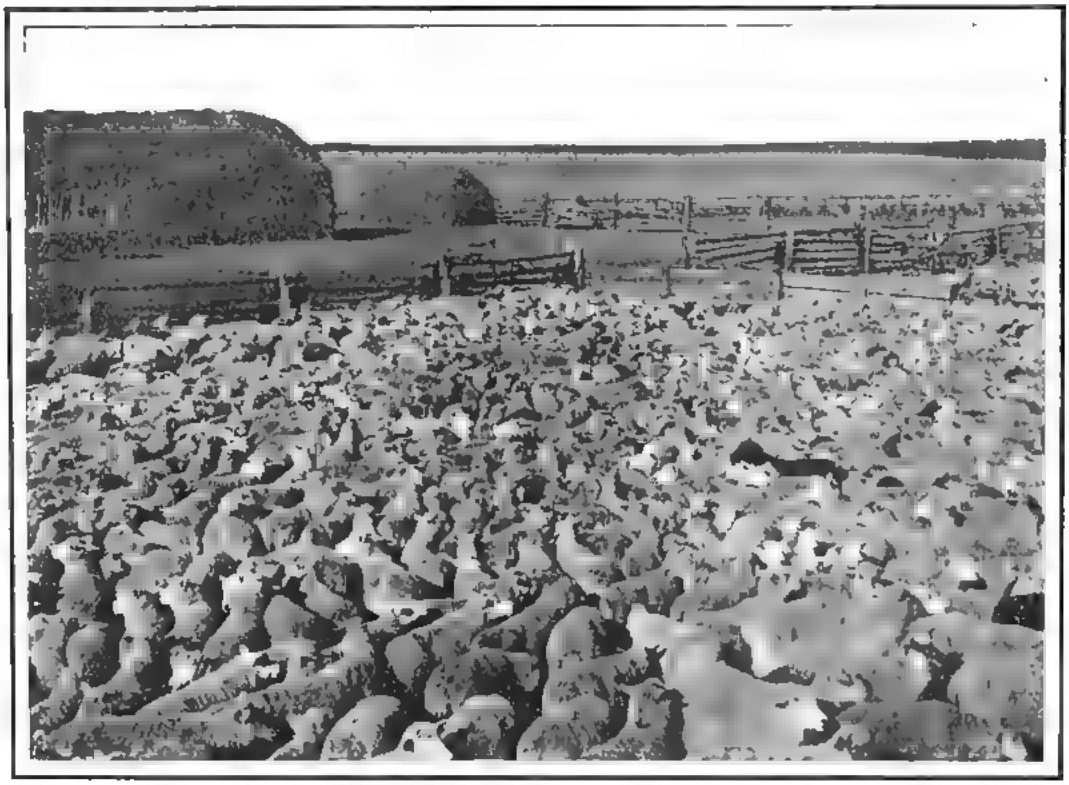
"There were twenty-four men to handle the iron, that is, twelve unloading it from the cars,

THE LARGEST TREE IN STANLEY PARK, VANCOUVER, B.C.
At the base it has a diameter of 17 feet, and its height is over 300 feet. One of Canada's chief assets is her forests, which cover 450,000,000 acres.

and twelve to load the trollies. It took the same number to lay it down on the track. The total number of rails laid that day was 2,120, or 604 *tons*. Five men on each side of the front car handed down 1,060 rails, 302 tons each gang, whilst the two distributors of angle-plates, and bolts, and adjusters of the rails for running out over the rollers, handled 2,120 rails, 4,240 plates, and 5,480 bolts. These were followed by fifteen bolters, who put in, on an average, 565 bolts each; then thirty-two spikers, with a nipper to each pair, drove 63,000 spikes, which were distributed by four peddlers. The lead and gauge spikers each drove 2,120 spikes, which, averaging four blows to each spike, would require 600 blows an hour for fourteen hours. There were 16,000 ties or sleepers unloaded from the trains, and reloaded on to waggons by thirty-two men; and thirty-three teams hauled them forward on to the track, averaging seventeen loads of thirty sleepers to each team."

It must have been a wonderful sight; and could some of the easy-going gentlemen who lay our London streets but have seen it, perhaps they would be able the better to realise the meaning of the phrase, "the dignity of labour." If the Canadian navvies worked hard, they were well fed and looked after. That year a thousand oxen died on the prairie, and there was an abundance of other food. Strong drink, on the other hand, was strictly prohibited, and a fine body of mounted police promptly quashed any outbreak of ruffianism, so that the camp never followed the notorious example set by similar communities "way down South."

On August 15th, 1883, rail-head reached Calgary, 962 miles from the starting-point. A second army of 7,000 Chinamen had simultaneously been forcing its way through the Rockies from the western side, and as many more workers were tackling the tough Laurentian and Huron rocks on the north side of Lake Superior. Some idea of the difficulties here met with may be got from the fact that three-quarters of a million sterling was expended on tunnelling a single mile. In the Rockies, landslips gave infinite trouble to the men who were engaged in the passes, where, in a distance of



A SHEEP-CORRAL, GULL LAKE, ASSINIBOIA.
Canada sends us £1,603,000 worth of wool every year.

44 miles, 370,000 cubic yards of rock had to be quarried out *by hand*, because it was impossible to convey machinery thither!

The rails met, on November 5th, 1885, in Eagle Pass, in the Gold Range. Sir Donald Smith, the chief engineer, and a few companions looked on while the last spike—an iron one, like its millions of predecessors—was driven home. A telegraphic message was sent flying over the mountains and prairies to tell of the deed, and then the little party adjourned to a neighbouring stream to try their luck with the salmon. So English, you know!

Giant of the North was felt upon the world's commerce almost before his existence was known; and not satisfied with the trade of the golden shores of the Pacific from California to Alaska, "his arms at once reached out across the broad ocean and grasped the teas and silks of China and Japan, to exchange them for the fabrics of Europe and North America."

Every year brings increased importance to the C. P. R., as the districts along its course become more and more populous. It is the chief factor in carrying the huge wheatcrops of Manitoba to market. Over its metals pass thousands

THE ENTRANCE TO THE ROCKIES AT THE GAP, ALBERTA.

Here the train leaves the plains for its long climb through the mountains, during which it reaches a point 5,296 feet above sea level.

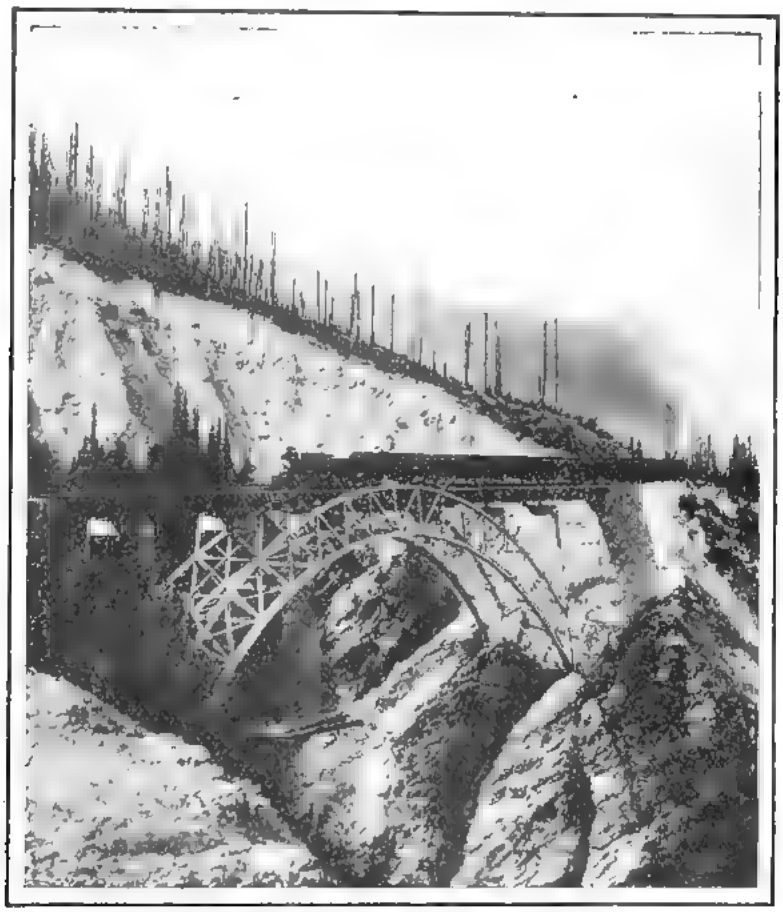
The line was thus completed and opened six months before contract time had elapsed. As a proof of the general confidence reposed in the management, a train had drawn out from Quebec some days previous to the completion, bound for the Pacific coast.

By midsummer of 1886, the longest continuous line (of the time) in the world was fully equipped and in proper working order throughout. Villages and towns, even cities, followed hard on the line-builders. The forests were cleared away; the prairie's soil was upturned; mines were opened. The touch of this young

of cattle and horses to European buyers. The wheat-crop of Canada is probably the most-talked-of production of the Queen of the Snows. It amounts to 100 million bushels, and experts have calculated that by 1913 this figure will have been increased tenfold. But wheat forms only a part of the wealth of Canada. Has she not great forests of fir; rich mines of nickel, copper, coal, iron, silver; copious reservoirs of petroleum; valuable fisheries? And we must not forget the wide ranches of Alberta, where one man may be lord of 100,000 acres or more. "Progress" is the watchword of the country;

and in the West the Canadian proves as good a "hustler" as any Yankee. The C. P. R. is his best friend. Without it he could not keep touch with the outer world. Winnipeg probably affords the finest example of what will soon happen in a hundred Canadian townships. Thirty years ago a little village of a hundred people stood on the edge of the Red River; to-day its place is taken by a city of 60,000 souls, with street trams, electric light, giant warehouses and factories, and fine public buildings —"the Bull's Eye of the Dominion" it has been called.

In Canada any male immigrant can make himself a home, provided he be over eighteen years of age. The Government will present him with 160 acres—a quarter of a square mile —on the sole condition that he brings 15 acres under tillage for three successive years. A wealthy traveller also will find Canada to his taste, as he rolls along the metals of the C. P. R. in a sumptuous coach, fitted with every luxury. At Quebec, at Montreal, Ottawa, Sudbury, Fort William, Winnipeg, Brandon, Calgary, there is much to arouse his interest; and almost before he has had time to weary of agricultural and industrial sights, he is in the Rockies, among some of the most magnificent scenery in the world. If a mountaineer, he finds in the Alps of Columbia so much material that he would need to live many lifetimes to scale but a tithe of the peaks towering for miles on every side. In the Rockies, the sportsman, too, finds a paradise. Making Banff his headquarters, he may have a fling at elk, bear, panthers, bighorn, goats, caribou, deer. Or, should winged game be his fancy, he moves west to Golden—to lagoons where swarm duck, geese, and swan. And in a

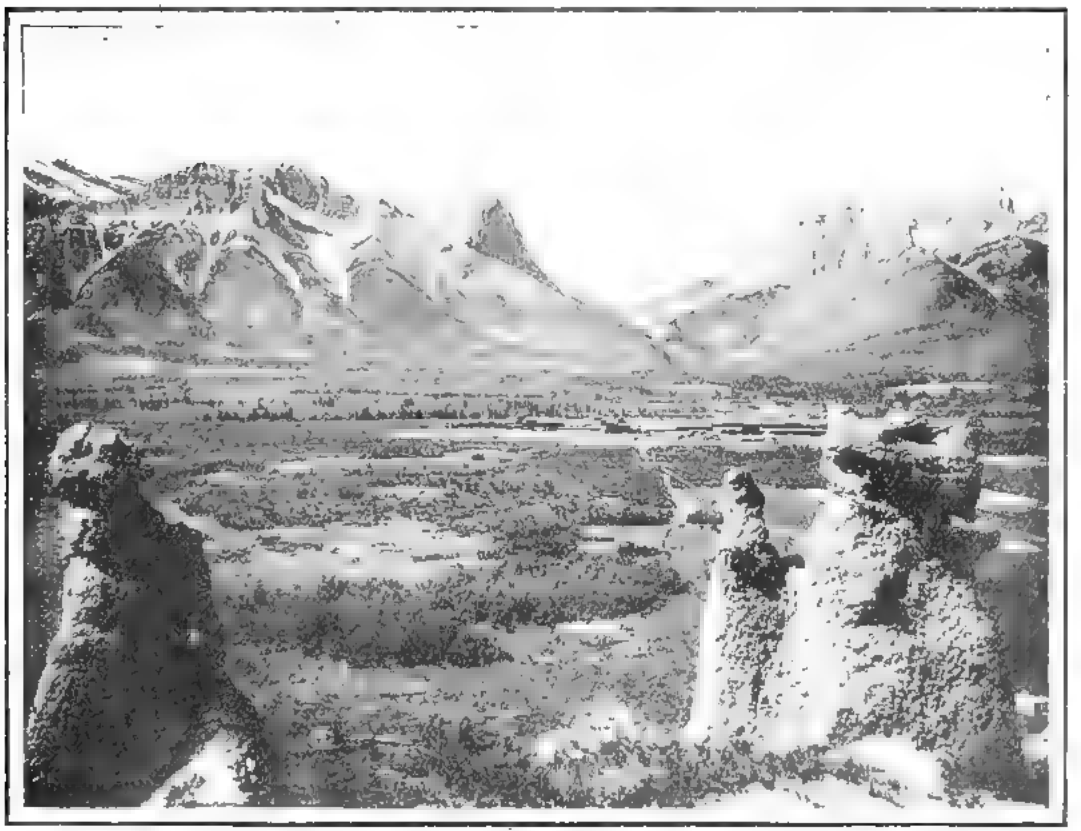


STONY CREEK BRIDGE, NEAR ROGERS PASS, B.C.
A fine example of bridge construction on the C.P.R.

thousand places he can find good sport with rod and line among the trout and salmon of the rivers and lakes. At Banff, by the by, the Government has reserved 260 square miles as a National Park, in which all wild creatures roam secure from the gun and rifle, since anyone entering the domain must leave his firearms "in the cloakroom."

All these wonderful regions, together with the open expanses of Alberta, Assiniboia, and Manitoba, were practically inaccessible till the coming of the C. P. R. Now a week's travelling will carry one from the old time beauties of Quebec to wonderful Vancouver City, set at the water's edge among some of Nature's most glorious scenery.

Note.—The author has to thank the Canadian Pacific Railway Company for their kindness in supplying the illustrations to this article.



WHITE MAN'S PASS, CANMORE, ALBERTA.
In the background rise the Rockies. In the centre is a C.P.R. station.

A SCHOOL STORY.

By E. ST. CLAIR.

Illustrated by T. M. R. WHITWELL

THROUGHOUT the whole term there had been fewer lines and impositions arising from dormitory irregularity than had been known throughout the whole modern history of Hailsham. It arose from no increase of virtue among the fellows themselves. On the contrary, dormitory feuds and raids as well as dormitory banquets had grown even more general than they had ever been before.

If any Hailsham fellow had been asked the reason of this welcome state of affairs he undoubtedly would have attributed it solely to Faversham's scouts. Faversham himself, the originator of this renowned body, had an elder brother who, after several years' residence at the Cape, had served his country throughout the late Boer War in the ranks of the National Scouts. The romance surrounding the elder brother's career had so impressed itself upon the younger Faversham that during the next term he instituted at Hailsham such an extensive system of sentinels and espionage as to reduce the danger of surprise visits, both of the authorities and of rival dormitories, to a minimum. The corps that bore his name did not wait long to establish its reputation.

It was at a somewhat extensive supper given by Bellingham in the large dormitory, when at an early hour in the morning, the festivities being then at their height, a strange figure quietly opened the door and casually announced that there was no possible need to hurry, but that things should be put quietly in their places, and that there should be a return to bed.

"I'll give you about three minutes, but don't fluster," he remarked—and vanished.

Some three or four minutes later, when the majority were emitting different notes from their nostrils to represent a snore, and four or five of the more restless were grumbling about false alarms, the door noiselessly opened, and Mr. Dunbrough himself, in stockinged feet, made a systematic perambulation of the room.

From that night the fame of the corps was established. Application for admission was made from all directions—and refused. Small stealthy figures, flitting by night silently along corridor and staircase, became a frequent sight to the sixth form fellows on patrol duty. In many a dormitory a door would open—causing some of its inmates to start round in fear of a surprise visit from a master, and others to seize their bolsters in dread of an advancing foe—only to reveal a small fellow with bare feet and trousers drawn over his nightshirt. Upon his breast would be a large red S painted on a piece of paper. This badge was his security. Fellows recognised that he formed their protection against their common foe—the authorities—in their prohibited amusements, and he came and went peacefully, and at will.

The sixth-formers at first were chary of allowing these midnight wanderers, but, finding that fewer breaches of regulations—

for which they were responsible—were discovered at headquarters, owing to the diligence of this small body, they became more tolerant.

After a time, however, one section of the community waxed less enthusiastic. This was especially so when dormitory No. 4 attempted a midnight raid upon the occupants of No. 2, over which ruled Hamilton, a friend of Faversham's. After stealing noiselessly to the attack, and bursting upon the unsuspecting victims, they were greeted from above by a substantial shower of boots, which had been balanced between the top and the lintel of the door. These, after greeting them, fell upon a mattress arranged beneath for their reception, so that as little noise should be made as possible. At the same time out of the darkness came the galling fire of two football-pumps filled with water, which were carefully aimed so as to empty their contents outside in the passage. When thereupon the invaders sounded a retreat, and found that their own beds had in the meantime been "ragged," they were unanimous in classifying it as the handiwork of Faversham's Scouts. Thenceforth scouting became a work of danger as well as of honour. Once or twice a scout returned in doleful condition, having been ducked in cold water and tossed in a blanket by persons unknown. But this in no wise damped the ardour either of the few limited members of the corps or of the many candidates for admission to its ranks. The danger added a yet greater spice of romance to an already romantic calling. In fact, many reputable authorities were heard to declare that they would rather be a scout than in the Eleven itself.

One afternoon Faversham sent for the subaltern of his corps.

"Fawcett, you will remember my entertainment in the dormitory next Saturday night?" he remarked.

Fawcett nodded familiarly.

"It's to be a large affair," continued his chief, somewhat pompously. "Hamilton and Atherlye are giving comic recitations in costume, and I am staging that dialogue Bellingham has written."

"And the grub is to be tremendous, I hear?" interposed his lieutenant.

"Yes, the refreshments will be plentiful," continued the future host, complacently. "But there is a matter on which I want your advice. Nicols was on duty last night and reports to me that Tupper and his crew are up to mischief."

Fawcett nodded again and sat down.

"I have been expecting it for a long time," said Faversham. "All those beasts in No. 4 are awfully jealous of the Scouts. Now, on Saturday they want to disgrace the corps by either raiding us in force, or else by getting the whole show held up by the authorities."

"You may put your buttons on it," characteristically assented the second in command.

"Shall we baulk them by altering the date?" asked Faversham.

Fawcett produced a note-book with an official air.

"No, Saturday would be the best date for it," he observed. "Dunbrough is going into town that night, and Schofield is dining with Mrs. and Miss Pussy, so that disposes of both the masters. As for old Pussy himself," he continued, referring to the Rev. A. F. Purcell, "it is his turn to preach on Sunday, so he will be safe in his study writing his sermon."

"Which of our men are on duty that night?"

"Nicols and Allen, but we can have all the force on sentry-go if you like," Fawcett answered.

"No, that won't do," returned Faversham, quickly. "I can only have the usual number. The rest I am training to put the stage away and make things shipshape at a moment's notice. Each one is to have his own special part to do, like firemen working a fire-engine. When the alarm comes I can't have all my men dashing about aimlessly like young buffaloes. You must give us at least four minutes' warning, Fawcett."

"Very good," he answered. "I'll be on duty myself."

"By the way," remarked his superior, motioning to a small fair boy who was standing behind his chair, "this is my cousin Clifford. I daresay you know him. However, I have long promised him our next vacancy, and also to take him on if we ever want any extra help. Take him round with you and try him, Fawcett, next Saturday night. He may be of some use, for he hits well and uses all his weight."

Fawcett inspected the recruit critically.

"Very good. Be ready next Saturday night," he said, turning to Clifford, "and

in the meantime," he continued, meaningly, "keep your tongue quiet."

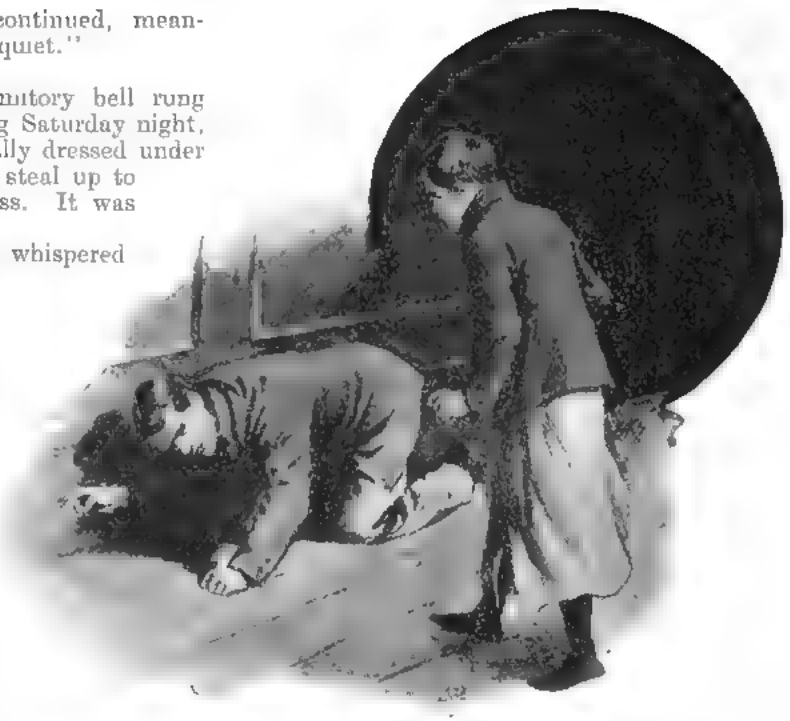
Scarcely had the dormitory bell rung "lights out" the following Saturday night, when Clifford, lying partially dressed under the clothes, felt some one steal up to his bed out of the darkness. It was Fawcett.

"Are you ready?" he whispered "No, put on your coat and black socks, if you please. I want to have you as dark as possible," he explained, as Clifford crept noiselessly out of bed.

In a couple of minutes they were creeping out of the quiet small dormitory in which Clifford slept into the passage beyond.

The secrecy, the darkness, and the whole mystery of the thing exhilarated Clifford like a stimulant.

The passage was cold and dimly lighted.



HE FLIPTED THE SKIRTING-BOARD SHARPLY WITH HIS NAIL.

Softly in his stockinged feet he followed the noiseless footsteps of his companion along the stairs and corridors.

At the other end of one of the long lighted passages they perceived a tall figure walking away from them.

Fawcett held Clifford back. "A sixth-form chap on patrol duty," he whispered; "it doesn't matter, but it's no use him seeing us."

"Won't he interrupt the feed?" questioned Clifford.

His companion shook his head. "He won't mind. Most likely going himself. Come on," he added, and flitted down some back stairs.

They came at length to the beginning of a corridor in utter darkness. "Tupper's crew live up there," Fawcett whispered again, and kneeling down flipped the skirting-board sharply with his nail, and bent low his head.

Faintly out of the darkness came two answering taps.

"That's Nicols up there," he explained. "He's shadowing them."

Thence they quietly made their way to the door of Faversham's dormitory—now temporarily converted into a banqueting hall. The guests were beginning to arrive in guilty-looking twos and threes, and from within there sounded a clatter of plates and other busy preparations. Outside the door stood the door-keeper—the sturdy sergeant of the corps.

With him Fawcett softly conversed for a few moments, and at length borrowed a chair. Bearing this article of furniture between them, Clifford and his leader took their departure farther along the passage to a point where, fixed high upon the wall, was a powerful electric bell which communicated with, and was set in motion by, a press button in Mr. Purcell's own study. Standing upon the chair, Fawcett quietly unscrewed and removed the gong on which the hammer sounded. Then he returned the chair to the dormitory he had borrowed it from.

"Now," he whispered, "we are ready. Come on;" and followed by Clifford descended the big dark staircase which led to the silent, deserted class-rooms.

"Nicols is shadowing Tupper, and Allen is following Mr. Schofield. We watch the great Pussy himself," volunteered the

guide. "Tupper dare not try an attack himself," he continued. "He would be recognised by all the big fellows, and fairly slain to-morrow. What they will do, I am sure, is to try and rouse either Mr. Schofield or Old Pussy to make a raid. We must be careful."

The staircase was of stone, and felt cold to their unshod feet. Only by following the bannisters could they proceed through the intense darkness. Another turn, however, brought them to a broad flagged hall, faintly lighted by an oil lamp. But from beneath a door upon the left bright streaks of light shone steadily upon the floor. This was Pussy's study.

"He's in there, so be careful," murmured Fawcett, and beckoned his companion along the hall to a door beneath the flight of stairs they had just descended.

The upper panels of the door were glazed, but whitewashed from within to render them opaque. Clifford knew it at once as the housekeeper's store-room. From his pocket Fawcett produced a key which he fitted into the lock.

"This is one of our sentry-boxes," he whispered; "in you go!"

A spacious cupboard lined with shelves of tins and jam-pots was revealed.

"What a lot of grub!" Clifford could not help remarking, softly.

His guide reproved him.

"The Scouts are not thieves," he remarked, sententiously. "Now let me point out the strategical importance of this position. Firstly, you see this bolt. I put it on myself. We can fasten ourselves in—so! Secondly, through that little bit of pane where the whitewash has been scratched away, we can watch Pussy's door; and lastly, you see those two white strings running up that corner? those are the wires connecting the push in Pussy's study and the electric bell upstairs, which I manipulated just now. Observe that here the isolating covering of non-conducting grease and cotton has been stripped off the two wires, thus exposing the copper strands. Press the two wires together in that place—no, don't do it now, whatever you do! However, if you did the bell upstairs would ring just the same as if you pressed the push in Pussy's study, for the circuit is thus completed by the junction of the two wires, and the current would run. If Pussy leaves his study to go upstairs, I should press them. As there is no bell, the hammer would merely vibrate by itself, with only enough noise to attract the attention of the door-keeper on the watch. I ring three times for an ordinary warning, but once only if very urgent."

"But we meanwhile——?" questioned Clifford.

"Would remain here!"

"But our empty beds?"

"My dear fellow," replied Fawcett, "if you were to see your bed now you would find it occupied by a pile of things with the bed-clothes tastefully arranged over them, and a dark object on the pillow half covered with the sheet. Allen makes it his speciality. It's not an infallible trick, of course, but quite sparky enough to pass in a scrum."

"Wonderful!" admitted Clifford, but his admiration was cut short by his leader. "Don't talk," he ordered. "Listen."

How long it was that they watched Clifford did not know. But still no sounds came from the study, nor did the gleams of light die away under the door. At length, however, a noise reached them, faintly, as if from upstairs. It sounded like a shuffle far up in the dormitory corridors.

"What is that?" whispered Fawcett, and they both listened.

There was no further sound in the dark, silent house, however.

"I must go and see what it is," said Fawcett, at length. "It may be old Schofield on the ramp. Remember, the honour of the corps depends on us. Here, let me out. You stop here, and don't bolt the door in case I come back."

Then Fawcett rose, glided out into the dim hall, and disappeared noiselessly.

Clifford remained crouching in a dark corner of the store cupboard among the jam-pots.

Minutes passed slowly, with leaden wings. The absolute silence oppressed him. Far away he could hear the heavy ticking of a grandfather clock. He knew where it stood—opposite the Head's drawing-room door. He wouldn't have thought he could have heard it all that way. Still Fawcett did not return.

He heard faintly the hundred and one soft, inexplicable noises that occur in old houses at night.

At length—it seemed to him after an age—he heard stealthy footsteps descending the stairs above his head. Fawcett returning, no doubt.

CLIFFORD PULLED THE DOOR TO UPON HIMSELF AND SHOT THE BOLT.

But there seemed more than one—doubtless some more Scouts were with him.

Clifford peered anxiously through the glass spy-hole. Three tall fellows stood whispering together at the foot of the stairs, and he saw at a glance none of them wore the Scouts' badge—in fact, they were Tupper and two of his friends.

The door of the store-room was ajar for Fawcett's return—to close it now would be to reveal himself.

The trio conversed together softly but anxiously; at length they all advanced to the door of the store-cupboard in which Clifford was hidden. The would-be Scout turned up his coat-collar, rammed his hands into his pockets, so as to show as little white as possible, and crouched lower in the dark corner. Fawcett's foresight in making him wear a coat was apparent.

Tupper pulled open the door. In his hand he held a key.

"I found this in Fawcett's pocket," he said softly to his companions, "and as there was a label on it I discovered the brute's retreat."

"Are you sure you have got all the Scouts?" asked Doyle, one of his followers.

"Every man Jack tied up in our dormitory, except the door-keeper," answered Tupper, gleefully. "We didn't dare tackle him, because he could call for help. Fawcett gave the most trouble."

"Having collared all the Scouts, what now?" asked the third of the band.

"To rouse old Pussy on the trail when they have no Scouts to warn them," returned the chief, softly.

"It is too far a run up the staircase afterwards," he added solemnly, as if calculating the distance, "so this will be a good retreat. Doyle shall hold this door open for us while we make a real picnic of a din outside Pussy's door. Then we skip back here for shelter. The old man will get in no end of a rage at such a row, and will fly upstairs to the dormitories, and Faversham's feasters, having no Scouts left to warn them, will be nicely copped."

"Good!" agreed one of his companions, chuckling. "The Scouts can't scheme against you, Tupper."

"Come on," said the chief, "there's no time to lose. Hold the door open, Doyle, and be ready."

Scarcely had the items of this neat plan reached the ears of Clifford in his dark corner, than he felt gently for the electric wires, and pressed them together with a steady grip.

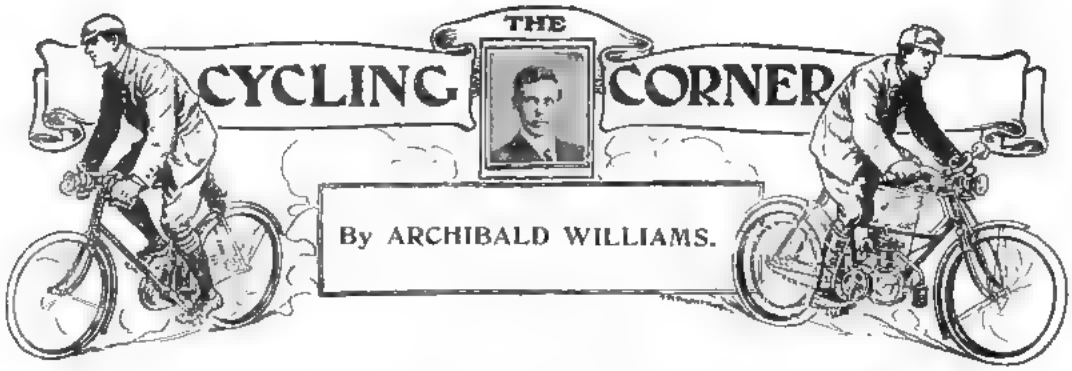
The two tall figures crept forwards in the direction of the study. As Doyle stood half out in the passage, holding open the store-room door, Clifford, with a sudden spring, gave him an irresistible push in the centre of the back which sent the gentleman spinning towards his companions. Then, swiftly, Clifford pulled the door to upon himself and shot the bolt. It was well-timed, for almost contemporaneously Tupper and his friend raised their uproar outside the study door. A second more and they were flying back to safety, only to find the store-room door shut in their faces. They tugged and strained, but the bolt held good. Then they tried the stairs, but too late. Mr. Purcell's tall form was amongst them ere they gained the bottom steps.

"Tupper, Doyle, and Wyatt! how dare you, sirs! Come in here!" exclaimed the enraged moster, as he motioned them inside his study.

Two minutes later he departed upstairs to inspect the dormitories, but thanks to Clifford's timely signal Faversham and his guests were safe in their virtuous couches simulating the sleep of the just.

On the next day Clifford was enrolled a regular member of Faversham's Scouts.

MUSIC PIRATE: "'Ere y'are. 'I'll be yer sweet'eart, if you'll be mine!'"



SOME NOTES ON THE STANLEY SHOW.

IT is unfortunate for a large number of our readers that the Stanley Cycle and Motor Show takes place at a time of year when the Christmas holidays have hardly yet even appeared "in the offing." Only a very slender percentage of those who find their business in the big schoolroom were able to attend that most attractive collection of cycles, motor-cycles, and cars—the last on this occasion being confined to a comparatively small *annexe*, where their glory might not dim that of their lesser brethren.

One's first instinct on entering a show is to have a general run round, lingering a very short time indeed at each stand. After a while, either through the slight bodily fatigue which accompanies such a performance, or by reason of the magnetic attraction of certain exhibits, the halts become longer and longer; and finally one is craning one's neck in wrapt attention to the gentleman who explains "the latest thing" in this or that. Then comes a fear that amid the apparent general sameness many interesting objects may be passed unnoticed. But the public is quick to scent novelty; and if you only watch for the knots and groups you will probably skim the cream off what is worth seeing.

The Show was Remarkable

for the variety of low-priced cycles. Some years ago firms were seemingly in competition to produce the most expensive mount; now, the reverse tendency is a fact. Anybody with seven or eight guineas to spend could have put down his money and taken his choice among some dozen makes, the majority fitted with all the usual appurtenances of a good machine. It would, perhaps, be invidious to hint that enamel and nickel can cover a multitude of sins. Anyway, there it is, the eight-guinea cycle, "thick as leaves in," &c. And not only have pedicycles depreciated, but the cheap motor-cycle, of which I spoke last month, was in evidence: here, one at £27 10s.; there, another at £26. Cheek by jowl stood the forty-five guinea machine of fine polish. The thought naturally came—Which price will predominate in the next Stanley Show?

The Light Bicycle.

I was much attracted towards the Dursley Pedersen exhibits. This type of machine cannot possibly be mistaken for any other. I have, I believe, elsewhere described it as a sort of small Forth Bridge on wheels, and I don't think I can define it more succinctly. Its girder framework is extraordinarily strong for its weight. On the floor was a front fork, supported at each end by a block of wood. Visitors were invited to dance upon the middle and break it—if they could. I watched several heavyweights try unsuccessfully. One machine exhibited, which weighed *only* 11*lbs.*, had carried a 13-stone rider all about London. Such is the perfection to which cycle-making has attained.

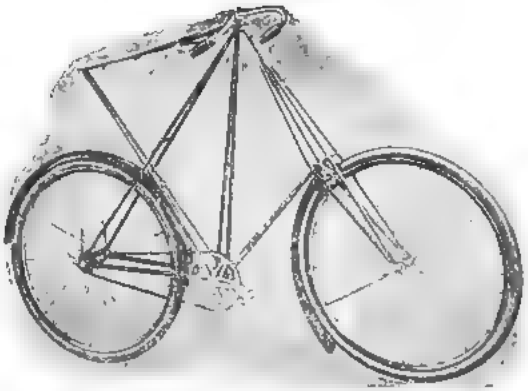
The Light Motor-Cycle

also claimed much notice. It remains to be seen whether the 70lb. or less machine will stand two horse-power and thirty miles an hour sufficiently well to warrant its general adoption by the public. A few bad accidents with light-weights would undoubtedly make many riders revert to the heavier type of the year just past. The exhibits at least prove that several makers

have the courage of their convictions and a readiness to sink money in experiments. I noticed the "J. A. P." 84lb. 2½ horse-power; the Humber 71lb. 1¾ horse-power; the Mason and Brown 75lb. 2 horse-power; and—most striking of all—a 55lb. French motor, which is said to develop one horse-power. Why! I remember that I once considered a cushion-tyred pedicycle of greater poundage a very neat and manageable little duck of a machine! Of tricars I must not speak; else there would be no room for other subjects that cannot be omitted.

Change-Speed Gears

are having a remarkably fine day of it—Fagan, Hub, Pedersen, Sturmey-Archer, Sunbeam, Premier, Raglan, B.S.A., *et cetera*. The makers with one consent look to this device as the hope on which to found a "boom." Gears are being manufactured by tens of thousands, and in a twelvemonth or so few riders will care for a fixed gear any more than for a fixed wheel. The adoption of this species of mechanism will certainly present fresh possibilities to the tourist. It is rather remarkable that the change-speed gear did not come into favour much sooner. Are cyclists as a class ultra-conservative? I have by me a description kindly supplied by Messrs. Rudge-Whitworth, the well-known makers, of the first



AN 11LB. DURSLEY PEDERSEN CYCLE LIKE THIS WAS EXHIBITED, WHICH WOULD CARRY A 13-STONE RIDER.

safety cycle ever built. In 1876 Mr. George Shergold, a working shoemaker, of Gloucester, embodied in a home-made machine

Five Principal Features of Construction

which may be seen in any up-to-date 1904 model. They were:—Front steering, rear driving, chain transmission, gearing-up, back wheel brake. He also fitted oil-retaining hubs and iron spokes. This for the "boneshaker" days was not bad! The specification deserves detailed mention.

THE FIRST SAFETY CYCLE EVER MADE. IT WAS BUILT BY A SHOEMAKER, GEORGE SHERGOLD, IN 1876, AND EMBODIES FIVE FEATURES OF THE MODERN "SAFETY."

"The front wheel is 27ins. in diameter, and the rear wheel 31ins., geared to 45. The chain is 2in. pitch, the rims of angle iron, and the iron spokes ¼ in. thick. The hubs are made of wood with iron side-plates. The tread is 10in.; the weight of the complete machine, 80lbs." After riding on iron tyres for a year, he substituted rubber tyres, which, at the present day, are "soft and pliable, and in a wonderful state of preservation." Shergold rode his invention from Gloucester to Birmingham—a great feat at the time. Then he put it away for a couple of years. In 1880, however, he offered his ideas to Messrs. Starley Bros., of St. John's Works, Coventry; and when they were given the cold shoulder he hung out an advertisement in the *Gloucester Citizen*, as follows:—"For sale, cheap, or on hire, the Perfect Safety Bicycle, new invention, great speed, goes easily, made to order by the inventor, G. Shergold, 1 Clifton-road, Gloucester." In 1903 the inventor died, after having seen all his ideas taken up and perfected, without one penny coming to himself. Had some manufacturer only been foresighted enough, both he and the poor genius might have reaped a rich reward!

A CYCLE FITTED WITH SHARP AIR-SPRINGS BEHIND THE SADDLE AND ON THE FRONT SPRING-FORK.

A Reversible Handlebar

was exhibited by Messrs. Wallace and Kirrek, of Croydon. A simple device enables the handlebar to be swivelled round through a right angle, till it is in a line with the rest of the machine, and secured in that position. For travelling and storage this is most convenient.

I must not omit to mention the Sharp Air-Spring, which consists essentially of a piston, or plunger, working in a cylinder in communication with a large reservoir of compressed air. The air is compressed by an ordinary tyre inflator until the pressure on the plunger is just equal to the load to be supported. The plunger is an easy fit in the cylinder, and therefore works freely with little or no appreciable friction. In order to prevent the leakage of air round the piston, a flexible tube, or "mitten," is attached by its ends to the cylinder and plunger respectively. As the plunger rises and falls, the mitten rolls and unrolls like the finger of a glove that has been turned inside out to draw it off the hand, thus permitting motion but no leakage. This air-buffer is placed on the down backstay and on the spring front fork. It sounds a very comfortable contrivance, especially for those riders who are obliged to taste the joys of mountainous London macadam.

Another Method of Reducing Vibration

is seen in the spring or pneumatic wheel, of which at least three patterns were exhibited. The Hallé spring wheel is peculiarly ingenious. With it pneumatics are said to be unnecessary, as the springs absorb

the road shocks. So that perhaps the cushion or solid tyre will get a second innings.

A Great Variety of Lamps

was on show. The most recent fashion of acetylene lamp is one in which the gas generator is separated from the burner, the former being attached to the cycle frame by clips. There is one great advantage in this plan, viz., that the need for an extra strong bracket is done away with, the reflector portion weighing but a few ounces. The makers also claim that the generator, being of ample size, is built more scientifically than was possible in the "all-in-one" type, and consequently will produce gas for many hours without recharging.

Some time ago I rode at night in the company of a gentleman who had reverted to oil as an illuminant. His lamp, called the "Fifax," had a circular wick and a chimney, and burnt paraffin oil. It certainly excelled in its lighting power most flat wick, chimneyless lamps, though it was not a rival to the dazzling brilliance of acetylene gas. I believe its cost to be in the neighbourhood of eight shillings.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Maud A. Bridgman.—I am glad to hear that your Sunbeam is going so well. Yes! you must keep an eye on the tyres during the heavy frosts which the Canadian winter presents you with. Rubber is a substance containing water, and therefore feels frost, which disintegrates the molecules, and, on the other hand, great heat, by drying out the water, also causes trouble. If you keep your cycle in a room which never falls below 40 degrees, nothing bad can happen to the tyres if you occasionally move the wheels round a few inches.

G. M. S. S.—You ought to get your cycle replated for about fifteen shillings; the enamelling, if done well, would cost as much more. The makers would do the job as well as anyone, and possibly more cheaply than most; but I should advise you to send it to them in good time, since repairing jobs sometimes are delayed unreasonably. On the whole, I prefer not to use a back-pedalling brake. A rim brake, worked by a Bowden cable, is my fancy.

"Clubite."—Try ordinary whitening and water made into a thick paste. This should bring your rims to a good polish. Clean it off thoroughly and rub rims with chamois leather till not a trace remains. Personally, I do not care for plated rims; they are such a responsibility in wet weather. I see in the cycling papers that more than one rider would be glad of an "all enamel" mount. Do not use plate powder (that for silver forks and spoons), but Globe Polish is, I believe, quite harmless.

TOBOGANNING AT MALVERN COLLEGE.
Photo. Whitlock.

THE HEAD OF KAY'S

A PUBLIC SCHOOL STORY

BY

P·G·WODEHOUSE

ILLUSTRATED BY T M R WHITWELL

his cap. After an unsuccessful attempt to regain the cap, Fenn makes his way back to the school to find that he cannot re-enter his study the window having been latched during his absence.

SYNOPSIS.

Fenn is head of Kay's—the most disorderly house at Eckleton. His task in ruling such a crew is unsatisfactory enough, but Mr. Kay renders it doubly so by his unreasonable behaviour towards the captain of the house. Fenn is the finest cricketer in the school—having been selected to play for his county in the holidays—and entirely by his efforts Kay's get into the final of the house matches. But Mr. Kay, who takes no interest whatever in the athletics of his house, keeps Fenn in on the afternoon of the match, and Kay's crack bat only appears in time to go in last, the consequence being that Kay's lose the match. Feeling naturally runs high against Mr. Kay, who, owing to the illness of a colleague, is called upon to preside over the grand term-end concert—always a solemn and classical affair. Fenn is a performer. Having played a serious piece, an encore being demanded, he breaks into a giddy trifle called the "Coon Band Contest," which sets hundreds of feet stamping The uproar (led by Kay malcontents) rises to such a pitch that the concert has to be brought to a premature close, and it is feared that the authorities will take action in the matter. When the school reassembles for the winter term Fenn is deposed from the headship of Kay's, a prefect named Kennedy being put in his place. The new appointment is regarded with resentment by Kay's, where Fenn was immensely popular as captain. To make matters worse, Fenn and Kennedy, formerly such excellent friends, fall out, the result being that Kennedy has to battle with the whole house single-handed. The leader of the malcontents is Walton, a big dunce, who exasperates Kennedy to such a degree that the latter determines to fight—and, if possible, thrash—him. They decide to have it out in a dormitory, and Jimmy Silver, a chum of Kennedy's, agrees to act as time-keeper. In spite of the unfair tactics adopted by Walton, Kennedy gives him a sound licking, and the lesson thus administered has good effects, for, thereafter, open rebellion ceases in Kay's. But a great deal remains to be done in the way of reformation, and what annoys Kennedy more than anything is the knowledge that if only Fenn would lend a hand in the management of the house, their combined authority would be irresistible. Fenn, however, shows no inclination to make up his quarrel with Kennedy. While matters are in this strained condition, a series of adventures befalls the ex-head of Kay's. While returning from an illegal expedition to the theatre, he is relieved of his watch by a pick-pocket. Giving chase, Fenn misses his man in the fog and knocks down a stranger, whom he helps into his house, where the prefect unfortunately leaves

CHAPTER XVII.

FENN HUNTS FOR HIMSELF.

NOBODY knows for certain the feelings of the camel when his proprietor placed that last straw on his back. The incident happened so long ago. If it had occurred in modern times he would probably have contributed a first-hand report to the *Daily Mail*. But it is very likely that he felt on that occasion exactly as Fenn felt when, after a night of unparalleled misadventure, he found that somebody had cut off his retreat by latching the window. After a gruelling race Fate had just beaten him on the tape.

There was no doubt about its being latched. The sash had not merely stuck: He put all he knew into the effort to raise it, but without a hint of success. After three attempts he climbed down again and, sitting on the garden-seat, began to review his position.

If one has an active mind and a fair degree of optimism, the effect of the "staggerers" administered by Fate passes off after a while. Fenn had both. The consequence was that, after ten minutes of grey despair, he was relieved by a faint hope that there might be some other way into the house than through his study. Anyhow, it would be worth while to investigate.

His study was at the side of the house. At the back were the kitchen, the scullery, and

the dining-room, and above these more studies and a couple of dormitories. As a last resort he might fling rocks and other solids at the windows until he woke somebody up. But he did not feel like trying this plan until every other had failed. He had no desire to let a garrulous dormitory into the secret of his wanderings. What he hoped was that he might find one of the lower windows open.

And so he did.

As he turned the corner of the house he saw what he had been looking for. The very first window was wide open. His spirits shot up, and for the first time since he had left the theatre he was conscious of taking a pleasure in his adventurous career. Fate was with him after all. He could not help smiling as he remembered how he had felt during that ten minutes on the garden-seat, when the future seemed blank and devoid of any comfort whatsoever. And all the time he could have got in without an effort, if he had only thought of walking half a dozen yards.

Now that the way was open to him he wasted no time. He climbed through into the dark room. He was not certain which room it was, in spite of his lengthy residence at Kay's.

He let himself down softly till his foot touched the floor. After a moment's pause he moved forward a step. Then another. At the third step his knee struck the leg of a table He must be in the dining-room. If so, he was all right. He could find his way up to his room with his eyes shut. It was easy to find out for certain. The walls of the dining-room at Kay's, as in the other houses, were covered with photographs. He walked gingerly in the direction in which he imagined the nearest wall to be, reached it, and passed his hand along it. Yes, there were photographs. Then all he had to do was to find the table again, make his way along it, and when he got to the end the door would be a yard or so to his left. The programme seemed simple and attractive. But it was added to in a manner which he had not foreseen. Feeling his way back to the table he upset a chair. If he had upset a cart-load of coal on to a sheet of tin it could not, so it seemed to him in the disordered state of his nerves, have made more noise. It went down with an appalling crash, striking the table on its way.

"This," thought Fenn, savagely, as he waited, listening, "is where I get collared. What a fool I am to barge about like this."

He felt that the echoes of that crash must have penetrated to every corner of the house. But no one came. Perhaps, after all, the noise had not been so great. He proceeded on his journey down the table, feeling every inch of the way. The place seemed one bristling mass of chairs. But, by the exercise of consummate caution, he upset no more and won through at last in safety to the door.

It was at this point that the really lively and exciting part of his adventure began. Compared with what was to follow, his evening had been up to the present dull and monotonous.

As he opened the door there was a sudden stir and crash at the other end of the room. Fenn had upset one chair and the noise had nearly deafened him. Now chairs seemed to be falling in dozens. Bang! Bang! Crash!! (two that time). And then somebody shot through the window like a harlequin and dashed away across the lawn. Fenn could hear his footsteps thudding on the soft turf. And at the same moment other footsteps made themselves heard.

Somebody was coming downstairs.

"Who is that? Is anybody there?"

It was Mr. Kay's voice, unmistakably nervous. Fenn darted from the door and across the passage. At the other side was a boot-cupboard. It was his only refuge in that direction. What he ought to have done was to leave the dining-room by the opposite door, which led *vid* a corridor to the junior dayroom. But he lost his head, and instead of bolting away from the enemy went towards him.

The stairs down which Mr. Kay was approaching were at the end of the passage. To reach the dining-room one turned to the right. Beyond the stairs on the left the passage ended in a wall, so that Mr. Kay was bound to take the right direction in the search. Fenn wondered if he had a pistol. Not that he cared very much. If the housemaster was going to find him, it would be very little extra discomfort to be shot at. And Mr. Kay's talents as a marksman were in all probability limited to picking off sitting haystacks. The important point was that he had a candle. A faint yellow glow preceded him down the stairs. Playing hide-and-seek with him in the dark, Fenn might have slipped past in safety; but the candle made that impossible.

He found the boot-room door and slipped through just as Mr. Kay turned the corner. With a thrill of pleasure he found that there was a key inside. He turned it as quietly as he could, but nevertheless it grated. Having done this, and seeing nothing else that he could do except await developments, he sat down on the floor among the boots. It was not a dignified position for a man who had

played for his county while still at school, but just then he would not have exchanged it for a throne—if the throne had been placed in the passage or the dining-room.

The only question was—had he been seen or heard? He thought not; but his heart began to beat furiously as the footsteps stopped outside the cupboard door and unseen fingers rattled the handle.

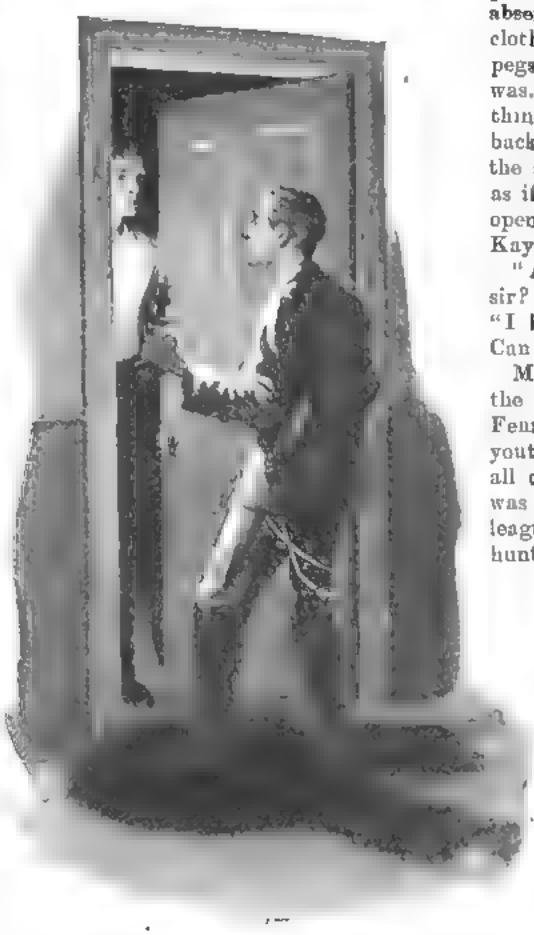
Twice Mr. Kay tried the handle, but, finding the cupboard locked, passed on into the dining-room. The light of the candle ceased to shine under the door, and Fenn was once more in inky darkness.

He listened intently. A minute later he had made his second mistake. Instead of waiting, as he should have done, until Mr. Kay had retired for good, he unlocked the door directly he had passed, and when a muffled crash told him that the house-master was in the dining-room among the chairs, out he came and fled softly upstairs towards his bedroom. He thought that Mr. Kay might possibly take it into his head to go round the dormitories to make certain that all the members of his house were in. In which case all would be discovered.

When he reached his room he began to fling off his clothes with feverish haste. Once in bed all would be well.

He had got out of his boots, his coat, and his waistcoat, and was beginning to feel that electric sensation of triumph which only comes to the man who *just* pulls through, when he heard Mr. Kay coming down the corridor towards his room. The burglar-hunter, returning from the dining-room in the full belief that the miscreant had escaped through the open window, had had all his ardour for the chase redoubled by the sight of the cupboard door, which Fenn in his hurry had not remembered to close. Mr. Kay had made certain by two separate trials that that door had been locked. And now it was wide open. Ergo, the apostle of the jemmy and the skeleton key must still be in the house. Mr. Kay, secure in the recollection that burglars never show fight if they can possibly help it, determined to search the house.

Fenn made up his mind swiftly. There was no time to finish dressing. Mr. Kay, peering round, might note the absence of the rest of his clothes from their accustomed pegs if he got into bed as he was. There was only one thing to be done. He threw back the bed-clothes, ruffled the sheets till the bed looked as if it had been slept in, and opened the door just as Mr. Kay reached the threshold.



"ANYTHING THE MATTER, SIR?" ASKED FENN.

"Anything the matter, sir?" asked Fenn, promptly. "I heard a noise downstairs. Can I help you?"

Mr. Kay looked carefully at the ex-head of his house. Fenn was a finely-developed youth. He stood six feet, and all of him that was not bone was muscle. A useful colleague to have by one in a hunt for a possibly ferocious burglar.

So thought Mr. Kay.

"So *you* heard the noise?" he said. "Well, perhaps you had better come with me. There is no doubt that a burglar has entered the house to-night, in spite of the fact that I locked all the windows myself. Your study window was unlocked, Fenn. It was extremely careless of you to leave it in such a condition, and I hope you will be more careful in future. Why, somebody might have got in through it."

Fenn thought it was not at all unlikely.

"Come along, then. I am sure the man is still in the house. He was hiding in the cupboard by the dining-room. I know it. I am sure he is still in the house."

But, in spite of the fact that Fenn was

equally sure, half an hour's search failed to discover any lurking evil-doer.

"You had better go to bed, Fenn," said Mr. Kay, disgustedly, at the end of that period. "He must have got back in some extraordinary manner."

"Yes, sir," agreed Fenn.

He himself had certainly got back in a very extraordinary manner.

However, he *had* got back, which was the main point.

CHAPTER XVIII.

A VAIN QUEST.

AFTER all he had gone through that night, it disturbed Fenn very little to find on the following morning that the professional cracksman had gone off with one of the cups in his study. Certainly, it was not as bad as it might have been, for he had only abstracted one out of the half dozen that decorated the room. Fenn was a fine runner and had won the "sprint" event at the sports for two years now.

The news of the burglary at Kay's soon spread about the school. Mr. Kay mentioned it to Mr. Mulholland, and Mr. Mulholland discussed it at lunch with the prefects of his house. The juniors of Kay's were among the last to hear of it, but when they did they made the most of it, to the disgust of the School House fags, to whom the episode seemed in the nature of an infringement of copyright. Several spirited by-battles took place that day owing to this, and at the lower end of the table of Kay's dining-room at tea that evening there could be seen many swollen countenances. All, however, wore pleased smiles. They had proved to the School House their right to have a burglary of their own if they liked. It was the first occasion since Kennedy had become head of the house that Kay's had united in a common and patriotic cause.

Directly afternoon school was over that day Fenn started for the town. The only thing that caused him any anxiety now was the fear lest the cap which he had left in the house in the High Street might rise up as evidence against him later on. Except for that he was safe. The Headmaster had evidently not remembered his absence from the festive board, or he would have spoken to him on the subject before now. If he could but recover the lost cap all would be right with the world. Give him back that cap and he would turn over a new leaf with a rapidity and emphasis which would lower the world's record for that performance. He would be a reformed character. He would even go to the extent of calling a truce with Mr. Kay, climbing down to Kennedy, and offering him his services in his attempt to lick the house into shape.

As a matter of fact, he had had this idea before. Jimmy Silver, who was in the position—common at school—of being very friendly with two people who were not on speaking terms, had been at him on the topic.

"It's rot," James had said, with perfect truth, "to see two chaps like you making idiots of themselves over a house like Kay's. And it's all your fault, too," he had added frankly. "You know jolly well you aren't playing the game. You ought to be backing Kennedy up all the time. Instead of which you go about trying to look like a Christian martyr——"

"I don't," said Fenn, indignantly.

"Well, like a stuffed frog, then—it's all the same to me. It's perfect rot. If I'm walking with Kennedy, you stalk past as if we'd both got the plague or something. And if I'm with you, Kennedy suddenly remembers an appointment, and dashes off at a gallop in the opposite direction. If I had to award the bronze medal for drivelling lunacy in this place, you would get it by a narrow margin, and Kennedy would be *proxime*, and honourably mentioned. Silly idiots!"

"Don't stop, Jimmy. Keep it up," said Fenn, settling himself in his chair. The dialogue was taking place in Silver's study.

"My dear chap, you didn't think I'd finished, surely! I was only trying to find some description that would suit you. But it's no good. I can't. Look here, take my advice—the advice," he added, in the melodramatic voice he was in the habit of using whenever he wished to conceal the fact that he was speaking seriously, "of an old man who wishes ye both well. Go to Kennedy, fling yourself on his chest, and say, 'We have done those things which we ought not to have done—— No. As you were! Compn'y, 'shun! Say J. Silver says that I am a rotter. I am a worm. I have made an ass of myself. But I *will* be good. Shake, pard!' That's what you've got to do. Come in."

And in had come Kennedy. The attractions of Kay's were small, and he usually looked in on Jimmy Silver in the afternoons.

"Oh, sorry," he said, as he saw Fenn. "I thought you were alone, Jimmy."

"I was just going," said Fenn, politely.

"Oh, don't let me disturb you," protested Kennedy, with winning courtesy

"Not at all," said Fenn.

"Oh, if you really were——"

"Oh, yes, really."

"Get out, then," growled Jimmy, who had been listening in speechless disgust to the beautifully polite conversation just recorded. "I'll forward that bronze medal to you, Fenn."

And as the door closed he had turned to rend Kennedy as he had rent Fenn; while Fenn walked back to Kay's feeling that there was a good deal in what Jimmy had said.

"WODYER WANT?"

So that when he went down town that afternoon in search of his cap, he pondered as he walked over the advisability of making a fresh start. It would not be a bad idea. But first he must concentrate his energies on recovering what he had lost.

He found the house in the High Street without a great deal of difficulty, for he had marked the spot carefully as far as that had been possible in the fog.

The door was opened to him, not by the old man with whom he had exchanged amenities on the previous night, but by a short, thick fellow who looked exactly like a picture of a loafer from the pages of a comic journal. He eyed Fenn with what might have been meant for an inquiring look. To Fenn it seemed merely menacing.

"Wodyer want?" he asked, abruptly.

Eckleton was not a great distance from London, and as a consequence many of London's choicest blackguards migrated there from time to time. During the hopping season and while the local races were on, one might meet with two Cockney twangs for every country accent.

"I want to see the old gentleman who lives here," said Fenn.

"Wot old gentleman?"

"I'm afraid I don't know his name. Is this a home for old gentlemen? If you'll bring out all you've got, I'll find my one."

"Wodyer want see the old gentleman for?"

"To ask for my cap. I left it here last night."

"Oh, yer left it 'ere last night? Well, yer cawn't see 'im."

"Not from here, no," agreed Fenn. "Being only eyes, you see," he quoted happily, "my wision's limited. But if you wouldn't mind moving out of the way——?"

"Yer cawn't see 'im. Blimey, 'ow much more of it, I should like to know? Gerroutovit, cawn't yer! You and yer caps."

And he added a searching expletive by way of concluding the sentence fittingly. After which he slipped back and slammed the door, leaving Fenn waiting outside like the Peri at the gate of Paradise.

His resemblance to the Peri ceased after the first quarter of a minute. That lady, we read, took her expulsion lying down. Fenn was more vigorous. He seized the knocker, and banged lustily on the door. He had given up all hope of getting back the cap. All he wanted was to get the doorkeeper out into the open again, when he would proceed to show him to the best of his ability what was what. It would not be the first time he had taken on a gentleman of the same class and a similar type of conversation.

But the man refused to be drawn. For all the reply Fenn's knocking produced, the house might have been empty. At last, having tired

his wrist and collected a small crowd of Young Eckleton, who looked as if they expected him to proceed to further efforts for their amusement, he gave it up, and retired down the High Street with what dignity he could command—which, as he was followed for the first fifty yards by the silent but obviously expectant youths, was not a great deal.

They left him, disappointed, near the Town Hall, and Fenn continued on his way alone. The window of the grocer's shop, with its tins of preserved apricots and pots of jam, recalled to his mind what he had forgotten, that the food at Kay's, though it might be wholesome (which he doubted), was undeniably plain, and, secondly, that he had run out of jam. Now that he was here he might as well supply that deficiency.

Now it chanced that Master Wren, of Kay's, was down town—without leave, as was his habit—on an errand of a very similar nature. Walton had found that he, like Fenn, lacked those luxuries of life which are so much more necessary than necessities, and, being unable to go himself, owing to the unfortunate accident of being kept in by his form-master, had asked Wren to go for him. Wren's visit to the grocer's was just ending when Fenn's began.

They met in the doorway.

Wren looked embarrassed, and nearly dropped a pot of honey, which he secured low down after the manner of a catch in the slips. Fenn, on the other hand, took no notice of his fellow-Kayite, but walked on into the shop and began to inspect the tins of biscuits which were stacked on the floor by the counter.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE GUILE OF WREN.

WREN did not quite know what to make of this. Why had not Fenn said a word to him? There were one or two prefects in the school whom he might have met even at such close quarters and yet have cherished a hope that they had not seen him. Once he had run right into Drew, of the School House, and escaped unrecognised. But with Fenn it was different. Compared to Fenn, lynxes were astigmatic. He must have spotted him.

There was a vein of philosophy in Wren's composition. He felt that he might just as well be hanged for a sheep as a lamb. In other words, having been caught down town without leave, he might as well stay there and enjoy himself a little while longer before going back to be executed. So he strolled off down the High Street, bought a few things at a stationer's, and wound up with an excellent tea at the confectioner's by the post-office.

It was as he was going to this meal that Kennedy caught sight of him. Kennedy had come down town to visit the local photographer, to whom he had entrusted a fortnight before the pleasant task of taking his photograph. As he had heard nothing from him since, he was now coming to investigate. He entered the High Street as Wren was turning into the confectioner's, saw him, and made a note of it for future reference.

When Wren returned to the house just before lock-up he sought counsel of Walton.

"I say," he said, as he handed over the honey he had saved so neatly from destruction, "what would you do? Just as I was coming out of the shop I barged into Fenn. He must have twigged me."

"Didn't he say anything?"

"Not a word. I couldn't make it out, because he must have seen me. We weren't a yard away from one another."

"It's dark in the shop," suggested Walton.

"Not at the door; which is where we met."

Before Walton could find anything to say in reply to this, their conversation was interrupted by Spencer.

"Kennedy wants you, Wren," said Spencer. "You'd better buck up; he's in an awful wax."

Next to Walton, the vindictive Spencer objected most to Wren, and he did not attempt to conceal the pleasure he felt in being the bearer of this ominous summons.

The group broke up. Wren went disconsolately upstairs to Kennedy's study; Walton smacked Spencer's head—more as a matter of form than because he had done anything special to annoy him—and retired to the senior dayroom; while Spencer, muttering darkly to himself, avoided a second smack and took cover in the junior room, where he consoled himself by toasting a piece of india-rubber in the gas till it made the atmosphere painful to breathe in, and recalling with pleasure the condition Walton's face had been in for the day or two following his encounter with Kennedy in the dormitory.

Kennedy was working when Wren knocked at his door.

He had not much time to spare on a bounds-breaking fag; and his manner was curt.

"I saw you going into Rose's, in the High Street, this afternoon, Wren," he said, looking up from his Greek prose. "I didn't give you leave. Come up here after prayers to-night. Shut the door."

Wren went down to consult Walton again. His attitude with regard to a licking from the head of the house was much like that of the other fags. Custom had to a certain extent inured him to these painful interviews, but still, if it was possible, he preferred to keep out of them. Under Fenn's rule he had often found a tolerably thin excuse serve his need. Fenn had so many other things to do that he was not unwilling to forego an occasional licking, if the excuse was good enough. And he never took the trouble to find out whether the ingenious stories Wren was wont to serve up to him were true or not. Kennedy, Wren reflected uncomfortably, had given signs that this easy-going method would not do for him. Still, it might be possible to hunt up some story that would meet the case. Walton had a gift in that direction.

"WHO GAVE YOU LEAVE?"

"He says I'm to go to his study after prayers," reported Wren. "Can't you think of any excuse that would do?"

"Can't understand Fenn running you in," said Walton. "I thought he never spoke to Kennedy."

Wren explained.

"It wasn't Fenn who ran me in. Kennedy was down town, too, and twigged me going into Rose's. I went there and had tea after I got your things at the grocer's."

"Oh, he spotted you himself, did he?" said Walton. "And he doesn't know Fenn saw you?"

"I don't think so."

"Then I've got a ripping idea. When he has you up to-night, swear that you got leave from Fenn to go down town."

"But he'll ask him."

"The odds are that he won't. He and Fenn had a row at the beginning of term, and never speak to one another if they can help it. It's ten to one that he will prefer taking your yarn to going and asking Fenn if it's true or not. Then he's bound to let you off."

Wren admitted that the scheme was sound.

At the conclusion of prayers, therefore, he went up again to Kennedy's study, with a more hopeful air than he had worn on his previous visit.

"Come in," said Kennedy, reaching for the swagger-stick which he was accustomed to use at these ceremonies.

"Please, Kennedy," said Wren, glibly, "I did get leave to go down town this afternoon."

"What!"

Wren repeated the assertion.

"Who gave you leave?"

"Fenn."

The thing did not seem to be working properly. When he said the word "Fenn," Wren expected to see Kennedy retire baffled, conscious that there was nothing more to be said or done. Instead of this, the remark appeared to infuriate him.

"It's just like your beastly cheek," he said, glaring at the red-headed delinquent, "to ask Fenn for leave instead of me. You know perfectly well that only the head of the house can give leave to go down town. I don't know

how often you and the rest of the junior day-room have played this game, but it's going to stop now. You'd better remember another time when you want to go to Rose's that I've got to be consulted first."

With which he proceeded to ensure to the best of his ability that the memory of Master Wren should not again prove treacherous in this respect.

"How did it work?" asked Walton, when Wren returned.

"It didn't," said Wren, briefly.

Walton expressed an opinion that Kennedy was a cad; which, however sound in itself, did little to improve the condition of Wren.

Having disposed of Wren, Kennedy sat down seriously to consider this new development of a difficult situation. Hitherto he had imagined Fenn to be merely a sort of passive resister who confined himself to the Achilles-in-his-tent business, and was only a nuisance because he refused to back him up. To find him actually aiding and abetting the house in its opposition to its head was something of a shock. And yet, if he had given Wren leave to go down town, he had probably done the same kind office by others. It irritated Kennedy more than the most overt act of enmity would have done. It was not good form. It was hitting below the belt. There was, of course, the chance that Wren's story had not been true. But he did not build much on that. He did not yet know his Wren well, and believed that such an audacious lie would be beyond the daring of a fag. But it would be worth while to make inquiries. He went down the passage to Fenn's study. Fenn, however, had gone to bed, so he resolved to approach him on the subject next day. There was no hurry.

He went to his dormitory, feeling very bitter towards Fenn and rehearsing home truths with which to confound him on the morrow.

CHAPTER XX.

JIMMY THE PEACEMAKER.

IN these hustling times it is not always easy to get ten minutes' conversation with an acquaintance in private. There was drill in the dinner hour next day for the corps, to which Kennedy had to go directly after lunch. It did not end till afternoon school began. When afternoon school was over he had to turn out and practise scrummaging with the first fifteen, in view of an important school match which was coming off on the following Saturday. Kennedy had not yet received his cap, but he was playing regularly for the first fifteen, and was generally looked upon as a certainty for one of the last places in the team. Fenn, being a three-quarter, had not to participate in this practice. While the forwards were scrummaging on the second fifteen ground, the outsides ran and passed on the first fifteen ground over at the other end of the field. Fenn's training for the day finished earlier than Kennedy's, the captain of the Eckleton fifteen, who led the scrum, not being satisfied with the way in which the forwards wheeled. He kept them for a quarter of an hour after the outsides had done their day's work, and when Kennedy got back to the house, and went to Fenn's study, the latter was not there. He had evidently changed and gone out again, for his football clothes were lying in a heap in a corner of the room. Going back to his own study he met Spencer.

"Have you seen Fenn?" he asked.

"No," said the fag. "He hasn't come in."

"He's come in all right, but he's gone out again. Go and ask Taylor if he knows where he is."

Taylor was Fenn's fag.

Spencer went to the junior dayroom, and returned with the information that Taylor did not know.

"Oh, all right, then—it doesn't matter," said Kennedy, and went into his study to change.

He had completed this operation, and was thinking of putting his kettle on for tea, when there was a knock at the door.

It was Baker, Jimmy Silver's fag.

"Oh, Kennedy," he said, "Silver says if you aren't doing anything special will you go over to his study to tea?"

"Why, is there anything on?"

It struck him as curious that Jimmy should take the trouble to send his fag over to Kay's with a formal invitation. As a rule the head of Blackburn's kept open house. His friends were given to understand that they could drop in whenever they liked. Kennedy looked in for tea three times a week on an average.

"I don't think so," said Baker.

"Who else is going to be there?"

Jimmy Silver sometimes took it into his head to entertain weird beings from other houses whose brothers or cousins he had met in the holidays. On such occasions he liked to have some trusty friend by him to help the conversation along. It struck Kennedy that this might be one of those occasions. If so, he would send back a polite but firm refusal of the invitation. Last time he had gone to help Jimmy entertain a guest of this kind, conversation had come to a dead standstill a quarter of an hour

after his arrival, the guest refusing to do anything except eat prodigiously, and reply "Yes," or "No," as the question might demand, when spoken to. Also he had declined to stir from his seat till a quarter to seven. Kennedy was not going to be let in for another orgy of that nature if he knew it.

"Who's with Silver?" he asked.

"Only Fenn," said Baker.

Kennedy pondered for a moment.

"All right," he said, at last, "tell him I'll be round in a few minutes."

He sat thinking the thing over after Baker had gone back to Blackburn's with the message. He saw Silver's game, of course. Jimmy had made no secret for some time of his disgust at the coolness between Kennedy and Fenn. Not knowing all the circumstances, he considered it absolute folly. If only he could get the two together over a quiet pot of tea, he imagined that it would not be a difficult task to act effectively as a peacemaker.

Kennedy was sorry for Jimmy. He appreciated his feelings in the matter. He would not have liked it himself if his two best friends had been at daggers drawn. Still, he could not bring himself to treat Fenn as if nothing had happened, simply to oblige Silver. There had been a time when he might have done it, but now that Fenn had started a deliberate campaign against him by giving Wren—and probably, thought Kennedy, half the other fags in the house—leave down town when he ought to have sent them on to him, things had gone too far. However, he could do no harm by going over to Jimmy's to tea, even if Fenn was there. He had not looked to interview Fenn before an audience, but if that audience consisted only of Jimmy it would not matter so much.

His advent surprised Fenn. The astute James, fancying that if he mentioned that he was expecting Kennedy to tea, Fenn would make a bolt for it, had said nothing about it.

When Kennedy arrived there was one of those awkward pauses which are so difficult to fill up in a satisfactory manner.

"Now you're up, Fenn," said Jimmy, as the latter rose, evidently with the intention of leaving the study, "you might as well reach down that toasting-fork and make some toast."

"I'm afraid I must be off now, Jimmy," said Fenn.

"No you aren't," said Silver. "You bustle about and make yourself useful, and don't talk rot. You'll find your cup on that shelf over there, Kennedy. It'll want a wipe round. Better use the table-cloth."

There was silence in the study until tea was ready. Then Jimmy Silver spoke.

"Long time since we three had tea together," he said, addressing the remark to the teapot.

"Kennedy's a busy man," said Fenn, suavely. "He's got a house to look after."

"And I'm going to look after it," said Kennedy, "as you'll find."

Jimmy Silver put in a plaintive protest.

"I wish you two men wouldn't talk shop," he said. "It's bad enough having Kay's next door to one, without your dragging it into the conversation. How were the forwards this evening, Kennedy?"

"Not bad," said Kennedy, shortly.

"I wonder if we shall lick Tuppenham on Saturday."

"I don't know," said Kennedy; and there was silence again.

"Look here, Jimmy," said Kennedy, after a long pause, during which the head of Blackburn's tried to fill up the blank in the conversation by toasting a piece of bread in a way which was intended to suggest that if he were not so busy the talk would be unchecked and animated, "it's no good. We must have it out some time, so it may as well be here as anywhere else. I've been looking for Fenn all day."

"Sorry to give you all that trouble," said Fenn, with a sneer. "Got something important to say?"

"Yes."

"Go ahead, then."

Jimmy Silver stood between them with the toasting-fork in his hand, as if he meant to plunge it into the one who first showed symptoms of flying at the other's throat. He was unhappy. His peace-making tea-party was not proving a success.

"I wanted to ask you," said Kennedy, quietly, "what you meant by giving the fags leave down town when you knew that they ought to come to me?"

The gentle and intelligent reader will remember (though that miserable worm, the vapid and irreflective reader, will have forgotten), that at the beginning of the term the fags of Kay's had endeavoured to show their approval of Fenn and their disapproval of Kennedy by applying to the former for leave when they wished to go to the town; and that Fenn had received them in the most ungrateful manner with blows instead of exeats. Strong in this recollection, he was not disturbed by Kennedy's question. Indeed, it gave him a comfortable feeling of rectitude. There is nothing more pleasant than to be accused to your face

of something which you can deny on the spot with an easy conscience. It is like getting a very loose ball at cricket. Fenn felt almost friendly towards Kennedy.

"I meant nothing," he replied, "for the simple reason that I didn't do it."

"I caught Wren down town yesterday, and he said you had given him leave."

"Then he lied, and I hope you licked him."

"There you are, you see," broke in Jimmy Silver, triumphantly, "it's all a misunderstanding. You two have got no right to be cutting one another. Why on earth can't you stop all this rot, and behave like decent members of society again?"

"As a matter of fact," said Fenn, "they did try it on earlier in the term. I wasted a lot of valuable time pointing out to them with a swagger-stick—that I was the wrong person to come to. I'm sorry you should have thought I could play it as low down as that."

JIMMY SILVER STOOD BETWEEN THEM.

Kennedy hesitated. It is not very pleasant to have to climb down after starting a conversation in a stormy and wrathful vein. But it had to be done.

"I'm sorry, Fenn," he said; "I was an idiot."

Jimmy Silver cut in again.

"You were," he said, with enthusiasm. "You both were. I used to think Fenn was a bigger idiot than you, but now I'm inclined to call it a dead heat. What's the good of going on trying to see which of you can make the bigger fool of himself? You've both lowered all previous records."

"I suppose we have," said Fenn. "At least, I have."

"No, I have," said Kennedy.

"You both have," said Jimmy Silver. "Another cup of tea, anybody? Say when."

Fenn and Kennedy walked back to Kay's together, and tea-d together in Fenn's study on the following afternoon, to the amazement—and even scandal—of Master Spencer, who discovered them at it. Spencer liked excitement; and with the two leaders of the house at loggerheads things could never be really dull. If, as appearances seemed to suggest, they had agreed to settle their differences, life would become monotonous again—possibly even unpleasant.

This thought flashed through Spencer's brain (as he called it) when he opened Fenn's door and found him helping Kennedy to tea.

"Oh, the Headmaster wants to see you, please, Fenn," said Spencer, recovering from his amazement, "and told me to give you this."

"This" was a prefect's cap. Fenn recognised it without difficulty. It was the cap he had left in the sitting-room of the house in the High Street.

(To be concluded.)

Google

MICROSCOPIC MYSTERIES . . OF FERNS . .

(1)

WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES SCOTT.

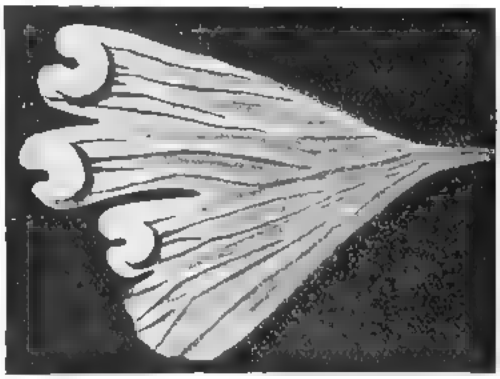
MANY people must often have wondered in what manner the reproduction of ferns is effected; yet, while being ignorant of the actual truth, they refrain from seeking information on account of such a course appearing to be an inexcusable educational defect. They know that in connection with flowering plants Nature has provided for the development of seeds within special repositories, which reveal themselves more conspicuously upon the decay of the blossoms, and are cast forth when sufficiently ripened; but the vast majority have never been permitted to see the equivalent of seeds, called spores, by whose agency ferns contrive to secure the continuous birth of offspring.

It is impossible for a person to purchase quantities of these spores, as one is enabled to buy penny packets of flower seeds. Indeed, it is a quite impossible matter to discern them at all (except collectively as mere dust) unless the would-be observer avails himself of the use of a very powerful microscope. In the production and dissemination of these fern-spores, Nature displays some of her most marvellous resourcefulness and infinite novelty, which really require witnessing if a full comprehension of the subject is desired. Some very extraordinary evolutions of certain parts of these plants occur when the period of germination, or growth of spores, is under development; and I propose, without adopting any technical language, to explain them to the reader, taking as my example the ordinary and greatly appreciated maidenhair fern, which is also known in the mass as bracken. The subjoined illustrations, made by myself direct from observations of life especially for the present occasion, will assist considerably towards conveying to the reader a proper understanding of these curious facts.

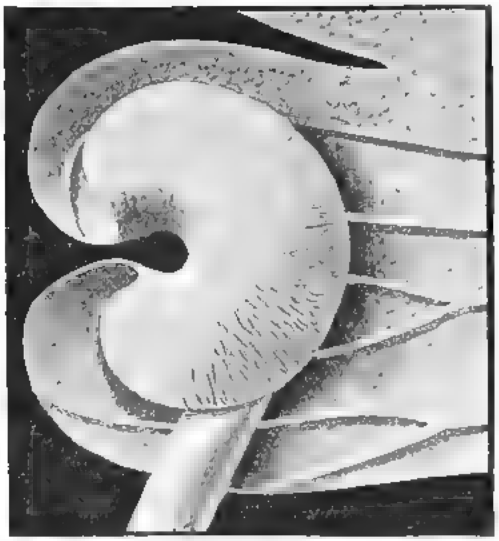
In No. 1 is shown a fully grown pot of maidenhair fern. The subsequent series of drawings picture progressively certain selected portions of this fern. That is to say, No. 7 is a very immense enlargement of the two immediately preceding them (No. 6), whilst they, in their turn, are enlargements of particular parts of No. 5. I can think of no clearer method whereby the subject may be treated for the acceptance of readers unfamiliar with its details.

Alluding to No. 2, let me state that it is a slightly magnified frond of the fern shown in No. 1. If you will closely examine one of

(2) SPRAY OF MAIDENHAIR FERN HALF NATURAL SIZE.



(3) ENLARGED "LEAF" OF MAIDENHAIR FERN, WITH SEED OR SPORE BASKETS DISPLAYED.



(4) GREATLY MAGNIFIED SEED BASKET, WITH NEEDLE-POINT INSERTED BENEATH THE LID.

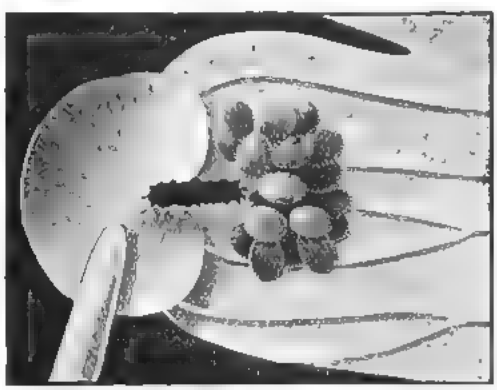
these pretty and delicate plants while it is growing, you will detect numerous brownish dots beneath its leaves, as I will simply term them. Undoubtedly, wise Nature has placed them in this position as being one entirely sheltered from the undue influence of direct sunlight, whilst at the same time sufficient warmth may be secured for them. Now, while these peculiar dots, or tiny lumps, are in themselves of extremely small and apparently insignificant dimensions, they contain several other objects. And yet again (startling though the statement sounds), these other objects contain the spores, which are individually of incredible minuteness.

Let us break off a leaf, and, after it has been inverted, place it beneath the microscope. Under such conditions it will resemble the drawing No. 3. That is to say, the tiny brown dots appear to have a certain symmetry, instead of being shapeless and haphazard excrescences, as might be assumed at first glance.

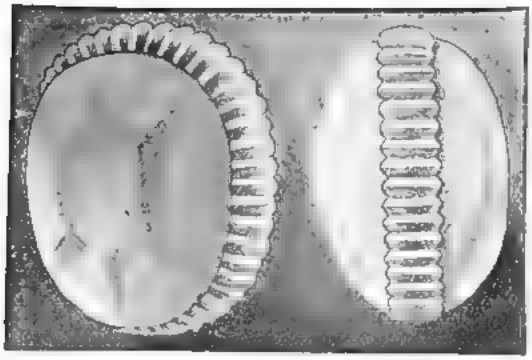
At this point we will increase the magnification of one of its four projections, bearing a kidney-shaped protuberance, which will then appear as in No. 4. The leaf seems to be notched at its extremity, and turned over in a most peculiar manner on to itself. This kidney-shaped piece is joined only at the comparatively small dent in the outer edge, and we can insert the point of a needle beneath it as indicated, for its under side is hollowed out in the form of a shallow dish, whilst its edge is slightly raised above the surrounding area. With the exercise of great care and a certain degree of dexterity it is possible to lift the coverlet up and over, as illustrated in No. 5. When this has been satisfactorily accomplished we are astonished at beholding a fairy-like nest of tiny brown, shining, egg-shaped objects. These strange and beautiful little things are seen to be sprouting out from the adjoining leaf, and if we detach a couple and magnify them to a still greater extent, showing a full-faced and an end view respectively, it will be seen that they resemble No. 6. The unique coils that surround them are as delicate and amazing pieces of natural mechanism as it is possible to secure, and it is in relation to them more especially that my previous opening remarks were applied. They have a most remarkable likeness to the bellows of a concertina or a camera, and perhaps the expansion of these every-day objects will explain as appropriately as anything can the extending action of the girdles.

Suppose I call each of these objects a nut, and I am sure that I could not more prosaically refer to them.

Well, as each nut dries it shrivels considerably, and the shell loses some of its strength. At the same time the curious girdle is endeavouring, like a bent spiral spring or a doubled piece of whalebone, to straighten itself out. The combination of the two circumstances—the exertion of the girdle and the contraction of the shell—results in the breaking of the nut. At the precise instant of this exceedingly common, yet rarely seen, disruption, a large number of kernels are liberated, on account of the accompanying jerk, and they are scattered to proportionately long distances from the nuts. As one watches a numerous collection of these interesting objects bursting forth beneath a microscope, the girdles twist and wriggle about with the



(5) SEED BASKET, WITH THE LID LIFTED OFF BY A NEEDLE. HERE THE MAGNIFIED SEED PURSES ARE SHOWN GROUPED TOGETHER.



(6) TWO OF THE SEED PURSES IMMENSELY MAGNIFIED. AROUND EACH IS THE WONDERFUL BURSTING SPRING.

Any description beyond that already provided would entail some knowledge of microscopy on the reader's part to be adequately understood. It may, however, be stated that additional marvellous phenomena can be witnessed, for each spore alters in form, and undergoes really fantastic automatic performances, before it is capable of reproducing its kind.

It would require many thousands of these spores, laid side by side in contact with one another, to cover the surface of an ordinary pin's head. When we bear in mind their extreme minuteness, it seems a startling fact that they can give birth to large bunches of fern.

Just consider for a moment what an enormous aggregate number of these spores must be contained in the whole of the nuts of a ripe fern! If they were all to properly germinate and give rise to equally powerful offspring, the earth would soon be overrun with an entangled, reeking mass of these charming plants, which would then, however, fail to please people.

(7)

appearance of a number of minute snakes among a lot of débris.

The resemblance to miniature snakes is intensified because of the cross markings on the girdles. Meanwhile, showers of kernels can be observed shooting off in every direction. These kernels are actually the spores, and may be reasonably likened to the seeds of ordinary plants, although there is a great deal of difference between the two if regarded from a purely scientific point of view. Each spore is surrounded by numerous hairs, and in this connection, bearing in mind the size of the kernels themselves, I should not care to hazard an opinion as to the actual length and thickness of each hair — but let the reader have a guess!

The true ferns contain rows of similar fairy-like baskets, arranged neatly along the undersides of their fronds, each basket sheltering nuts of almost identical formation and characteristics with those portrayed here. Except in minor details, my present description will apply with equal truth to these forms, a frond of which, fully ripened, with numerous spore receptacles, is provided in No. 8.

(8) FROND OF COMMON FERN, WITH CLUSTERS OF SEED OR SPORE BASKETS ON THE UNDERSIDE.

TALES OF THE FAR WEST.

By FRANKLIN WELLES CALKINS,

Author of "Across the Wilderness," &c.

No. II.—THE TRADER'S DUEL.

JUSTIN McANDREW, an old fur-trader, was neighbour to my grandfather in my boyhood days. He knew every foot of the Fox and Wisconsin waterways and of the Missouri River as well. Before a military post was built at Prairie du Chien he had made a number of bateau voyages between that point and Green Bay. On one of these trips his helpers and river-pilots below Portage la Prairie were two Winnebagoes—Many Stars and One-Eyed Dakorra, or Decoré, whose grandfather was a Frenchman. These Indians spoke enough English to make themselves fairly understood.

There was always need of pilots for the loaded bateaux on the Wisconsin River. Treacherous, shifting sand-bars reached out abruptly into what seemed like lakes of deep water. In spite of the familiarity of his pilots with this waterway, McAndrew's boat struck now and then, causing vexatious delays.

But something of more serious import occurred on the afternoon of their second day's voyage. As the bateau drifted alongside a bluff in a district thickly studded with patches of whortleberry, McAndrew, seated upon bales of blankets in the bow, looked upward to see the heads and shoulders of numerous dusky figures. A crowd of Indians, strange to the newcomer, were standing among the berry bushes, and gazing curiously down upon the boat and its occupants.

The young trader turned to his pilots inquiringly, but saw from their stern and forbidding faces that he had better keep silence. Many Stars had thrown a blanket over his shoulders to cover his plaited and befeathered braids. Dakorra had snatched up and donned a bell-crowned, wide-brimmed hat which McAndrew had found too warm for comfort. Both Indians were making awkward and unusual motions with their paddles, and their employer understood that they wished to pass the bluff unrecognised as Winnebagoes.

But the keen eyes upon the bluff were not to be deceived. As the bateau drew opposite the berry-pickers, sharp cries arose: "Winnebago! Winnebago!" the voices shouted, with a fierce, guttural accent upon the last syllable.

The bateau's prow veered quickly toward mid-current, and McAndrew, seizing a pair of oars, sprang to the assistance of his Indians, whose fierce strokes betokened a desperate need of haste.

Well was it for them that all three worked with might and main, for a shower of arrows fell all about them. *Thit! thit! thut!* The water hissed and bubbled with falling missiles. Three or four struck the bateau, but the range, even at the beginning of the flight, was considerable. No one was hit, and, in a minute, the boat was beyond arrow-shot.

When assured of this, both Winnebagoes dropped their paddles, caught up their guns, and turned eagerly to fire upon the enemy. All the black heads, however, had vanished.

McAndrew, hoping this spasmodic attack upon his boat would end the episode, besought his Indians not to fire into the bushes where the hostiles had been. They complied only because they could not see their enemies. They stood erect and defiant, their eyes snapping wrathfully as they shouted taunts and threats at the skulkers.

Seeing no responsive movement, they finally resumed their paddles. "This much bad," said Many Stars to McAndrew. "This Ponca—he Omaha—he Sioux. Winnebago know him heap bad. Me guess him take scalp now."

This was comforting, truly! McAndrew

was far enough from accepting such a conclusion with the Indian's fatalistic stoicism.

"Paddle," he said. "Paddle for your lives before they get into their canoes!"

"Huh!" grunted both Winnebagoes in contempt of useless exertion.

"No good paddle," said Dakorra. "No good go up—no good go down—no good go closs. Ponca him got heap hoss—can catch, anyhow."

"Heap Ponca—him take scalp to-night, me guess," added Many Stars.

McAndrew, having traded but a year or two in that region, had not yet met the Ponca Sioux, but he knew they and the Winnebagoes had quarrelled fiercely of late. Were there a thousand of them, however, he had no mind to drift into such trap as they might choose to lay for him. He exerted his authority, therefore, as an employer, and sternly bade his Indians ply their paddles.

With himself at the oars, they were soon doubling the speed of a five-mile current. Even on the best of horses the Sioux could not follow over the bluffs and through the woods for many hours, and the neutral, or "sacred ground of the tribes" was but a day's journey in advance.

Encouraged by their employer's vigorous use of the oars, Many Stars and Dakorra applied themselves with energy. Had it not been for the shifting sand-bars the bateau must soon have tired out any pursuit alongshore; but there were unavoidable delays.

Soon after noon the paddlers rounded a sharp curve of the river to discover the whole war party of Poncas, divided in two bands, awaiting their approach. One division was stationed alongshore upon the left, and another, seated upon ponies, upon a bar near the mid-current.

The position was cunningly chosen. The width of navigable current lay between the parties, and hardly exceeded fifty yards. To put the boat about and toil slowly upstream was but briefly to delay the inevitable. The bateau's case was truly desperate.

McAndrew looked at his Winnebagoes; but these, with unflinching faces and stern demeanour, continued to ply their paddles. The bateau was kept in mid-current, and sent forward at the speed of a trotting horse, until a chief with high head-gear pressed out from his fellows and motioned the boatmen to approach.

As the odds were overwhelming, there seemed nothing to do but obey; and Dakorra, muttering, "Yellow Wolf! Chief Yellow Wolf!" turned the bateau's prow in the direction of the warrior. Then to McAndrew the Winnebago hissed under his breath: "Big chief—you catch—bling um in boat!"

The trader was young—a thickset, very powerful man and active as a cat. With intense excitement he looked at the Ponca chief, now eagerly and confidently advancing beyond his fellows. The pony he rode was already more than girth-deep in water and could with difficulty keep its feet.

McAndrew shipped his oars in apparent readiness to go ashore. Many Stars ceased paddling.

Dakorra steered the bateau. Apparently he was trying to bring the boat alongside the chief, who leaned forward to seize it by the prow. Other Poncas pressed forward to be next to their leader in seizing the Winnebagoes.

The chief's hand actually grasped the boat's bow which was slipping by, when McAndrew swept an oar backward, and struck him upon the scull. The blow knocked him from his horse and the pony, plunging backward, impeded the progress of those behind.

As quick as thought McAndrew threw out a hand, caught the sinking chief by his arm and drew him alongside. In a trice the dazed Indian was hauled aboard, while Many Stars, with knife lifted to strike, warned his fellows back.

The Poncas could not shoot their arrows without endangering their chief, and the bateau had slipped beyond their reach. For an instant the baffled Indians stood or sat with open mouths; then changed their attitude with the shiftiness characteristic of Indian tactics.

They made friendly overtures to the receding boat. These were ignored with contempt, while the knife flourished above their chief warned them of his fate should they attempt a rescue. And so they withdrew to the wooded shores, to follow the bateau and to plot what further should be done.

The Ponca chief, fast bound, was set in the bow to recover his wits at leisure. By their quick-wittedness, but chiefly by the accident of Yellow Wolf's eagerness and his pony's floundering, McAndrew and his Winnebagoes had saved their lives.

The Winnebagoes were elated beyond measure, as they showed by excited exclamations in their own tongue. But McAndrew

knew that for him the incident was by no means closed. He had no fear of the Poncas upon the river now, but at Prairie du Chien, the neutral ground of the tribes, there was a village of Winnebagoes, and both these and the Poncas would demand of him the prisoner, Yellow Wolf. The demands would probably be complicated in such ways and by such influences as only

The Winnebagoes, whose actual rights must be respected by all parties on the neutral ground, would simply demand the prisoner as their property, and, if the demand were acceded to, they were quite powerful and subtle enough to spirit Yellow Wolf away and put him to the torture. It was quite possible, too, that McAndrew would have to have a personal struggle with

WITH A SWEEP OF HIS LEFT HAND, HE CAUGHT YELLOW WOLF'S KNIFE WRIST.

the go-between among Indians has had to contend with.

McAndrew knew perfectly that at the mouth of the Wisconsin the clans would foregather. The Poncas could not there attempt a rescue, but they would maintain that their young men had, under a misapprehension, shot arrows at his boat, and that Yellow Wolf had followed the bateau to make amends.

his helpers, finally, for possession of the prisoner's body. The body was by no means ready to surrender the chief to torture; yet Yellow Wolf deserved punishment.

While the trader brooded, his Winnebagoes paddled on, much elated. Yellow Wolf, who had recovered his senses, sat glowering in disgust over the edge of the boat, as if minded to tumble himself into the current.

"He might as well go to the bottom and stay there," thought McAndrew, "for his life depends wholly on my efforts. Every other trader at the Prairie will wash his hands of the whole affair."

In the meantime, the boat went forward till nightfall. The bateau was then hauled up on a sand-bar, and the boatmen took turns in guarding their prisoner, so that each could gain some hours of sleep.

Before noon the next day the bateau had entered the neutral ground, and, shortly afterward, Dakorra handed his steering-paddle to Many Stars, slipped over the edge of the boat and swam ashore.

"Him go Plala du Chien," explained Many Stars, "git Winnebago—take boat up river."

McAndrew simply nodded assent. It was *his* business to send for extra "paddles," should they be needed at the mouth of the Wisconsin. He knew that Dakorra would run across to the traders' fort with all speed to inform the Winnebago town of Yellow Wolf's capture. A crowd would immediately gather at the Wisconsin landing.

But he had formed his plan, and was relieved to know that there would be but one Winnebago in his boat, should any attempt be made to thwart his purpose. There was only one sure way out of the dilemma—the way of a strong and absolutely fearless man—and McAndrew took it.

At the Wisconsin River landing, as the trader had expected, were gathered, an hour later, a crowd of Winnebagoes eager to lay hands upon the prisoner; and their triumphant shouts grew clamorous as the bateau approached. Near at hand, too, the Poncas were encamped; and they stood upon the bank, silently waiting to see what disposition would be made of their chief.

As his boat's prow touched the landing, McAndrew, gun in hand, waved back the advancing Winnebagoes. These Indians halted, muttering, when they saw him about to push his boat offshore. A number of *voyageurs* were lying about the bank, looking on curiously. McAndrew spoke to one of these, whom he knew.

"Zhack," he said, "will you interpret what I have to tell these Indians?"

The *voyageur* consented. The trader then spoke to the Winnebagoes as follows:—

"This man, Yellow Wolf, is my prisoner. He attacked my boat and men in my employ. I am a captain, and I wish to punish him myself. I will do so immediately and before you all. Stand aside now, and you shall see it done, as I have said."

This was interpreted sentence by sentence, both to the Poncas and the Winnebagoes. The latter were openly chagrined, but, supposing Yellow Wolf was to be killed, they stood aside, while McAndrew marched his prisoner out upon a high bank. He then stood Yellow Wolf between his friends and his foes.

On the bateau the trader had thrust an extra knife in his belt. He now deliberately cut the bonds upon Yellow Wolf's wrists, placed the boat-knife in his hands, and then drew his own. For fear the Ponca chief might retreat among his friends, McAndrew boxed his ears smartly with one hand.

Grunts of approval from all hands greeted his action. The Poncas were delighted to see their chief given his chance in an honourable fight, and the Winnebagoes were forced to admire so generous and so brave a captor.

Stung to sudden and impulsive anger by the blow, Yellow Wolf certainly did not stop to reflect upon his captor's generosity. He "pitched in," as McAndrew put it, in tremendous fashion.

For a moment, despite his great strength, his trained activity and disciplined brain, the odds seemed rather against the trader. Yellow Wolf's onset was furious. Without attempting to cut the Indian with his knife, McAndrew parried rapid thrusts and dodged headlong lunges until, with a sweep of his left hand, he caught Yellow Wolf's knife wrist. This he bent backward till it cracked, and the knife dropped from the chief's nerveless fingers.

McAndrew then lifted the Indian in his powerful grasp, carried him forward amid grunts of amazement, and flung him, helpless, defeated, and humiliated, upon the ground among his tribesmen.

"I give you your life," he said, "because you are a papoose."

Physically and morally he was victor. His fine courage and tremendous display of strength won the admiration of the Winnebagoes, and the Poncas immediately named him *Washushe*, The Generous.

Yellow Wolf, in after days, became his faithful friend and ally.

THE Old Fag, after running his aged eye over the photographs entered for the competition of November, has handed the pile over to me, that I may make a more critical survey and pronounce judgment at large and in particular.

The competitors have certainly taken great trouble to make their entries attractive as regards the finishing and mounting. Some add useful little bits of information about the subject; others are very careful to append particulars of light, stop, exposure, &c. This is quite as it should be.

How easily one picks the best few out of a number of photographs! There may be a large proportion of technically *good prints*; but the *best pictures* stand revealed at once. This is fortunately due to the fact that care, as opposed to luck, gets its reward. A well-thought-out and composed picture has practically made a bid for the prize before the cap is taken off. There are two special qualities needed in a first-class worker: the ability to recognise a good thing when he sees it, and the ability to make the best of that thing when recognised. The snapshotter fails grievously under the second head, largely because circumstances hardly permit him time to decide what is the most artistic course to adopt. With one exception, it is the treatment of the subject rather than the subject itself which has scored; though the winners have certainly kept their eyes well open for good matter.

The best entry is decidedly T. E. W. Strong's *Thoughts of Youth*. He has hit upon a subject of real interest and pathos: the old cottager, her thoughts awakened by a letter, casting her mind back to the times when her forehead was not yet wrinkled, and she could see without her glasses, and her "man" met

THOUGHTS OF YOUTH.
By T. E. W. Strong, St. Anne's-on-Sea.

WAITING FOR THE TIDE.
By Harry W. Wilcombe, Maidstone.

her o' nights at the stile. The lighting of the face and hands is excellent. Only the critical part of the subject stands out; the rest is dim and merely suggestive. This is the type of photograph that raises photography to the level of an art.

Another very pleasing contribution is *Waiting for the Tide*. I should here warn readers that the relative excellencies of original photographs cannot be gauged by their appearance in half-tone blocks, especially when the latter are made from tinted prints, as in this case. The attitude of the men is decidedly restful; and in the background is seen a quay, sufficiently out of focus not to intrude upon the foreground. The use of a very small stop would have spoilt the picture.

As a nature-study, *On the Broads of Norfolk* has distinct merit, despite the halation of the upper branches, which could have been minimised by a well-"backed" plate. The peep of water, broken up by reeds and ripples, balances the deep shadow of the tree forming the main subject. As a view, it is nothing much—just a tree and a little bit of Broad, yet the result suggests that the photographer has the eye artistic.

R. W. Copeman's *Coming in for the Night* shows beautiful graduation of tone on the wool of the sheep, which in the original print gives a distinct impression of *sunlight*. How seldom does one get a really "sunny" photograph, out of hundreds taken with old Sol blazing fiercely! I don't suppose that I have, in all my labourings with camera and tripod, managed to catch the effect half a dozen times.

Passing by the Irish smokeress, who pretty well explains herself, I come to *Bishop West's Chapel, Ely Cathedral*. The negative rather lacks strength, but the details of the beautiful stonework stand out well. Architectural subjects are notoriously difficult, largely on account of the distorted perspective arising from the unavoidable use of a comparatively wide-angle lens in a confined space. Windows also cause trouble, even with a backed plate. Here is a hint that may prove useful to readers who are bothered by "halation." Make a light print, tone

ON THE BROADS OF NORFOLK.
By Arthur Williams, Winchester.

AN IRISH SMOKERESS.
By Vyvyan Poole, Waterford.

and fix it; oil it till fairly transparent, and place it in the printing frame in front of the negative. The halated portions, being white in the positive, will pass most light where it is most needed, while the darker portions retard it where least needed. Care must be taken that the screening-print is arranged with film side towards the light.

After criticising individual prints I proceed to some general advice to competitors. Avoid hackneyed subjects, unless they can be approached from a somewhat novel point of view. THE CAPTAIN Photographic Gallery must not savour of a small professional's show-window. Be careful in your choice of a background for portraits, groups, &c., and if possible get it well out of focus. Wall-papers are probably the worst backgrounds of all, being so hideously artificial. An ivy-covered wall (in focus) is almost as bad; brick walls are anathema.

Don't introduce the "human element" into a landscape, unless it is a picturesque example. An otherwise charming bit is so often ruined by the presence of a—no doubt excellent—young man, whose attire is of the town, towny, and a quite discordant factor in the general harmony. A friend of mine, who was great on "breaking the foreground" in his earlier photographic days, once pressed a "pot hat" into the service as a foreground-breaker, and wondered why I failed to share his enthusiasm as to its artistic success. Among the pile of photos now before me I have one which shows a ploughing team returning from work. There is a nice horse, and a pretty glade of trees, and a picturesque outbuilding; *but*, the ploughman is guilty of a white collar and a cloth cap, when one would expect to see something much more rustic. And the photographer has omitted to notice a man standing behind the horse in such a manner as to be apparently a prolongation of the animal's nose.

A pretty view does not necessarily make a pretty photograph. We wander with our cameras through some lovely glen, or along the banks of a purling stream, and are charmed by the play of light on dancing ripples and graceful overhanging boughs. Out go the three legs, and in a minute an exposure has been made. But alas! when it comes to printing, all seems flat and unprofitable. The eye has been affected by the colours of the trees and other objects; the camera cares little for them. Our double vision gives a solid stereoscopic effect; the single lens doesn't. For this reason, vistas are particularly disappointing. In conclusion, I would lay special stress on the importance of trimming a print artistically. Many prints are

ELY CATHEDRAL: BISHOP WEST'S CHAPEL.
By R. E. O. Chipp, Belfast.

spoilt by sparing the scissors. A half-plate negative often will not give an effective print larger than quarter-plate, and that not necessarily of the central part. Make a set of cardboard masks with rectangular openings of different sizes and proportions; and if you are in doubt lay them in succession over your print and shift each about. You will soon learn to appreciate the fact that a large portion of a print is often mere inartistic lumber.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. E. Gaze has a valued negative, the glass of which is broken, but not the film. He asks how best to treat it. The film *can* be floated off on to another glass, but it is a risky process except for an expert. I should strongly advise him to get a clean plate of equal size and smear it for about ½ inch all round the edge with Canada Balsam or seccotine; then apply it to the clear side of the negative so that it exactly "coincides." Press the two together under a few pounds' weight, and when dry bind the edges with strips of paper used for lantern slides. A cracked negative should be placed, for printing purposes, at the bottom of a deep and narrow box, so that the light may strike it almost entirely at right angles; or the frame may be exposed as usual (in the shade), and frequently turned about.

W. F. C. weighs in with a baker's dozen of queries, only six of which space permits me to answer. Remainder next month.

(1) I don't know of any book on pin-hole photography, though I believe there is such a thing extant. The *f* is found in the usual way—i.e., take diameter of stop (very small, of course), and divide it by the distance between pin-hole diaphragm and the plate. Thus, if hole be 1-64 inch in diameter, and plate eight inches from it, the focal value of stop is f-512. The actual correct exposure will depend on the usual contingencies of light, rapidity of plate, &c.

(2) I take the "Kernel's" side without hesitation, since I have found that pyro gives—as a general rule—*much* softer negatives than hydrokinone, for instance. A soft negative is one in which the various grades of shadow develop pretty well in proportion. With hydrokinone the deeper shadows often hang back, and if you wait till they are out, the "high-lights" have become "bunged-up," and will print almost pure white. If you took out the negative while the high-lights are soft, you would probably be left with clear glass in the shadows. Under certain conditions hydrokinone may yield very satisfactory negatives; but in portrait work, where "softness" is a *sine quâ non*, pyro is, I believe, almost universally used.

(3) Never used hypo eliminators, so cannot say. I think I would make sure of the job with plenty of *aqua pura*.

(4) Any paper can be squeegeed.

(5) To get a satisfactory negative of an interior, cover the windows with a sheet to diffuse the light, and minimise halation.

(6) Cyanotype paper can be toned to a *bluish-green* by soaking in a one per cent. solution of sulphuric acid; to *red* by a bath—tannic acid one dram, water 4oz.—used for five minutes. Then immerse in a second bath—carbonate of soda one dram, water 8oz.—and again put it in the first bath.

COMING IN FOR THE NIGHT.
By R. W. Copeman, Wincanton.

AT HICKSON'S.

No. 5.—THE REFORMATION OF PARLEBY.

BY F. L. MORGAN.

Illustrated by Alfred Pearse.

I.

THIS is a story of complications. The hero is one Robert Parleby, a senior Hicksonian of good repute, but of doubtful popularity. This last, in fact, was limited to Septimus Curtis, the occupant of the cubicle next to Parleby's, the partner of his study, and his champion on all necessary occasions.

To be an analytical chemist was the goal that Parleby strove to reach. He had a tall, solemn exterior, with earnest eyes, and an habitually *intense* expression. Somewhere behind his chemical ambitions lay the volcanic attributes—subject to frequent eruptions—of a Thinker. He felt that there was something he desired even more than to become an analytical chemist; that there was something attainable, without which he could not enjoy life thoroughly—not even in his chosen calling. He thought that it had to do with what he called his character; and in impatient endeavours to understand his own ideas and feelings, he suffered considerable mental discomfort. Without waiting to sort himself out, and to bring his difficulties into the searching light of thought and reason, he became moody and careless, shunning his fellows, and thereby striking terror to the heart of the faithful Curtis.

Poor Robert Parleby! He shirked his duties to house and college; drove his best friend nearly to desperation; became aggressive and unpleasant to his fellows; neglected his work until the Western Physics Examination (the passing of which meant more than a little to him) was almost at hand and all this because he was assailed by the ordinary mental disturbances from which a thinking mind seldom escapes.

At last, however, when the summer term was some weeks old, he thought that he saw a way out of his difficulties. He concluded that it was desirable to have several degrees more of virtue than heretofore, in all his dealings; and to become considerably more elevated in thought and action than the ordinary human earth-worm. The difficulty lay in the fact that he was straight by nature, and needed no reforming. Instead of "pressing toward the mark" with a hopeful heart and a cheery grin, he wasted his time over self-analysation and boring circumspection that had a most irritating effect on his temper, and caused Curtis to gaze skywards and dream helplessly of lunatic asylums. Hickson's disapproved of the reforming process; for it included not only Parleby himself, but all rule-breakers and such-like publicans and sinners that crossed his daily path.

After an exciting week, Curtis tried a gentle remonstrance.

"What does it matter," retorted Parleby with fine scorn, "what insects like Hickson's think? So long as I am square with my sense of right, nothing affects me."

"But I think it would be squarer if you were to let Hickson's look after itself and its own sense of right. You'd get on oceans better with the fellers," said the perplexed Curtis, feeling a trifle floored by this new and alarming phase of his eccentric chum's character.

"My dear chap, I don't want to get on with them. I feel out of my element in their company. I tell them when I see anything wrong, because it would be a bit weird for a fellow to try to live up to a certain standard, and then to wink at the pettiness, folly, and miserable deceit that surge round him. Rules are made to be kept, and for the honour of the College, and my own self-respect, I'm going to report whenever I find them abused."

"You're real eloquent—but you're a *real* fool!" said Curtis, with a patient smile, leaving the study and closing the door delicately behind him.

The possibility of the temporary truth of

this last remark never entered Robert's head. Already he began to form plans for the reformation of Curtis.

II.

NOW for the ladies.

Hilda Connor was an Irish-American, a junior Hicksonian, and a young person of enterprise. Her character was Irish in its temper, and American in its generosity. She was possessed of considerable physical attractions, but these were quite unappreciated at Hickson's. Of course, there *are* types of beauty that cannot be disguised, either by tight plaits or square-toed shoes. Some girls are pleasant to behold, whether they "do" their hair or not; and any or no shaped hat is becoming to them. Such an one, Hilda Connor, at the age of twelve, bid fair to be. Seated on the grass, fanning herself gently with her straw hat, she glanced up with an angelic expression of countenance, and remarked:—

"I HATE YOUR BROTHER MORE THAN ANY ONE ELSE IN THE WORLD."

"I hate your brother more than any one else in the world!"

Carrie Parleby wrinkled up her nose and wriggled uneasily. She was a small person, round, plump, undecided, and happy-go-lucky.

"Yes," continued Hilda, with an expression on her small face that brought involuntary thoughts of Heaven;—"I think he's the beastliest sneak that ever was!"

Carrie Parleby screwed up her face until her little blue eyes were scarcely visible, and wriggled again protestingly.

"He's not so bad," she said, torn between loyalty to her brother and her knowledge of Hilda's temper.

"He's the beastliest sneak that ever *was*," reiterated Hilda calmly; "he's chivied and flurried us till we are nearly raving mad. Now he says that if he catches us doing anything wrong again, he'll report us to house-quarters. He's a pesky thing—that's what he is."

"That's better than being reported to head-quarters," said Carrie, rolling over on her back and gazing optimistically at the cloudless sky; "the Head is worse than Bowen."

"But it's hateful and lowdown and—and *pesky* of your old brother to report us anywhere," said Hilda, with more warmth.

The appearance of Robert Parleby at this moment prevented any further discussion of his peculiarities. The two juniors retired at once and with dignity, Hilda, with a passing glance of scorn, and Carrie, with a backward look of mixed indignation and apology.

Without noticing them, Parleby paused with bent head and busy brain. He had suddenly awakened to the fact that the Western Physics Examination, which loomed in the near future, would find him utterly unprepared for it. He had been in similar tight places before; but had surmounted the difficulties by descending to his study when Hickson's was sleeping, for

a couple of hours' steady grind. This practice, carried out fairly frequently during the ensuing week or two, might enable him to pass the examination creditably—in which case he would be a long step nearer to the analytical chemist. Now, however, his reformed character and new resolutions made such a flagrant act of rule-breaking seem quite impossible.

And yet—what harm would he be doing?

Parleby dropped down on to the spot just vacated by his small sister, and gazed up at the sky with puzzled eyes.

* * * * *

Several days later, as Septimus Curtis was just losing himself in his first beauty-sleep, he was disturbed by a stealthy movement on his right. Parleby, who slept in the next cubicle, was stirring. Grinning cheerfully in the dark, Curtis heard the reformed character creep out of his cubicle, walk along the corridor, and open the dormitory door.

Curtis chuckled appreciatively.

"Going down to swot," he reflected "Well, it's a step in the right direction, anyway."

Parleby entered his study and sniffed impatiently. It was the hottest night they had yet had, and the warm, close smell of a room that had been shut in and tenantless for several hours seemed particularly unpalatable. There was a time when Parleby had shared studies with Stanborough, the Englishman, and the fresh air mania possessed by that youth had driven away some of Robert's prejudice against the air of Heaven unpolluted—a prejudice possessed in some degree by America in general.

As he advanced to push up the window, the senior saw a strange sight. The calm peace of the moon-lit green was broken by two small forms, hurrying across the junior field. With a subdued exclamation, Parleby climbed out of his study, down a convenient rain-pipe, and gave chase right away.

The two small figures had reached the river, at the end of the senior field, before he could overtake them.

"Let's run!" suggested Carrie, observing the approach of her brother with strong misgivings.

"No. I've come to bathe by moonlight—and I'll do it!" replied Hilda Connor.

Parleby saw a gleam of scarlet, a slim form in a bathing suit poised on the river bank, and heard the gentle ripple of a clean dive. With a quick breath of relief he laid a heavy hand on Carrie's shrinking shoulder before her courage (which was always more or less absent) had been gathered together sufficiently for the plunge into the cold, dark river.

The senior's voice was harshly forbidding.

"Come out, Hilda Connor," he said; "I am going to take you both straight to Mr. Bowen."

Hilda Connor came out, dripping and sparkling in the moonlight, and shivering in spite of the sultry heat. In terrifying silence, Parleby took off his coat and wrapped it round her. Then he grasped an arm of each delinquent, and marched them rapidly Hickson-wards.

"You don't mean it, Bob," suggested Carrie fearfully; "you won't report us to Mr. Bowen, really?"

Bob did not answer.

"We'll n—never do it again," she continued tremulously; "we were only g—going to bathe by m—moonlight just once."

Parleby heard the little shaking voice, and out of the corner of his eye he saw the two tears which rolled down his sister's round cheeks. His sympathy, always on the alert, was stirring uneasily, but he silenced it, and strengthened his determination to follow the path of duty.

"Don't talk, Carrie," said Hilda. She spoke loudly, and the small arm in Robert's grasp trembled with nervous excitement. "He'll report us 'cause he said he would. We all know that good Robert Parleby couldn't break his word."

Parleby looked at her with renewed vexation. At this moment, with her cheeks paled by the dip in the river, and her dark blue eyes (looking like blackest velvet in the moonlight) wide with apprehension, she was a vision fair enough to see. But Robert's heart was consumed with anger and virtuous indignation; therefore, the unconscious pleading in the sweet childish face affected him not at all.

"It was my idea," went on Hilda, with less defiance; "I made Carrie come. Suppose you let her off—she can get back, the sheets are still hanging out of the window—and take me to Bowen."

"No!" replied Parleby fiercely, to hide his sudden revulsion of feeling.

* * * * *

"You did right, Parleby, in bringing them straight to me," said Mr. Bowen, ten minutes later.

The terrible ordeal was over. The two juniors, their sentence deferred until the morning, had gone to bed, accompanied to their dormitory by Mrs. Bowen's sympathetic presence.

"Yes—good-night, sir,"—and the senior moved towards the door.

"Good-night, my lad."

Mr. Bowen looked curiously at the white boyish face. He did not ask how it was that Parleby had seen the two small girls crossing the junior field, although he was quite aware of the fact that Carr's senior juniors' offence was serious; the affair could have been settled quite easily by their house-prefects; and in that case it would probably never have come to Mr. Bowen's ears.

Parleby did not feel quite happy.

III.

I MAKE no apology for passing over five weeks and directing the reader's immediate attention to the interior of the Greater Hall, San Francisco, where Professor Longman's Lecture on Radium was in progress.

HE MARCHED THEM RAPIDLY HICKSON-WARDS.

dormitories faced east—the opposite side to the playing-fields.

Parleby returned to his study by means of the rain-pipe. He knew that though the

Did space permit, much might be told of the extra work through which Hilda and Carrie waded, as punishment for the bathing-by-moonlight episode; of Hilda's thirst

for Parleby's blood, and her many, but as yet unacted upon, plans for revenge; of the senior's growing unpopularity; of Curtis's increasing despair; and of the Western Physics Examination, which had taken place nearly two weeks back. But as it is, we must return to the Greater Hall.

Rather to the back, and occupying several rows of seats, were large majorities of Hickson's sixth, fifth, upper fourth, and such of the juniors as had obtained special permission, listening, with more or less attention, to Professor Longman's remarks on radium. The growth of the discovery of the wonderful element, which throws off heat and light unceasingly, without undergoing any perceptible change; and its marvellous power of rendering substances with which it comes in contact radio-active, as described by the Professor, commanded the attention of all Hickson's—save Hilda Connor.

Hilda was at the end of a row of seats, directly behind Parleby and Curtis. She had obtained special permission on account of the lecture falling on the afternoon appointed weekly for French Author. At the present moment she was inexpressibly bored; but it was a peaceful kind of boredom—preferable to the torture inflicted by the third form's French Author. The lecture was drawing to a close when several metal tubes, each containing a minute particle of radium, were distributed among the audience for their inspection. With a slight addition of interest, Hilda received in her turn about half a grain of the element—valued at £700,000 per pound. After satisfying her very mild curiosity, the junior looked round for somebody to take the tube from her. No one seemed anxious—or, in fact, to be aware that she had it; and in doubt as to whether she ought to pass it to the row in front or behind, Hilda paused—uncertain. A subdued laugh in front directed her attention to Parleby. Her dark brows knitted angrily at the remembrance of her wrongs.

The senior was leaning towards Curtis—the pocket of his coat gaped invitingly. . . .

IV.

THREE days later, Parleby was walking through Bowen's Court with a firm step, head erect, and a despondent heart.

At the end of Professor Longman's lecture, one of the tubes containing radium, not being forthcoming, was discovered, after considerable excitement, in Parleby's coat-pocket, by Parleby himself. Hickson's, writhing under the disgrace of having been made to look a public knave—or fool—rose as one man, and with bitter disdain ignored the erring one—all but Curtis. That youth, sorely puzzled, yet hoping for an explanation, clung to his chum with the faithfulness of friendship. In a ten-minutes-private with the Head, Parleby had managed (in some way unknown to his fellows) to straighten the affair so far as head and house-quarters were concerned; but to the outraged seniors he offered no explanation.

THE POCKET OF HIS COAT GAPED INVITINGLY.

And Parleby was miserable. His position, together with some almost confirmed doubts as to the soundness of his own philosophy, made his days torture and his nights sleepless.

Such was the state of affairs when he passed Bowen's doorway on his road to the Lecture Hall, where the results of the

Western Physics Examination were to be declared that evening. And such was the burden of his thoughts when he looked up to find Hilda Connor and his sister Carrie standing before him.

Carrie caught hold of her brother's arm with a little affectionate gesture (that had been missing of late) and wasted a kiss on his coat-sleeve.

"Poor old Bob—dear old Bob!" she said, and ran back into Bowen's.

Parleby had no time to notice her face, but he heard the catch in her voice, and paused.

"What's the trouble?" he asked of Hilda, who stood looking at him with eyes of tragedy—tragedy composed of sorrow, remorse and pity, struggling for the uppermost place.

"It's about the Western Physics exam. The Head's going to read results this evening."

"I know. I'm just going to the Lecture Hall. But what about it?" asked the senior, with an internal quiver.

"You—you've failed. All the others are through. Every one knows."

Failed!

Parleby did not doubt the truth of Hilda's statement. It was just the crowning point to a term of miserable failures.

"Thanks for telling me," he said, turning and walking rapidly away in the direction he had come.

For a moment Hilda stood looking after him with mournful eyes. Then, with pale determination, she went straight to the Lecture Hall, where most of Hickson's were amassed.

A little later Parleby joined them, and was greeted by a sudden silencing of tongues. With steady nerves, he stood alone—it had become a usual thing. It had also become a usual thing for Curtis to range himself alongside of his chum. He did so now. What was not usual, was for Joseph White to walk up to the outcast, and remark:—

"We have been under a false impression, Parleby. We thought—took it for granted, as you didn't speak—that you—well, that you had put the old feller's radium in your pocket—for reasons of your own. We opined that it was a fool's trick. I don't think any one really believed it to be more. Anyway, it was lowdown of us to drop you for it—though we thought an explanation was due to us as the wretched affair was public. The explanation has now been given, and as you are in as much need of it as we were—and more—I hope we shall be able to square things up a bit, before the Head comes. Here's my hand, if you'll shake—and Hilda Connor sneaked the radium into your pocket."

"I know," replied Parleby, as he "shook," looking White squarely in the eyes.

"You knew!"

Hickson's gasped. This was unexpected.

"Yes—she was sitting behind me. I felt her do it, but didn't realise it until after all the flurry had begun."

"He—he didn't want to get me into a row!" said Hilda, with a burst of tears; "and—and I was too scared to own up."

Hickson's understood—and gave tongue to its feelings. It was some time before Parleby got a chance to speak.

"I want you all to know that I owed it to Hilda Connor," he said, "not to tell on her; so there is no need for heroics. In fact, I've messed things up a bit this term somehow, and been a downright——"

"No—no!" from many throats, and with generous force.

"Yes—a cad." Parleby drew a long breath. "Put it right there. I know I've failed the Western Physics, but I'll have another shot next term—at that and at other things. I haven't anything else to say—except that I'm real glad if we're square again."

"We are—we are!" declared Hickson's, passing forward to shake the hand of Parleby—really reformed—as the Head, who had been waiting patiently outside the door for five minutes, walked in with an unusual aspect of affability, the words of censure—which he had had in his mind to speak to Parleby for having failed in an examination he was capable of passing—quite forgotten.

THE FALKLAND ISLANDS.

THE Falkland Islands is a quiet little colony that creates no excitement in the world—philatelic or otherwise. But there was a time when it came very near being the cause of a war with Spain.

The group, which now forms our southernmost possession, was discovered by John Davis during a voyage he made in 1592, with the object of finding a practicable route to Asia through the Straits of Magellan, and up the Pacific Coast. Richard Hawkins visited the islands in 1594, and named them "Hawkins' Maiden Land." A few years later Sebald de Veert, a Dutch sailor, called, and named them Sebald's Islands, or the Sebaldines, but in 1690 they were finally named the Falkland Islands. It was not, however, till the eighteenth century that they were thought worthy of any particular attention. Lord Anson, after his voyage round the world, suggested that they would be useful as a station and friendly place of call for British ships in the Atlantic. Steps were accordingly taken to secure possession, but the Spanish Government objected to us as near neighbours to their South American possessions. Later on Bougainville, a French explorer, planted a colony on the East Falkland Island. But the opposition of the Spaniards led to Bougainville and his colony being bought out. Following the French, the English seized the West Falkland Island, but they were cleared out by a force sent from Buenos Ayres in 1770, and it was not till 1832 that the British flag was finally hoisted over the group, and then only on a threatened occupation by America for trade route purposes. Since 1832 our possession has remained undisputed.

The most interesting description of the archipelago is to be found in Darwin's *Naturalist's Voyage round the World*. Darwin visited the Falklands in March, 1833, and again in March of the following year. He thus describes the country: "An undulating land, with a desolate and wretched aspect, is everywhere covered by a peaty soil and wiry grass, of one monotonous brown colour. Here and there a peak or ridge of grey quartz rock breaks out through the smooth surface."

The islands, which form a solitary group in the Atlantic Ocean, are 480 miles north-east of Cape Horn. There are two principal islands, West Falkland and East Falkland, with many good harbours. On East Falkland is Stanley, the capital, with an excellent land-locked harbour, and a population, in 1891, of 694. The total population of the colony in 1891 was 1,789. The Government is that of a crown colony, with a governor and minister, executive and legislative councils. There is no public debt, hence, perhaps, the small number of stamps which have served all postal needs since the issue of the first stamp twenty-six years ago.

Port Darwin, a village on Darwin Harbour, commemorates the visit of the great naturalist.

Their Philatelic History.

THE philatelic history of the Falkland Islands commences with the year 1878, when there was an issue of four values on unwatermarked paper. The first stamps were designed and printed by Messrs. Bradbury, Wilkinson and Co., of London. Then, in 1884, the plates were turned over to Messrs. De la Rue and Co., and 1d. and 4d. values printed on paper watermarked Crown CA. In 1886–8 there was a further printing, but, strange to say, the Crown CA. watermark was placed sideways. In 1891 the need arose for a ½d. stamp, and a provisional was provided by surcharging the halves of the 1d. value, and cutting up the surcharged stamps diagonally. Then in 1891–6 came a full set of values, including ½d., 2d., 2½d., and 9d., but omitting the 4d., of which presumably a sufficient supply remained on hand. Two high values, 2s. 6d. and 5s., in large size, followed in 1898, and this year we have the first values

of an issue of the King's head. It will be noted as a curious coincidence that in the Queen's head issue the profile of the Queen turns to the right, whereas the current coinage of the reign turned to the left, and once more now that the head of the King turns to the left on the stamps, the profile of his Majesty on the current coinage turns the opposite way, so that in the stamps of the Falkland Islands it seems to be fated that design shall always be at loggerheads with the accepted usage of the coinage.

Let us now turn to the few issues that have been made for this unique little Colony, that is free from debt, and the consequent necessity of making stamps for the squeezing of revenue out of stamp collectors, and let us set them out in detail.

1878.—First issue of four values, 1d., 4d., 6d., and 1s. Designed, engraved, and printed by Messrs. Bradbury, Wilkinson, and Co., of London, the designers and engravers of the Queen's head issue of the Transvaal, in sheets of sixty stamps, in six rows of ten stamps each. Diademmed profile of Queen Victoria, turned to right, printed on unwatermarked paper. The 1s. of this unwatermarked series served for many years, in fact, till 1896, a matter of eighteen years. The life of the 6d. of the same series was only four years less; hence the comparatively low price at which these first issues of comparatively high values stand in the catalogues to-day.

No Wmk. Perf. 14.

	Unused.	Used.
1d. claret	25 0	20 0
4d. grey black	45 0	12 6
6d. green	5 0	4 0
1s. bistre brown	4 0	5 0

1884.—Same design, printed by Messrs. De la Rue and Co., from the plates engraved by Messrs. Bradbury, Wilkinson and Co., on paper watermarked Crown CA.

Wmk. Crown CA. Perf. 14.

	Unused.	Used.
1d. claret	5 0	2 6
4d. olive black	0 6	0 6

1886.—The same two values as the previous issue, but with the watermark placed sideways. The general collector may very well ignore this issue as a minor variety, if he pleases, but it is generally included in most collections, like the sideways watermark of Gambia. The 4d. is a very scarce stamp.

Wmk. Crown CA. sideways. Perf. 14.

	Unused.	Used.
1d. claret	1 6	2 6
4d. olive black	20 0	15 0

1891.—Provisional occasioned by the need of a ½d. value. "½." surcharged in black on each half of the 1d. claret of 1884, and the stamp cut diagonally. This is the only provisional ever issued by the Colony.

Provisional on 1d. of 1884.

	Unused.	Used.
"½d." in black on 1d. claret	10 0	7 6

1891-6.—A full series of new and old values including ½d. and 2½d. values for Postal Union requirements; also 2d. and 9d. stamps, but omitting the 4d., a supply probably remaining on hand of that value. All watermarked Crown CA. and perf. 14. Design as before throughout.

Wmk. Crown CA. Perf. 14.

	Unused.	Used.
½d. green	0 1	0 2
1d. red	0 4	0 6
2d. mauve	0 3	0 4
2½d. blue	0 4	0 6
6d. yellow	0 8	0 9
9d. vermilion	1 0	1 3
1s. grey brown	1 4	1 6

1904.—King's head issue. Head of King Edward VII. turned to the left. Design as before, except that the King's head being smaller than the Queen's head, which it replaces, the oval has been filled in with a ring of pearls. The stamps are watermarked with the new multiple CA. watermark, and are perf. 14 as before. A 3s. stamp takes the place of the 2s. 6d. of the Queen's head series. So far only the ½d., 1d., 2½d., and 3s. values of the King's head series have been received.

Wmk. Multiple CA. Perf. 14.

½d. green.
1d. carmine.
2½d. blue.
3s. green.

A Young Collector's Exhibition.

The young collector is coming to the front and asserting himself in a manner to compel attention. He has planned a very pretentious exhibition of his own, to be held in London on February 3rd and 4th, 1905. For this exhibition nothing less than Exeter Hall will meet his requirements. There are to be stalls for dealers to show their wares, and tempt visitors to plunge deeper into the hobby. Sweet music and lantern lectures on stamps, and other entertainments are to be thrown in to fill up the cup of enjoyment. The display of exhibits is to be confined to the stamps of Great Britain, and admission is to be free.

Reviews.

Stamps worth Finding is the title of a little book by Mr. B. C. Hardy, intended to open the eyes of the beginner in stamp collecting as to "what he has got, what he is to look out for, and what he is on no account to let go from him; to induce him to search carefully among his own specimens and duplicates for the small differences not usually observed." Under the heading of each country is a list of errors and varieties worth searching out. Thus the beginner is started on a hunt for varieties which do not generally come under his ken. Mr. Hardy admits that his book is not likely to be of much service to the advanced collector, and we doubt if it will serve any very useful purpose for the young collector, for it will tempt him off the safe lines of general collecting into the unknown fields of specialism, and thus generate an unhealthy excitement in minor varieties which are far better left for a later day, when experience will enable him to discriminate as to what is worth his attention and what is not. The price of the book is 1s., and it is published by Sidney Appleton, London.

Messrs. Chas. J. Endle and Co. send us a copy of their *Twentieth Century Catalogue of Postage Stamps*. It gives in chronological order "a list of the adhesive postage stamps which have been issued for legitimate postal purposes from January 1st, 1901, down to the date of publication." It is a pity that this limitation is not drawn at officials and unpaids. The catalogue comprises some thirty-six pages, is very neatly got up, and carefully priced.

Notable New Issues.

There are few new issues to discuss. In fact, if it were not for the change that is taking place in the alteration of the single CA into the multiple CA watermark, there would be no new issues of British Colonials to record. From Denmark comes a new design with a portrait of the aged King, which is believed to be the forerunner of a portrait series. Denmark has never before placed a portrait on its home supplies of postage stamps.

Cyprus.—The series of current King's heads on the new multiple watermarked paper is now complete, with the exception of the 4 and 12 piastres. The colours have in no case as yet undergone any change.

Wmk. Multiple CA. Perf. 14.

½ piastre, green, name and value in carmine.
30 paras, mauve, name and value in green.
1 piastre, carmine, name and value in ultramarine.
2 piastres, ultramarine, name and value in purple.
6 piastres, slate, name and value in green.
9 piastres, brown, name and value in carmine.
18 piastres, black, name and value in brown
45 piastres, purple, name and value in ultramarine.

Denmark.—We illustrate what seems to be the forerunner of a new series for this country with a rough portrait of King Christian IX. It is a 10 öre in a scarlet colour, watermarked crown, and perf. 13.

Wmk. Crown. Perf. 13. New Design.

10 öre, scarlet.

French Guinea.—A series of new and uniform design has been received from this French possession. The figure is evidently intended to represent a native of the country, and indicates an intention on the part of the French postal authorities to abandon the adaptation of the design of the mother country in favour of something more appropriate to the colony itself.

New Design. Perf. 13½.

1c., black, on green.
2c., brown, on buff
4c., carmine, on bluish.
5c., green, on green.
10c., carmine, on buff.
15c., mauve, on flesh.
20c., brown, on green.
25c., blue, on bluish.
30c., pale brown, on cream.
40c., carmine, on yellowish.
50c., sage green, on greenish.
75c., dark green, on buff
1fr., pale green, on greenish.
2fr., carmine, on orange.
5fr., green, on green

Great Britain.—The halfpenny in the new shade, pale yellow-green instead of blue-green, has been placed on sale.

Wmk. Crown. Perf. 14.

½d., pale yellow-green.

Indo China.—A new design has been received for this French colony. As yet we have only seen one value. Perf. 13½.

New Design. Perf. 13½

40c., black, on bluish paper.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

W. and F. (Herne Hill).—The letters "C.E.F." overprinted on the stamps of India stand for the words "China Expeditionary Force," and were thus overprinted for the use of the troops sent to Pekin for the rescue and defence of the Legations in the late Boxer trouble.

R. J. W. and Others.—The difference of shade in our ½d. English stamp you will find chronicled under "Notable New Issues." I have seen no explanation of the change, but suspect the paler shade has something to do with getting a better cancellation result. The letters "D.P." on your Hong Kong are probably the initials of the firm using the stamps. These letters are put on for protection, just as our English firms perforate their office supplies with their initials to prevent employees purloining and selling them.

C. A. F. A.—The overprint "Postal Service" on your Indian stamp is put on for postal accounts' use, and has no value from the stamp-collecting point of view.

A. H. M. (Bristol).—The overprint "Cancelled" reduces the value of a stamp to almost nil. Unless in the case of a rare stamp which he cannot afford, no collector mounts a stamp overprinted "Cancelled." Even used copies are of more value.

G. E. J. (Manchester).—The punched hole in your Transvaal has no philatelic meaning. It is probably done by the purchasing firm to protect them from being stolen by employees.

W. J. H. (Ireland).—(1) You may safely rely on any of the leading firms of dealers; in fact, any of those advertising regularly in the pages of THE CAPTAIN. (2) Whitfield King and Co.'s "Standard Catalogue" is the cheapest stamp catalogue. There is no priced catalogue for general use. Every one is the price list of the issuing firm. (3) Yes, very likely every book gives different advice as to what to collect. You, as a collector, must decide the merits of the would-be advisers for yourself by their standing, experience, &c. (4) *Gibbons' Stamp Weekly*, which starts with the New Year, will meet your requirements; price, one penny a week. It is intended for the young collector. But in what respect do THE CAPTAIN pages fall short of your needs?

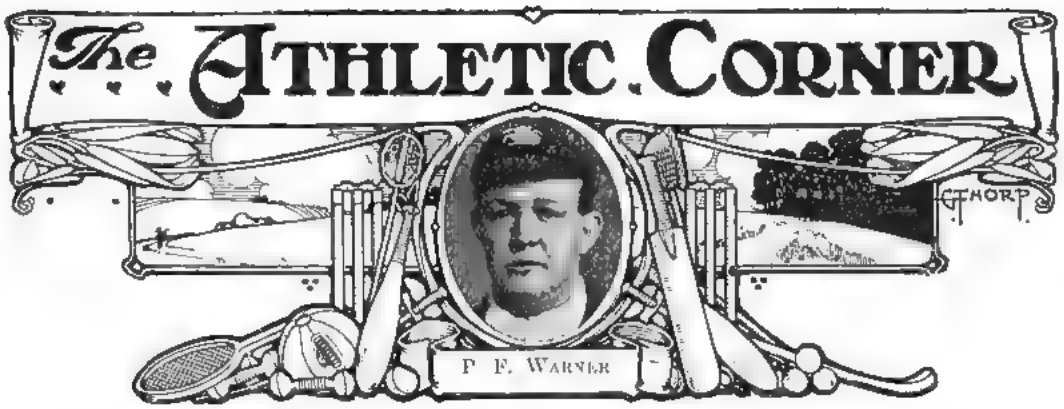
C. R. B. (Queenstown).—I cannot undertake to say what countries are likely to go up in price. You had better collect good countries for the collecting's sake. If you are collecting for the sake of profit you are much more likely to burn your fingers than make profits. Better drop stamp collecting if speculation is your only incentive.

A. W. (Harrogate).—Your Transvaal stamp is a Rustenburg provisional. It is catalogued, but not priced. Some think them worth collecting. As a Transvaal specialist I would not give a shilling a ton for them.

O. H. (Wandsworth).—Yes, the Belgian stamps, though collectable without the Sunday label, should have it for preference to be quite complete as issued. You can collect either used or unused, or both. The stamps of Corrientes were a provincial issue, and were withdrawn from use on September 11th, 1880. They are not rare. The stamps inscribed "Te betalan" are unpaid letter stamps of Holland. Yes, the Japanese wedding stamps were issued as postage stamps.

F. R. H. (New Zealand).—Many thanks for your letter, and the postcard with new cancellation mark enclosed. If all New Zealand stamps are so heavily cancelled, nice used copies will be scarce, which will be a pity. Light and, at the same time, effective cancellation is in use in other countries, and working quite satisfactorily. The stamps you mention, left unpriced by Gibbons, used, are priced by Bright, Niger Coast, 1894, 2½d., used 1s.; Queensland, 1903, 2s. 6d., used 4s. Scott prices Tonga, 1894, 2½d., on 1s. green, used, 2s. 6d. It is not priced used by Gibbons or Bright, and is scarce used

J. L. M.—An old English ½d. is worth very little unless it has the plate No. 9 on it. You will find the plate number at the sides in the framework. It will want searching for.



THE STORY OF MIDDLESEX.

THEY call us the Cosmopolitan County, and one or two have gone so far as to say that they would turn us out of the County Championship; and certainly, if one looks down the names of a Middlesex XI., is is surprising to find how few of its members have a birth qualification for the County. To begin with, Mr. MacGregor, our captain, is a Scotsman; Mr. Bosanquet's ancestors were driven from France because of their religion; Mr. Robertson was born in Peru; Mr. R. O. Schwarz, who played for the County before he went to South Africa, is a Silesian; Ashan ul Hak, who took part in a couple of matches in 1902, is an Afridi; Rawlin is a Yorkshireman; Jack Hearne was born in Bucks, and I was born in the West Indies. As one of the Yorkshire professionals once said, "That Middlesex eleven is full of foreigners"!

Again, Mr. R. N. Douglas and Mr. C. M. Wells, though born in London, played formerly for Surrey, but, that County failing to recognise their merits, they emigrated to the other side of the river, where Middlesex, ever ready to receive desirable immigrants, welcomed them with open arms.

Many, indeed, object strongly to our habit of occasionally importing aliens, and would have an Aliens Bill wide enough in its scope to keep out of England not only undesirable people, but the most desirable of them as well—Albert Trott.

It is, of course, in theory, a very nice idea to have every county composed only of men born in that county; but until the present rules governing county qualification are altered, Middlesex are in no way infringing the law.

If Gloucestershire has been aptly called "The County of the Graces," Middlesex may, with even greater propriety, be known as "The County of the Walkers"; for they simply created Middlesex cricket.

Mr. John Walker was the first Vice-President of the Club; V. E. and I. D. Walker were, for many years, captains of the Club, and its heartiest supporters; and R. D. Walker was equally famous as a batsman and bowler, and one of the best all-round players of his time.

The Middlesex Cricket Club, *quâ* Club, did not exist until 1864, but in 1850 Middlesex played Surrey twice, losing both matches, and in 1851 the M.C.C. were met at Lord's. For the next seven years we find no record of Middlesex cricket, but in 1859 Mr. John Walker got together a Middlesex XI. which played Kent at Southgate, the home of the Walkers, and Canterbury, and won both matches. But the year 1864 was the real starting-point of Middlesex cricket. From 1864 to 1869 the County ground was at the Islington Cattle Market, "an irregularly shaped triangle, wedged in between the market and the Great Northern Railway. From the pavilion to the wicket was downhill, so that the ground was on a slope, as at Lord's. Something like a brick foundation at times ominously showed itself at the surface, but what turf there was was good and well kept,

the wicket was even, and there was a life in the ground which favoured quick scoring and fast bowling."

At the end of 1868 it was decided to give up this ground, and in 1869 the Club was groundless, though two matches were played with Surrey, one at the Oval, and the other at Lord's. Just about this time a proposal came from the M.C.C., offering the use of Lord's ground under certain conditions. The proposal was not at the time entertained, and, in 1870 and 1871, Lillie Bridge, the headquarters of the Amateur Athletic Club, was hired.

The financial position of the Club was very unsound just then, and on January 18th, 1871, a General Meeting was held, when the continuance or not of the Club was discussed. Only thirteen gentlemen were present. Thirteen is generally supposed to be an unlucky number, but by a majority of *one* it was decided that the Club should be carried on.

MR. R. D. WALKER.
Photo. Stereoscopic Company

Those seven "Ayes" deserve the lasting gratitude not only of everyone who has had the honour of playing for Middlesex, but of the countless thousands who have derived pleasure from watching those giants of the game who have, from time to time, appeared in the County's eleven.

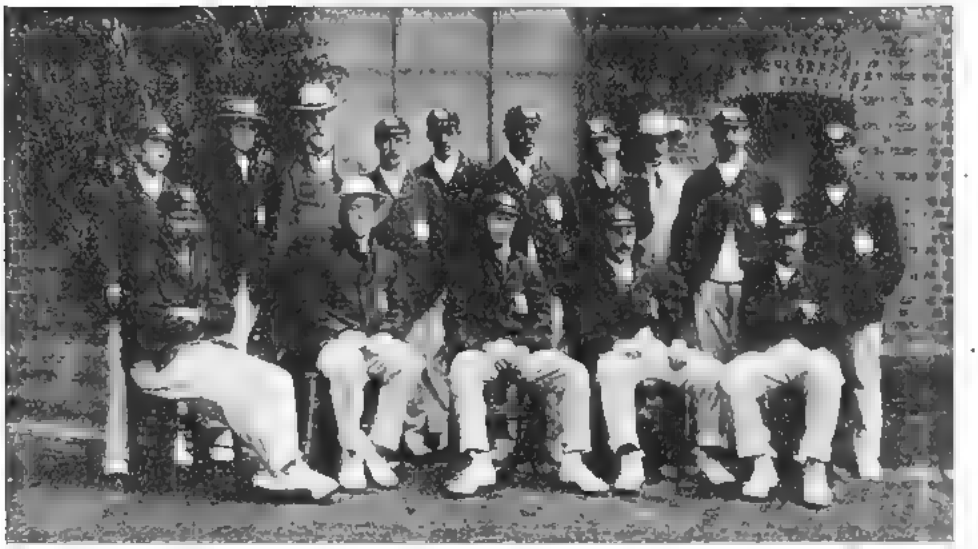
After two years' experience of the Lillie Bridge the conclusion was arrived at that the ground there was too isolated to promise any real financial success, and negotiations were opened with Messrs. Prince. The result of these negotiations was that from 1872 until 1876 the Middlesex home matches were played at "Prince's," which was situated on the spot where Hans Place, S.W., now is.

But Prince's was not altogether satisfactory, cricket being rather a secondary consideration there, and when a fresh proposal to come to Lord's emanated from the M.C.C. in November, 1876, it was unanimously decided to accept the offer.

Here Middlesex have played ever since, and here, unless something very unforeseen should occur, they will continue to play until the crack of doom. For, though in theory Middlesex is but a tenant on sufferance, and is liable to be evicted at a year's notice, such an eviction can scarcely be seriously entertained, for the arrangement is one of mutual benefit, Middlesex paying all the expenses of the match, groundmen, lunches, umpires' fees, &c., &c., and taking the gate money, the M.C.C.'s share being the stand or enclosure moneys.

One curious fact in the constitution of the Club is the small membership, the number of subscribers being limited to fifty. This is by arrangement with the M.C.C., who were afraid of a rush of Middlesex members into the pavilion, to the crowding out of its rightful occupants. But as the majority of the Club's followers are members of Lord's, this rule does not press upon the supporters of Middlesex.

Of all the great cricketers who have at various times played for Middlesex none have been greater than the Walkers. From 1850 until 1884, when the late Mr. I. D. Walker retired from first-class cricket, it was very seldom that the County appeared in the field without at least one of the Walkers in the team. Six feet two inches in height, Mr. John Walker was, for many years, as good a batsman as any one in England, while as a field and wicket-keeper he was unsurpassed; Mr. V. E. Walker, now the President of the Club; was in his time the best all-round cricketer in the world, and first among the first as captain. Indeed, it may be questioned whether there has ever been a better captain and judge of the game, the testimonies of the cricketers of his day being unanimous in this respect. Three times in the course of his career Mr. V. E. Walker took all ten wickets in a first-class match—for England *v.* Surrey, at the



Top—Strudwick, Braund, J. A. Murdoch, Knight, Arnold, Fielder, Rhodes, R. E. Foster, Relf, Tyldesley
Hayward, H. J. T. Bosanquet, P. F. Warner, Hirst, Lilley.
M.C.C. TEAM IN AUSTRALIA.

Oval, in 1859, when Mr. Walker also scored 108 in his second innings, the double feat having never been performed by any cricketer before or since; for Gentlemen of Middlesex *v.* Gentlemen of Kent in 1864; and for Middlesex *v.* Lancashire in 1865. Mr. V. E. Walker played his last match for the County at Nottingham in 1877. By his prowess on the field, both as a player and a captain, he brought honour and glory to his County, and by his generosity and kindness saved the Club when financial ruin stared it in the face.

Then there was Mr. R. D. Walker. No batsman was ever like him before; none has been like him since; there never will be anyone like him. He scorned pads and gloves, and, "like a cat on hot bricks," patted the ball about as if he were playing with a racquet. He was an ungainly player, but something of a genius, and though one Kentish spectator did speak of him in irreverent terms as "the old bloke in the billy-cock hat," yet he ventured to express an opinion that "he would worry 'em yet"—which he did. Of him Mr. C. E. Green tells a little story: "I remember R. D. Walker batting at Prince's when Pinder was keeping wicket. Pinder had never seen him before, and after he had watched him for some time patting Tom Emmett's bowling gently, not wearing pads or gloves, he suddenly remarked, without intending Walker to hear, 'I wonder how much longer this Punch and Judy show is going on.' Walker turned round and blandly said, 'Well, if you are alluding to my batting, I'm feeling very comfortable, thanks, and "this Punch and Judy show" is likely to last for some little time.'"

R. D. Walker was, too, a very good slow right-hand bowler, and a perfect field. Finally, there was I. D. Walker, so beloved of Harrovians. Captain of the County from 1874 to 1884, he was a brilliant batsman, with a wonderful stroke over cover-point's head—like all his brothers, a splendid field—a great lob bowler, and a first-class captain, though not so good as V. E. For Middlesex he scored 5,528 runs, with an average of twenty-five, and took 140 wickets for twenty runs each.

All the Walkers were at Harrow. To-day Harrow is proud of F. S. Jackson and A. C. MacLaren; in the past they may be equally proud of the Walkers.

In the thirty years during which the Walkers played for Middlesex many distinguished actors passed across the cricket stage, some of them immortals in the history of the game.

Contemporaries of the Walkers were B. B. Cooper, the hero of a long first wicket stand with W. G. Grace; T. Case, Tom Hearne, whose deeds are reflected in his kinsmen of to-day; C. F. Buller, Howitt, the Jack Hearne of this period; J. J. Sewell, E. Rutter, who looked easy from the pavilion,

like many another famous bowler; B. Pauncefote, W. H. Hadow, C. J. Ottoway, H. R. Webbe, C. I. Thornton, greatest of hitters; C. K. Francis, W. H. Hadow, A. P. Lucas, who has played for Surrey and Essex as well as Middlesex; Hon. Edward Lyttelton, whose hundred against the first Australian team is one of the memories of Lord's; Hon. Alfred Lyttelton, wicket-keeper, batsman, and statesman; the two Studds, C. F. H. Leslie, A. F. J. Ford, T. S. Pearson, A. W. Ridley, P. J. de Paravicini, and Burton.

Then, from 1884 to 1897, A. J. Webbe captained the eleven, and it was under his leadership that the County were so exceptionally strong in batting, for there were A. E. Stoddart and Sir T. C. O'Brien, partners in many a famous stand, and the two finest batsmen Middlesex ever had; S. W. Scott, E. A. Nepean, F. G. J. Ford, E. H. Buckland, Rawlin, H. B. Hayman, and A. J. Webbe himself, good on a dry wicket, but splendid on a sticky one.

In 1898 G. MacGregor became captain, and it was under him that in the season of 1903 we gained the championship; so that that year must be regarded as the *annus mirabilis* of Middlesex cricket. 1903 was, it will be remembered, a very wet summer, and many matches were abandoned without a ball being bowled, which led some people to say that we had considerable luck in gaining the first place. The match with the Rest of England, however, caused our detractors to modify this opinion. As a matter of record I give the names in the batting order of those who represented Middlesex on that occasion.

They were P. F. Warner, L. J. Moon, G. W. Beldam, J. Douglas, B. J. T. Bosanquet, C. M. Wells, E. A. Beldam, G. MacGregor (captain), Trott, J. H. Hunt, and Hearne (J. T.).

Top Row: Hearne, B. J. T. Bosanquet, G. W. Beldam, Trott, Rawlin.
Second Row: C. M. Wells, J. Douglas, G. MacGregor (Capt.), R. N. Douglas, P. F. Warner.
Front Row: W. P. Robertson, R. E. More.

MIDDLESEX, 1901.

Photo. F. G. Foster, Brighton.

Mr. MacGregor, who ought to know, tells me that this eleven was the best Middlesex team he has played for, but possibly the side which represented the County in August, 1898, was rather stronger. Trott and Hearne were such wonderful bowlers that season, and A. E. Stoddart, F. G. J. Ford, J. Douglas, and C. M. Wells were in brilliant batting form. Of the last twelve matches, ten were won and two drawn; the last seven were all won.

Middlesex had been champions twice before this, in 1866 and in 1878, but in those days the County competition was on nothing like the same scale as it is now.

The County's fondness for tie matches has been unique, for four times have Middlesex played a tie—twice with Surrey, once with Somerset, and once with the South Africans last summer, when Albert Trott, who was bowling, setting himself for a great effort, sent down a tremendously fast yorker and Kotze's middle-stump disappeared in a cloud of dust!

"Great men, indeed, have been among us—better, none," and of those who have made Middlesex cricket of to-day, several names stand forth with illuminating brilliancy. First, there is Mr. MacGregor, behind the stumps—very quiet but very skilful, and a model for all wicket-keepers. And what a good bat when runs are wanted! I would as soon see him go in at the crisis of a match as any man in England. And then there is Jack Hearne, who for fifteen years now has been everything to Middlesex—her very *raison d'être*; Albert Trott, a genius, if somewhat perverse, and ever ready to snap up anything that comes near him at extra slip with those colossal hands of his; J. Douglas and C. M. Wells, "August" players these in both senses of the word; G. W. Beldam, as steady as the Pyramids and a great liker of the Surrey bowling; and B. J. T. Bosanquet, in whom all our hopes for the future are centred.

The eleven seasons I have played for Middlesex carry with them many pleasant memories—memories of keen fights, side by side with some of the finest cricketers and best fellows in England, and of brilliant victories, mingled with the bitterness of defeat.

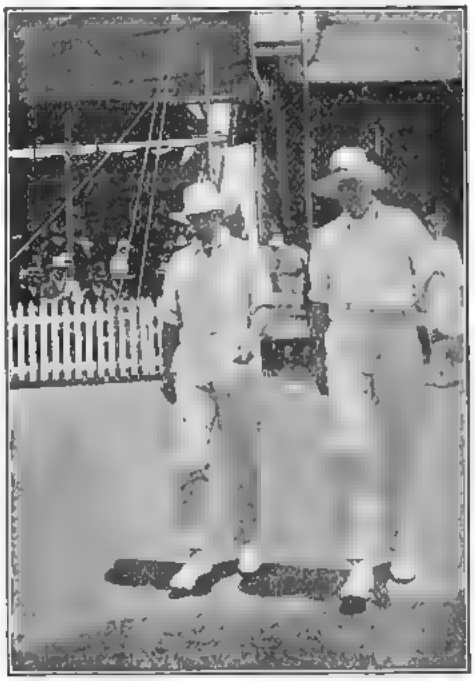
But whether in joy or in sorrow, success or failure, running through it all has been that subtle spell which the game casts over us, and the spirit of good-fellowship and companionship which is inseparable from cricket.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Nineteen.—What better advice can I give you than that in St. Luke, ch. xii., v. 25, "Which of you with taking thought can add to his stature one cubit?" Still, you may yet reach 6ft. in the ordinary course of nature. But why so anxious to be taller? 5ft. 11in. is a splendid height.

Quilp.—You are certainly very short for your age, but, as you say you are growing two inches a year, there is no need to worry yet. Like "Nineteen," you should consult St. Luke. Remember, too, that many of the greatest men in the world have been very short. The first Napoleon was a small man, and so is Lord Roberts.

Reader of "The Captain."—There is no handbook that I know of dealing with sports and sportsmen. There are so many sports and games nowadays. C. B. Fry's "The Book of Cricket" will tell you everything about cricketers and cricket grounds; and as for football, there is the Badminton Library. Probably, however, the nearest approach to the book you are thinking of is "Fifty Leaders of British Sport," by F. G. Affalo. It is expensive (a guinea), but it is magnificently illustrated and covers every branch of sport. Cannot you persuade some one to give it you as a birthday present?



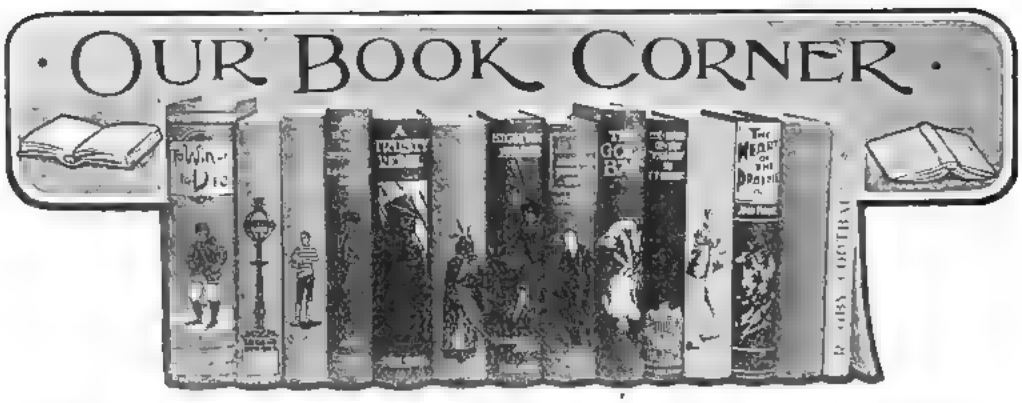
MIDDLESEX IN AUSTRALIA. P. F. W. AND B. J. T. BOSANQUET GOING OUT TO FIELD.

Herbert S. Jarvis.—The best sight-boards are made of wood, which are certainly preferable to corrugated iron. Any small carpenter ought to be able to make one for the sum you mention. The board should be on wheels, like the one at Lord's, but I should advise you to have it at least ten feet high.

C. McCormick.—Foulke; but it is a matter of opinion. They are all very good.

P. F. WARNER.

OUR BOOK CORNER



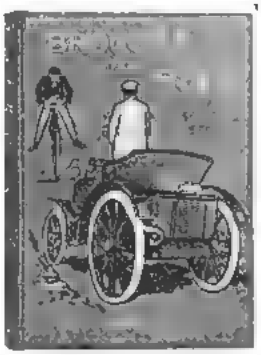
Stories. By Ascott R. Hope (Black, 5s.).—It is quite possible that Mr. Ascott R. Hope may be correct in his belief that there is a greater demand for short stories than formerly, but we are inclined to think that the critics who have "lectured him on his preference for this form of literature" were fully justified in so doing, and we fear that "Stories" will not achieve the popularity won by so many of his former works.

The episodes related are for the most part of the slightest description, requiring a much lighter treatment than they have received, and there is an unfortunate tendency to "vain repetition." The majority of the tales would have been greatly improved by judicious pruning.

The best of them, perhaps, is "The Burning of the Whins," an account of two Scotch laddies, who, after carelessly setting fire to the whin bushes while indulging in illicit smoking, manage to avoid detection, and allow the blame and punishment to fall on two gipsy boys. Remorse and confession follow, and the two laddies take the place of the gipsies, and experience the terrors of a night in a prison cell, mitigated to some extent by the kindness of the jailer and his wife, who surreptitiously feed them with good things.

The tone of all the stories is unimpeachable.

Brought to Heel. By Kent Carr (W. and R. Chambers, 5s.).—The chief fault we have to complain of in Mr. Kent Carr is his lack of discretion in selecting public school life as the subject of his story. It is not given, of course, to every author accurately to discern his own limitations, and in the present case we can only regret Mr. Carr's unfortunate choice. Had he written (for instance) a tale of adventure, instead of attempting the difficult task of picturing public school life, we think he might have proved more successful, for his story-telling powers are no mean ones.



As it is, much that is excellent in *Brought to Heel* is spoiled by the unnaturalness—very often the absurdity—of the life at St. Dunstan's. His central theme—the gradual mastering of an unruly school by a strong headmaster—is capital, and the plot is well-constructed and deftly worked out. But his boys are like none that we have ever met in real life, and even the masters, with whom the literary artist should have a less exacting task, are incredible persons.

Mr. Carr has evidently felt the difficulty of finding sufficiently exciting incidents in the humdrum round of school life, and has accordingly resorted to such ancient devices as a "bar-out," an "indignation meeting," and other of those traditional occurrences of fictional school life, which the real public-school man reads of with vague wonder and amusement. We confess, though, that the introduction of a headmaster's love-story is something of a novelty. Many, too, of the minor incidents in the book are preposterous, and the characters, from Mr. Rupert Firth (variously known as "the Doctor," and "the Head") downwards, are exaggerated. The whole book, in fact, is

overdrawn, and though sensible of certain good qualities in Mr. Carr's work, we would suggest that in future stories he lets school life alone. His picture of a public school simply won't do.

Mr. Harold Copping's six illustrations are admirable. His boys and masters are both natural and—gentlemen. A rather rare quality, the latter, for the pictures of a "boy's book" to possess.

William Tell Told Again. By P. G. Wodehouse (Black, 6s.).—The story of William Tell has always had a great fascination for boys and girls, and it loses nothing of its charm in the hands of Mr. Wodehouse.

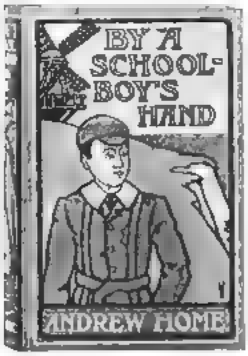
The dialogue is bright and humorous, and the tale is told in a direct and amusing fashion that will appeal to every child. The illustrations are excellent, and the print delightfully clear.

Anyone who wishes to find an acceptable present for a youngster may feel assured that *William Tell Told Again* will receive an enthusiastic welcome.

Mr. J. W. Houghton has supplied some amusing descriptive verses, the first of which we quote :—

"The Swiss, against their Austrian foes,
Had ne'er a soul to lead 'em,
Till Tell, as you've heard tell, arose
And guided them to freedom.
Tell's tale we tell again—an act
For which no one can scold us—
This tale of Tell we tell, in fact,
As this Tell tale was told us."

By a Schoolboy's Hand. By Andrew Home (A. and C. Black, 3s. 6d.).—Mr. Andrew Home is entitled to rank high, we think, amongst the not too numerous writers who can turn out a really good school story. His latest volume, however, is only partially a school story. The hero, Dick Norman, spends most of the time between chapters one and forty-two at school, and the majority of the accessory characters are supplied by his schoolfellows. The main plot, however, has nothing to do with St. Martin's, but concerns the mysterious disappearance, and supposed death off the rocky Cornish coast, of Dick's father. The *rôle* of villain is shared by two persons—Mr. Norman's executor, who is of the conventional "wicked guardian" type, and Kiernick, a coarse farmer of the neighbourhood, whose son George—an admirably-drawn cad—is at school with Dick, and plays the part, so to speak, of sub-villain.



A good many of the incidents are in no way connected with school, though Mr. Home's sure hand has no reason to shun the latter topic. His boys, both in speech and action, are very colourable imitations of the real article, not mere self-conscious prigs; and life at St. Martin's, for a school of fiction, seems to have been remarkably sane and normal. Mr. Home sustains the interest to the end, and his combination of school life and adventure makes a very readable tale.

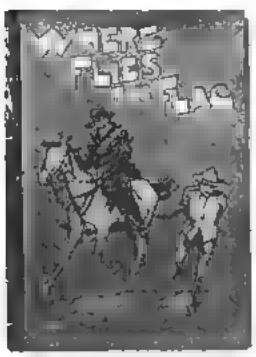
The illustrations (in colour), and the cover in which the publishers have dressed the book, are truly terrible.

Out of the Running. By Harold Avery. (Collins, 2s. 6d.).—When we found, on an early page, the hero being joined by a "class-mate," we began to have doubts about the artistic merits of "Out of the Running" as a picture of public school life. Further perusal confirmed those doubts. Mr. Avery appears to be one of those unfortunate people who overlook the fact that public schools, and the boys who attend them, are *not* all modelled upon certain standard patterns. He *might* have drawn for us some real boys—live boys, with individualities of their own, as most boys have in real life. Instead, his boys are stereotyped, one and all; and we confess that their stereotyped deeds and dialogue, eking out a stereotyped plot, have bored us not a little. The only occasions on which the boys of Claybrook do anything that is not stereotyped is when they commit absurdities. On a half-holiday, for instance, a member of the eleven goes off with two others, his captain tamely acquiescing, to drink coffee, play dominoes, and smoke cigarettes at a

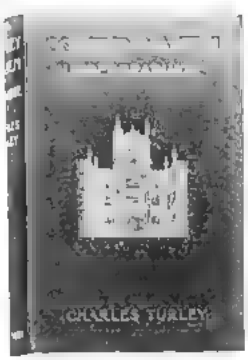
gorgeous "French café" in the local country town. Believe us, Mr. Avery, these things are not done.

The Phantom Spy. By Fox Russell. (Nelson, 2s. 6d.).—There is only one thing more astonishing than the uncanny cunning of John Dare, British spy, nicknamed Le Fantôme, and that is the superlative stupidity of the Frenchmen he meets. The period is that of the Peninsular Wars. Dare, equally at home on the sea, on shore, and in the French language, performs wonders. He steals despatches, gags lighthouse-keepers, breaks prison, outwits sentinels, patronises patriotic smugglers, throws a wicked spy (French) over the cliffs, and passes from disguise to disguise so rapidly that he must sometimes be puzzled himself as to what he is supposed to be. He possesses, too, the inevitable "grim" and "inscrutable" smile, all to confound the Frenchmen's knavish tricks and to uphold the glory of Old England. No dangers daunt him, no Frenchman can outwit him: he smokes cigars calmly when the quiver of an eyelash might mean death. Finally, Dare escapes, even when a firing party has put him against a wall and done it's worst. Le Fantôme is a little too overwhelming, perhaps, but the story rattles along in fine style, and every chapter simply bristles with incident. Admiral Sturdy, an old sea-dog, and Nobbs, a smuggler, are well-drawn, but Septimus Sounding, an exciseman, is credited with an abysmal ignorance worthy of the author's Frenchmen.

Where Flies the Flag. By Henry Harbour. (Collins, 2s. 6d.).—George Payne certainly wanders far and wide. When first we meet him he is trying farming in Canada, with a little moose shooting thrown in as amusement. Then he is fired with the idea of gold-mining in Klondyke; but hard work and little gold is Payne's portion in Dawson City, and he leaves the diggings and becomes a Bronco Buster in Alberta, where he learns the whole art of riding. This, is very useful, indeed, for George joins the Imperial Rifles, and ships to the Cape when the Old Country asks for help against the Boers. He distinguishes himself and gains his commission. The adventures of his brother Harold, who is in the merchant service, fill up a good portion of the book. There is no story, properly speaking, incidents on land and sea, where the flag flies, being strung together. These are of the usual stereotyped kind, and are only mildly exciting. Young boys and girls will like the book, but the average fourth former will demand something more rousing. There are, however, six fine illustrations by H. Rackham.



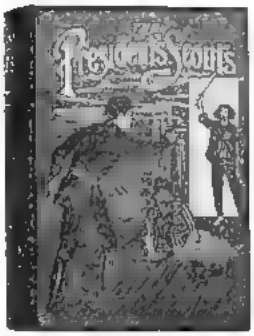
Godfrey Marten, Undergraduate. By Charles Turley. (Heinemann, 5s.).—This is a sequel to "Godfrey Marten, Schoolboy," wherein Mr. Turley shows that he knows public school life, the real thing, through and through. Marten leaves Cliborough and proceeds to Oxford. There are "rags," noisy and otherwise, in plenty; we meet undergrads and dons good, bad, and indifferent, in store, and not for one half-page does the interest flag. St. Cuthbert's is a working college, but has a good reputation for sport. Dennison has the ambition of making it a college of "bloods": of fellows who wine and dine, gamble and loaf. He has some success, and the college reputation steadily drops. Marten, who gets his rugger "blue," and in his last year his cricket "blue," puts his shoulder to the wheel for the good of the college, and lifts it out of the mire. We like his friend Ward, a convert from Dennison's fold, immensely, and during the May Week we see his sister Nina, and wish the week had been a fortnight. This is the story of average Oxford life, told from the inside by one who knows. Godfrey and his friends are not scintillating impossibles, neither are they of the Tom and Jerry type, but clean, healthy-minded Englishmen, who can line up well at need. A better book of 'Varsity life than this would be hard to find.



The Mystery of a Bungalow. By Weatherby Chesney. (Methuen, 6s.).—Mr. Chesney's book contains two mysteries, the first of which is the death of the owner of the bungalow, the second that of a man who comes forward as the heir of the deceased. The latter part of the volume cannot be highly praised, for the claimant business is not carefully worked out; but the opening chapters are interesting, and the way in which the man meets his death

is unusual, and therefore deserving of praise. Throughout a simple love-story runs, but there is nothing in the book to call for a more detailed notice.

The President's Scouts. By Herbert Hayens. (The Clear-Type Press.).—"Arms and the man I sing" might be fitly inscribed on the title-page of Mr. Hayens' stirring narrative, which carries us across the Atlantic into the scenes of the Chilian Civil War of 1891. The reader who follows the fortunes of Jack Mardon and his companions, Barnardo Mardon and Enrique Hoyos, will get a very good idea of the events which led to the downfall of the ill-fated President Balmaceda. Jack is sent out to join his uncle, Balmaceda's right-hand man, in Santiago. After a narrow escape from drowning—his ship sinks in a collision—he reaches the Chilian capital to find the country on the verge of hostilities. When the fighting begins he and his friends enjoy their full share of adventures as despatch-bearers and soldiers. They learn what defeat means at Pozo al Monte, near Iquique. Jack and Barnardo escape across the desert, and after great suffering reach the sea, where they are taken aboard the torpedo-gunboat *Condell*. This causes them to be present at the sinking of the *Blanco Encelada* in Caldera Bay—the one naval success of the Loyalist party. The villain of the piece, Garina, an Insurgent spy, leads them a pretty dance, during which some of their most exciting experiences occur. The book ends with the disastrous battle of Placilla, the dispersal of the Loyalists, and the escape of Jack and his relatives. Mr. Hayden tells his story in simple, but vivid, language; and, while giving a very accurate description of the campaign, keeps the reader so thoroughly interested that he is sorry when the last page has been turned.



The Closed Book. By William Le Queux. (Methuen, 6s.).—This is a very readable story of an adventure somewhat out of the beaten track. A collector of old books and curios chances upon a very rare and remarkable fourteenth-century manuscript, which he is fortunate enough to purchase for a song. It turns out that his "find" was once in the possession of the Borgias, and, to preserve a secret written on the fly-leaf, the pages have been envenomed with the famous poison known only to that family. The secret is the hiding-place of buried treasures, and the efforts of two groups of people acquainted with it to forestall each other in taking possession is the motive of the story.

The Story of Ab. By Stanley Waterloo. (Black, 6s.).—"The Story of Ab" is a tale of the time of the Cave Men, who lived in the Stone Age, a period so remote that it is impossible to assign to it a date. Mr. Waterloo tells his readers that he has been fortunate enough to have been assisted by some of the ablest searchers into the life-history of this pre-historic epoch. He has, therefore, been able to present a background, of which the accuracy cannot be challenged in the existing state of knowledge. The author has not written a novel—he can scarcely claim to have written a story: rather has he presented a picture of the life of the young men and women in the days that were earlier. He tells of the adventures of Ab in the forest and in the open, and his experiences with sea-serpents and mammoths and women. With the latter young Ab was a favourite, and in the end he marries—marries, that is, according to the then prevalent customs. Mr. Waterloo must be thanked for having produced a volume that is interesting, and that does not follow in the hackneyed lines of boys' books. There are eight illustrations by Mr. Simon Harmon Vedder, the colouring of some of which is startling in the extreme.

Tom Browne's Comic Annual (1904) is published by Henry J. Drane, price 1s. In addition to fifty-eight illustrations in Mr. Browne's best manner, it contains stories by such talented authors as Dick Donovan, Harold Begbie, W. Pett Ridge, Mostyn T. Pigott, and others.

NATURALISTS' CORNER.

Conducted by EDWARD STEP, F.L.S.

British Hawks.—J. S. Mellor (Malvern) asks for particulars of a book devoted exclusively to the British species of hawks. There are a number of books on hawks and hawking, written from the sporting point of view—several by Mr. J. E. Harting, F.Z.S.—but I do not remember one such as you appear to require. You will find information relating to each of the British species in any good work on British birds.

Keeping Pupæ.—H. H. Hamling (Barnstaple) has several pupæ all under the earth in his larvæ cage. The earth is quite dry, and he asks whether he ought to damp it to prevent the pupæ drying up. There is always a danger of "mould" when the soil is wetted. It would be well to remove them from their present quarters, and put in moist (not wet) earth in an unglazed flower-pot or seed-pan, over which may be placed a glass cylinder with the upper end covered with perforated zinc or gauze. The earth should be leaf-mould mixed with silver sand—a mixture which will not so readily dry up, and if it does will not cake. After the pupæ have been placed, and covered with leaf-mould, the whole should be covered with a layer of damp cocoa-nut fibre.

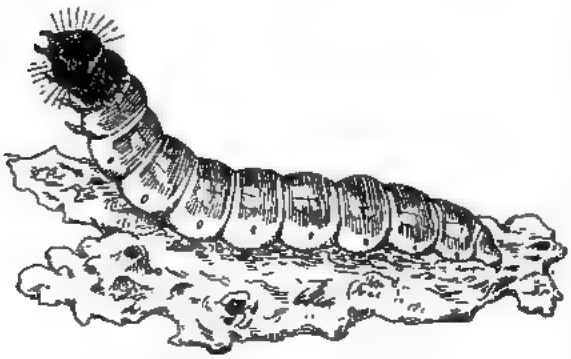
Dead Canary.—Miss A. Friedrichs (W. Hampstead) sends me a dead canary for *post-mortem* examination. As I have previously intimated, I cannot undertake this work, so far, at least, as dissection is implied. But from the particulars she sends me, in conjunction with a superficial inspection of the remains, I have little hesitation in ascribing the death to diarrhœa. As this is the third canary my correspondent has had from one establishment, and all have died within a few days of purchase, I should certainly try another dealer next time.

Tortoises Again.—"Testudinator" (Dover) asks what he ought to do with his three tortoises in winter. It is rather late to raise the question, which he hoped might be in time for the December CAPTAIN; but the greater part of the Christmas number was printed before his letter reached the office. There have been several replies on the subject of tortoises during the past six months, and it would be well if "Testudinator" would look these up. Respecting the special circumstances you name, you should have a plot of ground turned up with the fork and left rough, so that the tortoises can bury themselves easily. If they are well-fed and in good condition, as all hibernating creatures require to be before "turning in," you need have no fear of their awakening in spring. But if they are not well-fed by autumn they are not likely to have sufficient vitality to carry them through the long winter's fast and sleep—whatever treatment you may adopt. If they show no disposition to burrow, you might try the plan you mention, of wintering them in boxes of earth, but these should be put away in a cool but frost-proof shed or cellar.

Tiger Moths.—R. W. Attwood (Brockley) is breeding the larvæ of the common tiger moth (*Arctia caja*), and is surprised to find that they are still feeding (some spinning up) instead of hibernating, as his previous experience led him to expect they would do. There is no doubt that your ability to supply them with suitable food has made all the difference. I have known them to be fed on cabbage all through the winter. Respecting *Callimorpha hera*, it would be worth while trying a similar method, for a friend of mine has succeeded in feeding them continuously instead of their hibernating. You should have no difficulty in getting a supply of dandelion leaves during the winter. You should join the South London Entomological and Natural History Society, Hibernia Chambers, London Bridge.

Diseased Love-bird.—In reply to W. V. S. (Bridgnorth), I can only suggest that the diseased state of the love-bird's foot is due to a want of cleanliness of the perches and floor of the cage. The perches should be frequently scraped and the floor cleaned every day, and then strewn with bird-sand. If birds are provided with a bath and a sanded floor, they can, as a rule, keep their own feet clean; but if, in spite of these precautions, dirt adheres and cakes, it must be removed by the bird-keeper, after first soaking the foot in warm water. That, I fear, is all you can do. It is better to aim at prevention; then the necessity for a cure will not arise.

Caterpillars.—E. G. Jones (Chorlton-cum-Hardy) found a caterpillar in Norfolk, last August, of which he would like to know the name; but, unfortunately, he trod upon it, so cannot send it for identification. As I have said before, the naming of animals and plants from insufficient material or unscientific description is no enviable task, for it is very easy to make a mistake under such conditions, and then grave injury to the reputation of the naturalist follows. He says it was about 4 inches long, 7-8ths of an inch round, yellow beneath, and mixed red, black, and yellow above. His Norfolk friends said they had never seen such an insect before. Well, I will venture a guess that it was the caterpillar of the goat-moth, an insect plentiful enough, but, on account of its habits, little known



CATERPILLAR OF GOAT-MOTH.

except to naturalists. Here is a portrait of it. It lives inside various trees, feeding upon the timber for two or three years, and boring long tunnels which let in air and moisture, and so hasten decay. Your other caterpillars from the nasturtium you do not describe, but they are probably those of the common white butterfly. Caterpillars do not lay eggs, and what you took for such were the cocoons of a small four-winged insect known as the ichneumon-wasp. Their mother laid her eggs in the skin of the caterpillar, upon which the grubs fed. Having now become full-grown, they have bored their way out and spun their cocoons, from which they will emerge as ichneumon-wasps to lay their eggs in other caterpillars.

Trees.—W. Ewart (Langholm, N.B.) has undertaken to write an essay on the trees of his neighbourhood, for a mutual improvement society, and wants a book that would help him. The most recent book on the subject, and the most complete so far as our native trees are concerned, is my own "Wayside and Woodland Trees," with illustrations from photographs (F. Warne and Co., 6s.). I think it will give you the help you need.

Preserving Moths.—W. W. Baird (Helensburgh) asks how to preserve moths, or for the title of a book on the subject. We have made several references to this matter recently, which it would be well for W. W. B. to look up in the "Corner." Briefly, the moths are killed by placing them in a "killing-bottle" (to be obtained from any dealer in natural history requisites), then they are pinned to a "setting-board," and their wings expanded and held in position by paper braces until the joints are "set" and hard. They are then removed to the store boxes or cabinet drawers, where a little naphthaline will protect them from the attacks of destroying mites, &c. To properly set forth the minute details of setting, &c., would take up more space than I have at disposal; but if you buy Knaggs' "Lepidopterists' Guide," which Watkins and Doncaster will send you for 1s., you will find the details there, with a vast amount of other information about collecting and preserving which it is necessary for you to acquire if you aim at making a collection of insects.

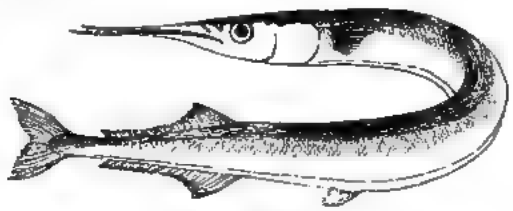
Farming.—D. F. Riley (Strood) asks me to write "a description of farming, how you start, and all the things a beginner should know." D. F. R. appears to forget that we department-editors acknowledge the sway of a superior being known as the O.F. What does he suppose would happen to me if I were to try and palm off an agricultural essay as natural history? Besides, I know nothing of farming, and should probably mislead him. He should have a talk with a farmer, or apply to the Agricultural College at Wye for their syllabus, which will show him the range of subjects taken in the training of a modern farmer.

Pond Life in Winter.—J. Morton (Croydon) has been presented with a fine microscope, and wishes to use it chiefly in the study of minute pond-life, but fears he must let it lie idle till spring, for lack of material. There is really no necessity for this, for any old-established pond that is rich in aquatic weeds should afford him an abundance of specimens at all seasons. He might also keep a small aquarium in his study, to which he should transfer some growing weeds from a good pond. Such plants as water-thyme and crowfoot will have their leaves covered with low organisms, which, even if inactive in the pond, will be stimulated into activity by the higher temperature indoors. Small samples of water should be taken from various ponds, and after examination should be turned into the aquarium. They will contain the germs of many organisms which will develop in due course. Such an aquarium, once established, will prove an inexhaustible source of supply for the microscope.

Suggestion.—W. Davison (Chester) suggests that I should devote a part of the Corner each month to a short article on the keeping of

some particular kind of pets, such as rabbits, mice, &c. The suggestion is a good one, but the practical difficulty lies in the want of space. Every month comes a little pile of letters asking for information on special points, and the answers to these, brief as they are, use up all the space, and frequently some of these have to be held over for want of room. But your request shall come under the eye of the O.F., and you may rely upon his doing what is best for meeting the requirements of the great body of "CAPTAIN" readers.

Name of Fish.—L. de Weck (Wimbledon) asks the name of a fish caught near St. Malo. "It is nearly eight inches long and has a very long kind of beak at its head, the upper part of which is about three-quarters of the length of the under one, which has at its tip a hook projecting downwards. The



GARFISH.

beak is plentifully armed with teeth." L. de W. sends further details and rough sketches of parts, from which it is clear that his fish is a young specimen of the garfish or longnose. It sometimes attains a length of 2½ feet, and its rich blue and bright silver colouring, combined with its singular form, make its identification easy. But if L. de W. wishes to catch further examples, he need not go so far as St. Malo, for it is plentiful on this side of the Channel, along the coasts of Devon and Cornwall.

Lark's Flight.—*Apropos* of the notes in recent CAPTAINS respecting the perching of larks—the accuracy of which I am able to vouch for from my own observations this summer—Mr. J. Marshall Sturge (Charlbury) asks if any of my readers have noticed a special peculiarity of this bird, viz., the very short time it remains in the air. He says, "It was stated to me that it comes down every four minutes. My own observations, however, would lead me to say that it sometimes remains in the air for seven minutes—very seldom longer." It would be very interesting if those of my readers who are interested in birds would make observations on this point, and let me know the results.

Query re Terrier.—J. R. B. Roberts (Gosforth) sends me half-a-dozen small photos of his dog, and asks what breed he is. I am sorry to say that not one of these photos is sufficiently sharp and large to enable me to express anything more than a vague opinion that he must be some variety of the Scotch terrier. J. R. B. R. thinks this is not so, "because he does not carry his ears very pricked." This is really no distinction, for Scotch terriers may have either drooping or erect ears, and the coat varies greatly.

Canadian Queries.—K. W. Dowie (Montreal) sends me a couple of photos. Concerning the first (which we reproduce), he says: "The moth measured just six inches from tip to tip of its wings, and was coloured principally a beautiful brown. The spots and other lines were red, white, and black. My brother caught it near Montreal this summer, and I should like very much to know its name." It is the Great Brown Emperor Moth (*Samia cecropia*), a North American species, whose caterpillar feeds on wild plum, apple, birch, &c. Its large cocoon contains a considerable quantity of silk, and I remember that about thirty years ago serious attempts were made to introduce this and other silk-producing species into Britain, but the enterprise did not succeed. Of the second photo, K. W. D. says: "It is the wonderful Night-blooming Cactus, which blooms only once a year, and then only for a few hours near midnight. . . . Does this plant grow in the British Isles? The flowers measured about ten inches across." The plant photographed is a night-blooming cactus, but not

GREAT BROWN EMPEROR MOTH.

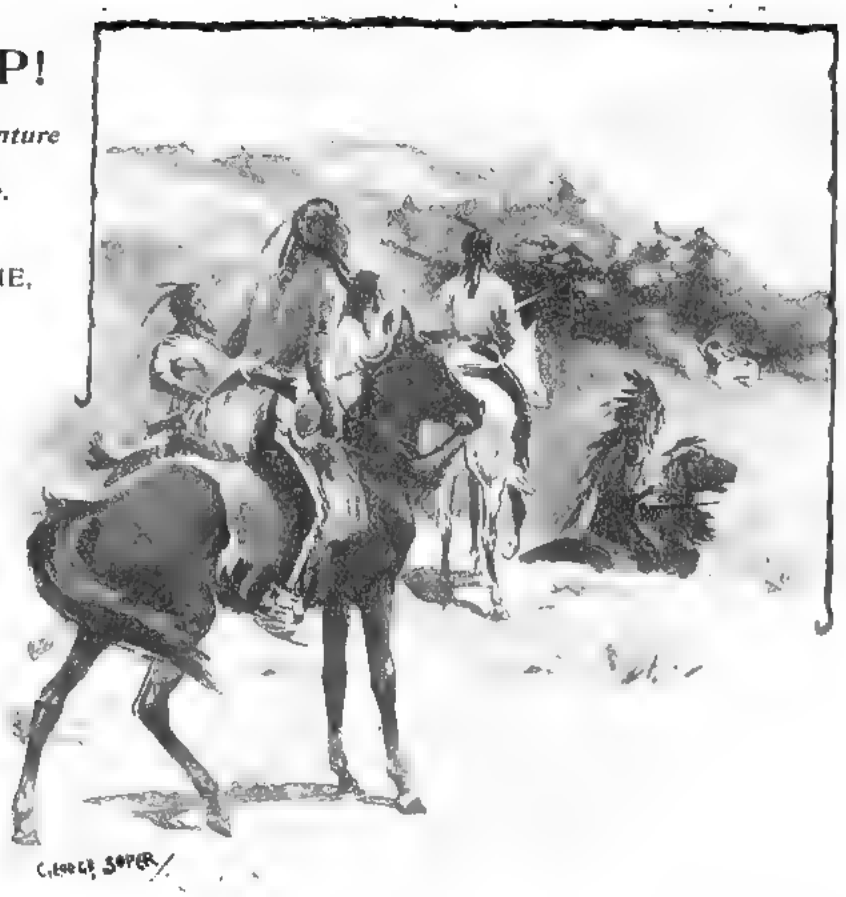
the species to which the name properly belongs. *The* Night-blooming Cactus is *Cereus nyctalis*, and has angular stems. K. W. D.'s plant is *Phyllocactus phyllanthus*, a South American species. It does not occur in this country, except as a cultivated plant in warm greenhouses; but the growers of cacti are not very numerous here, probably on account of frequent failure through wrong treatment. I am much interested in this group of plants, chiefly on account of their remarkable forms; therefore, I am glad to have the photo K. W. D. has sent me.

HELD-UP!

A Motoring Adventure on the Prairie.

By JOHN MACKIE,

Author of "The Rising of the Red Man," &c.



IT was foolish of me to undertake the journey from Etzikom Coullée to Medicine Lodge in a six-horse car. Indeed, it came near to proving one of the most disastrous journeys I ever took, and my relatives and kind friends are never weary of reminding me of the fact that I have engaged in a few unhappy things in my time.

If you look at the map of the Canadian North-West Provinces you will see the scene of the adventure I am about to relate. It is in the south-west corner of Assiniboia, near a lake called Pah-ogh-kee, which in the Indian tongue means Bad Water Lake. If you are deluded into drinking from it in summer or break a hole in the ice in winter, you realise to the full the meaning of the word "bad,"—that is to say, if you survive the consequences.

I had come out from the old country to visit some friends in Calgary, Alberta, and also to look once more upon the great lone prairie land, for here it may be as well to state that in the days of my youth I wore the Queen's red coat as a North-West Mounted Policeman, and, with other congenial spirits, qualified for the great Lost Legion.

I had got the car in Calgary, and it was my intention to make back to Maple Creek by the old police patrol trail, across that wild and unsettled stretch of prairie country where still little wandering bands of Piegan, Blood, renegade Sioux, and Cree Indians roam, looking for game or stray cattle to kill, or even, perhaps, a prying band of Sarcees with which to try conclusions, after the manner of the good old days. It is a mistake to suppose that the Indian of to-day has changed. It is his environment that has changed, and though in some parts of the provinces he goes to church, and his children go to school, I have not the slightest

doubt that he would gladly return to-morrow to the old days of raiding and scalping, if only circumstances permitted. The leopard cannot change his spots, or the Ethiopian his skin.

I had left the solitary police outpost of *Pendant d'Oreille* about 9 a.m., and started on my sixty miles' run to the outpost at Medicine Lodge. Several years before, I had been in charge of the detachment there, and on two or three occasions had accompanied the weekly patrol to the first-named place, so that I fancied I remembered the ground fairly well. I was alone and going at the rate of about ten miles an hour. It was a glorious, sunny day –it is always sunny in the north-west—and I was enjoying to the full the vast unfettered expanse of land and sky. There was nothing around me save the silvery green sage-bush, the nodding sunflowers, and the hundred and one other flowers that go to make the prairie so beautiful. Away to the south rose the dim outline of the Sweet Grass Hills, and the Bear Paw Mountains in Montana, and gradually growing upon my sight the gleaming blue of the Bad Water Lake. Its banks were crusted with snow-white alkali. It looked for all the world like a great turquoise in a silver setting. I was gradually coming abreast of it when suddenly a sight presented itself that for the moment made me apprehensive, then caused me to laugh heartily. Six mounted Indians, made picturesque by the old-time glory of war paint and feathers, stood watching me from a slight rise about a mile ahead. Their rifles rested crossways on the pommels of their saddles, and their appearance somehow suggested mischief. Probably a few weeks before they had been resting quietly on their reserves, or selling buffalo horns at Medicine Hat railway station to travellers, but the old wild nomadic instincts had come back to them, and they were determined to have a high old time at all costs.

It was really a ludicrous sight to see these Indians clear on the approach of my car. They had doubtless neither seen nor heard of such a means of locomotion in their lives. They must at first have taken me for some supernatural being, since I could dispense with horses. Moreover, my peaked cap and begoggled eyes must have given me the appearance of some strange monster. They stood at gaze for a minute or two as if spell-bound, but when I gave them a friendly *toot-toot*, they wheeled their horses and fled. Having no firearms with me I was not sorry, for there was no telling how easily redskins out for a holiday and playing at old times might slip into grim reality. They kept easily ahead, looking back every now and again to see if I were coming. It seemed to me they were discussing the phenomenon of the horseless car, and were undecided as to what they should do in the matter. By some good or ill fortune, I happened to look back, and saw that my tent, which had been packed up on the back seat, had fallen, and was lying on the trail. I pulled up, made everything secure, and leisurely walked back to get it. Arrived at the spot, I put it over my shoulder, and prepared to return. Then, to my horror, I saw something that gave me a bad three minutes. The old instincts and curiosity of the Indians had been too much for them, and they had turned, and were bearing down upon me with wild, shrill whoops, brandishing their rifles in the air over their heads, and otherwise amusing themselves. It was anything but a laughing matter to me now. They reached the car and jumped off their horses. I was in for it, and had to face the situation as best I could. My former experience with Indians would surely stand me in good stead.

"*How-koola, Niche!*" I said, by way of salutation, on approaching them.

Then, according to their invariable and objectionable custom, they all insisted on shaking hands with me, and the very next minute relapsed into a state of discomfiting aggressiveness.

They were Cree Indians who had not taken treaty, and, as a consequence, gave themselves airs. One of the six, with a huge aquiline nose, who was evidently the wit of the party, constituted himself spokesman. He might have been considered handsome had it not been for his aforesaid nasal adornment, a villainous squint, and a certain air of blood-thirstiness in his general appearance. I had not forgotten my Cree, so was able to understand what he said.

"Brother," he asked, "where are your horses?"

He was evidently a witch-finder, and eyed me triumphantly. I could not actually swear he looked at me the squint made that impossible.

It was a poser, but I answered that my car worked on much the same principles as the great iron horses that ran on the Canadian Pacific Railway; which, of course, they must have seen. I was on the point

"BROTHER, WHERE ARE YOUR HORSES"

BANG, BANG, BANG! AND THEIR RIFLES BEGAN TO RING OUT.

of explaining that alcohol took the place of coal, but checked myself in time. I knew the unquenchable weakness of the noble Red man for anything of the nature of fire-water only too well, and was anxious to continue my journey.

"But where, O Brother, are the long iron ways on which the wheels of your Red-River cart should run?" persisted the clever one. "We know that the medicine of the Pale-face does many wonderful things, but there is a limit even to his magic."

I resented my beautiful motor-car being likened to a Red-River cart, and tried to explain that it was a new kind of iron horse built expressly for the prairies, and did not require rails, but I could see that my explanation did not carry conviction.

Then a choleric-looking little Red man, whose chief mission in life seemed to lie in contradicting everything that was said, asked me to show the fuel with which I fed the fire which fed the iron horse. He had on several occasions, he said, examined the iron horses on the main line of the C.P.R. when they were being fed and

watered, so it was no use telling *him* lies. If I did not at once convince them that my cart was not the work of the spirit of evil himself, he would propose that I should be shot and then scalped for the good of mankind at large.

It was hardly a pleasant prospect, and it was incumbent that I should take some definite line of action. Besides, the Indians were evidently a bold, inquisitive, and reckless lot, and, in their misguided sentiment to revive their picturesque past, were not likely to stop at trifles.

"The wise sayings and the laughter of my brothers are pleasant to hear," I remarked, after their own flowery fashion. But when I tried to laugh myself, I realised that my efforts at conciliation had been a miserable failure. I even attempted to mount the car so as to drive off, but the cross-eyed one put a huge hand on my chest, and I stayed where I was.

"Our brother laughs as the silver fox laughed when he was caught in a trap, and asked the bear to come and sit on the spring," observed the ugly one, sententiously.

I could have slain him where he stood when the others joined him in their mirthless cackle. I looked around despairingly, but, of course, there was no one in sight in that wild spot—nothing but that vast expanse of rolling grey and pale-blue sky. But I had a bottle of their beloved firewater in the box. Surely that would propitiate them. It was a bottle of old spirits that I carried about for medicinal purposes, and although it was heart-breaking to waste such a brand on savages who could hardly be expected to distinguish between it and the vilest horse medicine, the sacrifice would have to be made.

I explained that I had something to give them, and they allowed me to fish out the bottle. The cork had only been put in loosely, and came out at the first wrench administered by my friend the witch-finder.

As long as I live I shall never forget the face he made when he put that bottle to his lips and took a long pull. The tears came into his eyes, but by an extraordinary effort he managed to control himself.

Then I realised what had happened. *I had handed him by mistake an old whisky bottle in which I kept kerosene.*

I trembled, but to my astonishment the wit quietly handed the bottle to the choleric little man who was always contradicting him. It was clearly a case of reprisals.

I thought the choleric one would have died after the steady drain he took. His contortions and splutterings were painful to witness.

They doubtless thought I had tried to poison them, for in another minute they had pounced upon me and tied my hands to my sides. Then they found the real bottle, and with more or less success used it as an antidote. To tamper with the machine itself was a natural sequence. At last they found what I feared they would, the tap of the alcohol that constituted my fuel. Here, at last, was unlimited firewater of superior quality. They forgot all about me for the time being, and drank greedily. In less than half-an-hour they were rolling about, yelling like fiends, in the immediate neighbourhood, in an advanced stage of intoxication. Now was my time.

I managed to free my hands, and, finding a jack-knife under one of the cushions, succeeded in severing the rope that rather hampered my movements. Unnoticed, I got things into working order, and, jumping into the car, started off.

When the Indians realised that I was about to escape, they made for their horses and managed to mount; then, putting on full speed, I prayed for a clear course. Bang, bang, bang! and their rifles began to ring out. But they were too far gone to do much harm, and the bullets whizzed past. Looking back, I saw that two of their horses were riderless. The riders must have come very bad croppers indeed. Half-an-hour later, while three of them were still following me up, but swaying badly in their saddles, I crossed a little rise and drove right into a mounted police patrol.

And then the tables were turned with a vengeance, and the police found some bad Indians for whom they had been looking.

Alcohol as fuel has its advantages.

SCHOOL MAGAZINES

City of London School Magazine.—An excellent example of that type of school magazine which one may term the eminently respectable. Outside and in, both in matter and manner, the *City of London School Magazine* is as dignified as its title, or the civic arms upon its cover. One may usually look with confidence for something of note in this well-conducted periodical, and in the number before us there are two general articles of interest. The first gives some "Impressions of a Scottish University"—Glasgow, to wit. 'Varsity life in Scotland is very different, of course, from that at Oxford or Cambridge, the social life of the latter being notably absent north of the Tweed.

Incidentally, the writer comments on the atrocious effect (to him) of "Sophocles with a Scotch accent." One is apt to forget, naturally, that to a Scotsman, Thucydides as rendered by a Sassenach tongue must be equally excruciating. It is curious how absorbed one becomes in one's own point of view. The present writer is acquainted with an English lady who, on her first visit to New York, was smilingly told by an American hostess that her conversation was rendered doubly entertaining because "she spoke with such an *English* accent." Greek, one must admit, would sound more suitable in a Scot's "broad Doric" than in a Londoner's cockney.

"Inter Librarios" is a suggestive little paper on the costers' barrows round Smithfield.

> At this season of the year, the barrels of shining fruit are most in evidence; from the rosy (perhaps too rosy) apple of Kent to the grape of Palermo or the date of Jamaica, all the fruits of the world are for sale—none more than a penny apiece.

Romance is everywhere—if you care to look for it. He that hath eyes to see, let him see.

Fetteslan.—"Viator" gives an account of a long tramp in the Lake District, but his narrative is singularly uninspiring. No doubt for anyone desirous of following, with sheep-like fidelity, the exact route taken by the author and his chum, the geographical details will be highly useful. It is likewise interesting to learn that certain of the lakes were "pretty" and that the Langdale Pikes are "a most imposing line of peaks." But we should have liked to hear what personal impressions "Viator" received during his tramp. Surely four days amidst the grandeur of the Lakes stirred *some* emotions within him! Or are we to take this concluding paragraph as representing the sole reflection which occurred to him?

> Not contented, we pushed on to Ambleside that night, where we arrived, tired out, at 10.30, having had twelve hours' walking, and having traversed in that time a full thirty miles—equal to a good deal more in Lakeland—including three high passes and the highest mountain. No bad day's work!

"No bad day's work." Possibly if he had walked less he might have seen more.

Haileyburian.—In a postscript to the customary "Haileybury Letter" we find this interesting little paragraph:—

> The following inscription has just been put up on a board which is fastened to the oak on the Terrace Field:—
>
> STRUCK BY LIGHTNING,
> JUNE 2, 1898.
>
> Saepe Jovis telo quercus adusta viret. OVID
>
> E. L.
>
> 19.9.04.

Harrovian.—"Vox Populi" writes to the Editor to complain that the *Harrovian* is not sufficiently stimulating. Personally, we had always looked upon the paper in the flimsy dark-blue wrapper as one of the best of its kind. It seldom sinks to the banality which mars some of its contemporaries, and often it contains admirable contributions and interestingly-presented news. "Vox Populi" demands "a fiction column for budding novelists," and suggests a competition for the best "light and stirring one-act drama." Of course, if the Editors should discover latent literary or dramatic talent amongst their readers, by all means let them encourage it. For what else should they hold office? But indiscriminate fiction and "one-act dramas"! *Di vetent!*

From the news column of the latest number before us we take the following paragraph:—

> An extract quoted by the press from a recently published book, entitled "The Reminiscences of a First Whipper-in," details a story of the first occasion on which the author saw Mr. J. M. Richardson on horseback. "His riding costume," he says, "was white flannels, for a Sixth Form game was being played on the Harrow Cricket Ground, and Richardson was, I fancy, fielding at long leg—at any rate during the progress of the game the old brown horse, whose daily occupation was to draw the ground roller, happened to be grazing in the vicinity." The sequel may be easily guessed, though the capacity of the long suffering animal to "gallop round and round the field" must compel a certain surprise among those who have made even a cursory study of the type. In how great a degree Mr Richardson's double victory in the Grand National was due to his remarkable methods of fie'd ing at cricket we are left in doubt.

Heretaungan.—News from over the seas we are always glad to get, and we welcome (though a trifle late) the September number of the *Heretaungan* from New Zealand. There is little of general interest to comment upon, the whole number being taken up by school news. Captains of football, however, in search of a new school cry, may gain a few hints from the following pæan of the Heretaungans:—

> Tupato! Tupato!
> Heretaunga kei te marama
> Tonu matou
> Kia maia, kia toa
> Kia maia, kia toa.

It was only the other day that we read of the match between the British touring XV. and a team of Maoris. No wonder the latter play well with fierce chants of that kind to spur them on.

Lily (Magdalen College School).—The boy with the soul of a globe-trotter should be

restrained from putting into writing an account of his "travels." He merely exposes his fatuous insensibility to anything but the commonplace and suburban, and is in no way edifying or inspiring. A contributor to the *Lily* concludes a very bald and uninteresting account of how he "did" Tangier, with this luminous remark :—

Coming to the conclusion that a view of Moorish life was a rather expensive luxury, we made our way back to the pier and dismissed our guide

Just what we should have expected. We only wonder that he ever left the pier—or the boat. The contribution, by the way, is headed "Letter from Tangiers," though we never knew before that the name of the Moorish town was spelt with a final *s*. Was he thinking of Algiers, we wonder—or of tangerines?

Malvernian.—While "K." continues to write for the *Malvernian*, that magazine will always be the one to which we shall turn with the most pleasurable anticipations. In the number before us he contrasts, with almost melancholy skill, the high hopes and ambitions of youth, and the flat, stale, profitless ending to which, as a rule, they come—their owner placidly acquiescing in the lessening flights of his erstwhile soaring spirit. "We are all determined to be heroes, and mostly destined to be clerks." But such dismal pessimism is not unrelieved. "We are *mostly* destined to be clerks," says "K." You and I, reader, *if we have the grit*, may yet realise, if only in some small measure, that vaulting ambition of our youth. Even if we achieve but a part, that is something; and since the realisation is but a feeble semblance of the anticipation, crush not the yearning spirit within you, but let it spur you on to further deeds.

Dream on, dreamer! Gaze yet more deeply into the fire, stir the magic coals again. Hope and memory are the salt of life; never yet has promise of fancy been equalled by the performance of fact. Dream on! Work on! Work in the present, dream in the future and the past. "Ignorance is bliss," 'tis true; they suffer least, who think least. Yet the mind has joys of its own no less, if it shun the foreground of reality, and fix its gaze on things present and things to come, seen faintly fair through the rose-lit veil of memory and of hope.

Mill Hill Magazine.—Staid as usual, with one article—an interesting one on "German Student Life" to catch the general reader's taste. We would suggest that the mass of school news—match reports and the like, which form always such a prominent feature of the *Mill Hill Magazine*—might be served up in more attractive fashion. The long pages of statistics in small type are formidable to attack and wearisome to wade through. The "Old Millhillians" column seems to be well and adequately done.

Silcoates School Magazine.—There is plenty of good material here, but it is feebly presented. To use a technical phrase, the "make-up" is poor. Could not a little more originality and taste be displayed in the *arrangement* of the various articles, reports, and items of news? At present there is nothing attractive about the appearance of the magazine. And why give way to the too prevalent fashion of Latin phrases, wherever they can be dragged in? "Acta Silcotiorum," as the title of a column of school jottings, may be thoroughly academic, but it is supremely ugly. The letter addressed by a new boy to Admiral Rojdestvensky, of the Russian Baltic Fleet, is amusing and interesting, but we question the wisdom of publishing it in *extenso*, with the writer's name, age, and so forth. It should have been kept for private circulation.

Tollingtonian.—The Editor contrasts "with a certain amount of warmth" the recent disapproval expressed in these columns of the *Tollingtonian's* cover, with a previous utterance which described the said cover as "tasteful." The discrepancy, we would observe, is due to a change in the personality of the magazine reviewer. As to our query in regard to the design upon the cover —What does it mean?—the Editor delivers himself as follows :—

In the foreground stands an ancient tripod with smouldering contents, fit emblem of superstition and ignorance, while behind it is thrust back the vail, whose heavy folds have so long concealed from man and boy the glorious and inspiring truths of science

But now we rejoice to say the heavy curtain is slowly being rolled back—by whom? By the TOLLINGTONIAN, of course Does not its name stand plainly at the head of the enchanting allegor.? Do not the rays of life-giving wisdom spread forth from it as the sun's rays from our luminary? What could be more obvious? Of course, a few people may not have heard of us, but the greatest movements have often hidden causes, and there is no Tollingtonian but thoroughly believes that his school is the greatest and most successful of the world's means of enlightenment.

And what does the removal of the vail reveal? A view of the everlasting hills, symbol of eternal truths, always present, but only now, under the efforts of the TOLLINGTONIAN, being slowly understood—and from them flows the pleasant stream of learning, pure and limpid, unsullied by cruelty and superstition, offering to the seekers after wisdom a sweet, refreshing draught.

How's that for an allegory? Of course, it's all fun, but when people ask you, "What does it mean?" you will be able to tell them.

"How's that for an allegory?" Very nice, to be sure, but——. Evidently we must be painfully dense, but upon our sacred honour we quite failed to read the allegory aright. After all, an allegory should at least be capable of interpretation, and more obscure hieroglyphics than those on the *Tollingtonian's* cover we have seldom been asked to unravel. The "ancient tripod with smouldering contents" we recognise, though we had doubts whether it was not intended for a drawing-room flower-pot, but that the "heavy vail," which we took to be a skimpy cretonne curtain, is being rolled back, we deny. On the contrary, it hangs before us with stolid inertness, and only on the presumption of economy in material can the ordinary mind explain why it only stretches half-way along the cornice-pole. The sun's rays we *did* recognise in the conventional emblem at the top of the cover, but we could only account for their presence by the supposition that the artist had put them in to fill up a blank space. As to the "everlasting hills" and the "pleasant stream of learning" disclosed by the half-drawn "vail," our barbarian eyes took them to be part of the garden next door, seen from over the top of the brick wall in the foreground. Even now the river of learning, which flows in such a symmetrical zigzag through the middle distance, looks to us more like a trickle from the hose-pipe than a "pleasant stream, pure and limpid."

We tender most contrite apologies to the Editor of the *Tollingtonian*. His cover is, of course, excellent. With an explanatory footnote at the bottom of the page it would be perfect.

Other Magazines received, at the date of going to press, include the *Blue*, *Hurst Johnian*, *Lorettonian*, *Ousel*, *Olavian*, *Quarterly Review* (Liverpool Industrial School), *Salopian*, *Sedberghian*, *Tonbridgian*, and the *Isis*.

A. E JOHNSON.

THE RABBIT TRAPPER.
Drawn for The Captain by Charles Tresidder

THE DUFFER.

By R. S. WARREN BELL,

Author of "Jim Mortimer, Surgeon," "J. O. Jones," &c.

Illustrated by GORDON BROWNE, R.I.

SYNOPSIS.

This story concerns the fortunes of George Wellington Denver, a boy of sixteen, who spends several years at Silverdown, a public school, without achieving anything creditable. Finally, being very miserable, and anxious to escape from a disreputable set he is mixed up with, he procures his expulsion by breaking a very strict rule. On hearing that George has purposely brought this dishonour on himself, his father, Dr. Denver, gives the boy a severe horse-whipping. The thrashing is brought to an end by the intervention of Joyce, George's ten-year-old sister, and George dashes out into the storm which is raging at the time. Seeking a favourite spot under the cliffs (he lives at Mellerby, a small seaside place), he throws himself down and gives vent to his misery. There, soaked and forlorn, he is found by Munro, an artist, who occupies a bungalow near the beach. Munro befriends the boy and dries his clothes, but George, nevertheless, catches a severe cold. When he is well enough to leave his room his father tells him that he must go to school again, but George emphatically refuses to do so. Eventually he is given temporary employment in the office of Garrick and Mappin, a firm of Mellerby solicitors. Mr. Mappin, the junior partner, admires Molly, George's pretty sister of seventeen, and it is with the hope of improving his relations with the Denver family that he offers George this post. The boy, though he tries his best, does not give much satisfaction at the solicitors' office, and it is the opinion of Andrews, the managing clerk, that he will never do any good at this kind of work. George, however, has a considerable talent for music, and he is encouraged to persevere in this direction by Mr Wall, organist at Mellerby parish church, who gives him lessons for nothing. Living in the town is a very old lady, named Mrs. Pardoe, said to be a centenarian. This old lady, who is very sharp-witted, considering her years, keeps in touch with the Denver family by the unconscious agency of little Joyce, who, when some trouble has arisen, or when she particularly wants anything, writes a letter to God, and posts it in an old oak tree which stands near Mrs. Pardoe's garden. These letters are taken out of the tree by Mrs. Pardoe. In one of them Mrs. Pardoe learns that Munro, the artist, is very poor, and so by way of assisting him she commissions him to paint her portrait. In the course of the story it is shown how Munro incurs the enmity of John Blunt (nicknamed, on account of his appearance, "Black Jack"), a huge boatman of disreputable character. One day Blunt publicly insults Munro, and in the course of the encounter that follows gets much the worst of it. Burning with a desire for revenge, the ruffian waits for the artist late that night by the latter's bungalow. Whilst a thunderstorm is raging, Blunt sees the figure of a man approaching the bungalow door. Taking this to be Munro, Blunt fells him with a boat-hook, and is about to repeat the blow when the prostrate man is killed by a flash of lightning, and by the glare of the lightning Blunt sees that his victim is not Munro, but Dr. Denver. All efforts to find Black Jack prove fruitless, and he is supposed to have escaped out to sea in a rowing-boat. It is computed that when the practice has been sold the three children will have about sixty pounds a year to live upon. Mrs. Pardoe, who has recently bought a farm near Mellerby, commissions Munro to offer the children free quarters at the farmhouse. When Munro calls at The Gables to put this proposal before them, he is told by Molly that a London theatrical manager has offered her an engagement, and that she would like to have his advice on the matter. Munro is against her taking the engagement, nevertheless, Molly departs for London, and ultimately adopts the stage as her profession. Mrs. Pardoe's offer of accommodation is accepted, and George and Joyce remove to the farm. Munro goes up to town for the winter, and Mappin makes frequent visits to London, ostensibly on business, but really with the object of seeing Molly. Apparently the girl does not favour his advances, for his temper grows very short, and at Christmas he informs George that his services will not be required any longer by Garrick and Mappin after the commencement of the New Year. When George leaves he tries hard to get another post, but unsuccessfully, and his troubles culminate in a painful inflammation of the eyes which makes him fear that he is going blind.

BOOK II.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE TIME DRAWETH NIGH.

MRS. PARDOE was sitting in her parlour. The fire was burning briskly and giving out a genial warmth in which the big tortoiseshell cat and her companion, an aged spaniel, recumbent on the hearthrug, were basking enjoyably. The sun's watery rays hardly found a speck of dust to reveal, for the old-fashioned furniture was polished to a mirror-like smoothness, and the whole appearance of the room showed that the good Hannah, Mrs. Pardoe's widow-servant, was an indefatigable plier of broom and brush. A few oil-paintings—dim with years—and half-a-dozen etchings garnished the walls; the bottom shelf of the bookcase was solemn with bound volumes of magazines that ceased to appear decades ago, while above these, in serried rows with sombre bindings, stood early editions of dead-and-gone authors who were boys when the owner of the bookcase was a grown woman. On the shelves of a cabinet were gathered a varied array of curiosities which took one back to the time when Mrs. Pardoe was a girl. Here lay a pair of cumbrous candle-snuffers; there hung a sturdy oaken watchman's rattle, with a voice that could have been heard the length

of Mellerby high street; here, again, was a tiny ebony box containing coins—such as the golden seven-shilling-piece—that have long since passed out of the currency. The cabinet and its hoard took one dreaming back to the Georgian era. All sorts of ancient goods, indeed, did Mrs. Pardoe's dwelling boast—some much older, and some just as old as its mistress, and she was "an hundred."

The daily newspaper lay on the floor and Mrs. Pardoe's spectacles on the little table which was generally to be seen by her side, wherever she was sitting. The old lady herself seemed strangely inert for so early an hour—for her breakfast had only recently been cleared away. Generally at this time she was to be found scanning the news with unfailing interest—but to-day she had barely glanced at the summary of happenings.

She had been sitting in this listless condition for half-an-hour when she was aroused by a tap on the door and the entrance of Hannah.

"The Doctor, ma'am," said the widow, proceeding to brush an imaginary speck off the table-cloth and then to sweep a few morsels of cinder under the grate.

The servant went out and in a few moments reappeared with Mr. Deadwood. Clad in a thick ulster, the new doctor looked quite monstrous as he towered above the lean little servant.

Mrs. Pardoe put out a hand which seemed to be composed entirely of skin, bone, and wrinkled veins. Deadwood drew off his big driving-glove.

"I like your handshake, Doctor," said the old lady. "Some men try to wring one's arm off, some to crush one's poor old bones, and some are afraid to do anything but touch you. There's a way of striking the happy medium. Sit down, pray! What a big fellow you are, to be sure—and how are you getting on?"

Deadwood was somewhat taken aback by the suddenness of the question, but he managed to reply that he was getting along all right.

"That's well. You followed a good man. He was hot-blooded and haughty, and I didn't like him, but he knew his work. I'm told you do, too."

"I hope so, madame."

"Times have changed since I last had a doctor to see me," proceeded Mrs. Pardoe. "All sorts of new-fangled ideas have come into the world. They look right into your body now and take photographs of one's skeleton. Heavens! what next? Well, thank goodness, for many a long day I've never been troubled with sickness but what I could cure by myself. The last doctor that came into my house killed my poor husband. That was forty years ago. Not a doctor has crossed my doorstep since then—professionally."

Deadwood felt honoured and perhaps looked as if he felt so, for Mrs. Pardoe hurried to add: "But you needn't think you're going to have the run of the place. I've only called you in to ask you a few questions, young man, and I'm not going to take any physic. The fact is, for a month or more I've not been feeling myself——"

"At your advanced age, madame——" began Deadwood, in a very proper medical tone.

"I beg your pardon I was speaking," Mrs. Pardoe interrupted, somewhat testily. "As I was saying, I have not been feeling well for some time. I want to go to bed at half-past eight, and I don't want to get up when I awake at my usual time. In other ways, I enjoy good health. I have no pain at all. Now, what is the matter with me? I should like your opinion."

For form's sake Deadwood looked at the old lady's tongue, felt her pulse, and put a few stereotyped questions to her. But he could see that she was suffering from no temporary ailment. It was a straightforward case of ebbing vitality.

Then he reflected. From some patients he had to withhold the truth; to others he spoke openly. It all depended upon their nerves and the effect he calculated his pronouncement would have upon their spirits. Here, before him, was a woman with nerves of steel. There was no need to trifle with her.

"Your complaint," he said, "is old age. That, and nothing else."

She bowed her head as if in silent submission to the inevitable. Already she had lived thirty years beyond the span of life allotted to a strong man or woman. She could think, and talk, and see, and hear, and feel—yet the end was near.

It was curious to be told a truth like this in broad daylight, with the sunbeams striking athwart the crimson tablecloth and the busy stir of the township's workaday life in her ears. The fitting hour for such a sentence should have been a night hour; her judge, a grey-haired physician, a veteran with the seams of years upon his face. Yet it was just a quarter to ten on a bright January morning and her informant a prosaic young bull-dog of a surgeon—a mere big boy!

She did not even sigh as she bowed her head. She just smoothed down her apron with her thin old fingers, and at length raised her head and

gazed keenly at the young man in the heavy frieze driving-coat.

"Thank you, Doctor. You mean, I shall not live very much longer. It is right of you to tell me the truth. Well, you must come and see me again now and then—just to let me know how much older I am looking! You'll find me a good patient. You doctors like to have a lot of old ladies on your lists, eh?"

She smiled grimly, and as she turned her face towards the window the sunshine illumined her furrowed features and set Deadwood marvelling at her great strength. He had attended other very old people, but mostly they had been bedridden, helpless, with all sorts of aches and pains, whining and shrivelled up. Here was one of sterner mould altogether—a monument of will and pluck and tough fibre! But, despite her tenacious grip on life, and the resolution that was pictured in her pointed chin and close-set lips, he knew there were not many months of existence left for this world-weary old lady. And she, too, had known it when she called him in to say out loud what Nature had lately been telling her in whispers.

Presently the silence was broken by the voice of Nancy (who had by this time become regularly engaged to the lovelorn Tom Cooper). The maid announced that Miss Denver had called and wished to see the Doctor.

"Miss Denver?" said Mrs. Pardoe, with puckered brows. "Now, which of the girls can it be? I heard the elder one was on the stage."

"This must be the little one," said Deadwood.

"I hope she is not ill," rejoined the old lady. "Tell her to come in," she added to Nancy, who had only opened the door an inch or two.

The door was pushed further ajar, and Joyce entered. The child was rosy-faced with health and the keen air, but both Deadwood and his patient noticed that she was greatly upset. There was a strained, anxious look in her eyes, and her lips were trembling a little.

"Well, my dear," said Mrs. Pardoe, turning kindly to the small caller, "and what is the trouble?"

Curiously enough, though she had sundry little letters in Joyce's handwriting stored away in a drawer of which she alone kept the key—though she knew the child by sight and had become acquainted with her fortunes by reading those little letters—Mrs. Pardoe had never as yet spoken to Joyce. They were—save for that letter-box in the Great Oak—entire strangers. George and Joyce had called to thank Mrs. Pardoe for the home she had provided for them at the farm, but the old lady was lying down and Hannah would not disturb her. They had not called again, but George had written their thanks, and Mr. Elphinstone had been commissioned by Mrs. Pardoe to say that she was much obliged by his letter and hoped they would be quite comfortable. Now, therefore, for the first time, Joyce found herself face to face with her benefactress. Naturally, she felt somewhat overawed, but Mrs. Pardoe herself was suddenly filled with a great gentleness and love for the child whose simple petitions for aid had been taken into such safe and sure keeping.

"I called to ask Dr. Deadwood to come and see my brother," said Joyce.

"What is wrong with your brother?"

"His eyes," replied Joyce. "He can't bear to look out of them."

"His eyes, eh? Oh, the Doctor will soon put them right. Has he been studying too much—I thought he was a lazy boy?"

"Oh, he *isn't* lazy!" cried Joyce, hotly. "I beg your pardon," she added, "I didn't mean to be rude."

"*Rude!* You only spoke up as a sister should for a brother, little one. So he isn't lazy, eh? What does he do?"

"He has nothing to do now except copy music, and its through copying so much that he has hurt his eyes," Joyce informed her. "They have always been rather weak, you see."

"But I thought he had employment in an office," said Mrs. Pardoe.

"He had to leave at the beginning of the year," explained Joyce. "I don't know why, I'm sure, because he really did do his best. Mrs. Andrews has told me so. She is the wife of Mr. Andrews, who was over George in the office."

"Hum!" said Mrs. Pardoe. "So Garrick and Mappin dismissed him, although he did his best? That wasn't Garrick's doing, I'm sure. I know the old man too well. But your brother has had *some* work, you say?"

"Mr. Wall gave him church music to copy. Mr. Wall has been very, *very* kind to my brother. George says he is a brick."

"Mr. Wall is the organist, is he not?"

"Yes; he has taught George the organ for nothing."

"I shouldn't have thought he could have afforded to do anything for nothing on his miserable salary," commented Mrs. Pardoe. "It's extraordinary," she added, for Deadwood's benefit, "what starvation wages these musical folk work for. I daresay you pay your coachman more than the church pays Wall, eh, Doctor?"

"I daresay I do," agreed Deadwood.

"Well, as to these poor eyes, Doctor; will you

please go at once and see Master Denver? And tell your brother from me, Miss Joyce, that I'm very sorry to hear of it and hope he'll soon be better. And, Doctor, you might come in to-morrow and let me know how the eyes are getting on. There—go along with the Doctor, my dear—he'll drive you up with him."

That afternoon, the weather being favourable, Mrs. Pardoe ventured out for a short

MRS. PARDOE WAS SITTING BY THE FIRE.

walk. Not along the street, but up and down her garden, where the dry gravel paths afforded a firm footing. She came at last to the bridge, where she paused for a few moments, looking about her at the summer-house and other familiar objects. Then she passed over the bridge, and directed her steps towards the Great Oak.

But there was no letter in the cranny this time. The small correspondent no longer lived at The Gables, and it was a roundabout trudge of some length from the farm to this meadow. She was growing older, too, and with this increase of age had probably come a disinclination to put her dearest wishes on a piece of paper that anyone might find and read.

Mrs. Pardoe slowly retraced her steps to the garden, and for a little time longer paced up and down its paths. Then, going indoors, she took off her things and had tea, and when the blinds had been lowered, and the lamp lit, she unlocked a drawer in her cabinet and took out a number of little letters. These she read once again ere she consigned them all to the fire.

"There, little one," she said, as she watched the morsels of paper blaze merrily, "I have kept your secret."

CHAPTER XVII.

HAROLD THE HERO.

DEADWOOD diagnosed George's complaint as ophthalmitis—an exaggerated form of ophthalmia.

"I'm sorry, old chap," he said to George; "it means three months with the blinkers on."

"Blinkers!" said George, faintly, while Joyce gazed with sorrowful, inquiring eyes at the doctor's square-jawed physiognomy.

"You mustn't use them for three months," explained Deadwood. "They are not strong, and you have been doing too much with them. I'll pull them round for you all right if you do what I tell you, and you won't have to wear specs. afterwards, if I can help it."

George, sitting on the edge of the bed—he had managed to get some clothes on during his sister's absence—with lids fast closed upon his burning eyeballs, heard the sentence with a sinking heart. Three months of dreadful monotony! Three months in which to do nothing but think! He wondered how he would bear it.

"Cheer up, George," cried the young doctor, putting a great paw on the boy's shoulder. "It mayn't be quite as long as that. It depends on how you obey orders. You've got a jolly little nurse here, and she'll read to you, and a clever chap like you will be able to play the piano

blindfolded. It's hard on you, but it's not so bad as being guillotined or harpooned."

George grinned dismally. "The luck's been dead against me for a long time, sir," he said. "This is the finishing touch."

"Here, don't croak like that!" was Deadwood's protest. "You talk as if you were sixty instead of sixteen. Buck up, man!"

"I'll try," said the boy, apologetically. "But my eyes are giving me such gyp, you see."

"I'll send you up some nice cool stuff to put on 'em directly I get back to the town," promised Deadwood. "Meanwhile, your sister can bathe them with warm water. Now, Nurse," he concluded, assuming his best professional manner, "your patient's eyes are to be kept constantly covered up, and the blinds must be always down. You'll have enough light to read by. He won't be able to open his eyes in the morning until you have bathed them, so you mustn't lie in bed till twelve.

"Oh, as if I should!" cried Joyce, indignantly.

Deadwood laughed.

"That's right. I see you'll make a good nurse. Well, I must be going now, but I'll look in every day to see how they're going on. Good-bye, Joyce. So long, George—keep your pecker up!"

The big-hearted fellow then hastened out to his gig, for his list of patients was a long one. Both Smallwood—whom he had kept on as his assistant—and himself were up to their necks in work, and neither had enjoyed a complete night's rest for a whole fortnight. One of the other Mellerby doctors had knocked up, and they were doing his work as well as their own—as a matter of good comradeship, not fees.

With the duties of a nurse weighing upon her shoulders, Joyce felt quite serious and important. She made up her mind at once that she must take a long holiday from school, and George, to whom she looked for instructions in such matters, feebly acquiesced in her decision, for he felt that being left alone for any very long period would be intolerable. At first the pain sapped all his energy, and he just lay limply on the sofa in their little sitting-room, whilst Joyce read to him. Once more, as in that lovely June-time, she had recourse to the bound volume of the *Boy's Own Paper*, and once more she chose, with a shrewd eye for pictures representing perilous situations, such narratives as promised to disengage the invalid's mind from his own sad plight. And when she had exhausted what she considered to be the most exciting stories, she went a-hunting among the pages of a new magazine for boys, a bound volume of which Dr. Deadwood left at the farm during one of his calls. And in this volume, a spruce young fellow in a coat of crimson and gold, she found tales that absolutely made George forget all about his eyes. He was, indeed, all ears. Never was a volume better read or more diligently thumbed than this young fellow in his smart new coat of crimson and gold.

By and by, when the pain in his eyes became less intense—thanks to the cooling lotion and the soft, light-expelling bandages—George began to wander into the farm's small, cold little drawing-room, and run his fingers over the keys of the poor old piano. Then was the air made hideous, and Joyce used to take refuge in the garden. But she felt very much obliged to even the poor old piano, cracked and out of tune though he was. After all, for a score of years he had been submitted to many lusty thumpings by the previous tenant's daughters, and so it wasn't his fault that his voice was so very shaky. He did his best, and was better than nothing. And when George managed to keep to the notes which played properly, his tunes occasionally sounded quite passable.

The sharp weather of Christmas had been followed by the usual thaw and damp fog, which gave place, with the new moon, to a real hard frost that covered all the ponds and streams with good strong ice. So Barry, who was back again, had to relinquish the chase of fox and get out his skates. One day he called for Joyce, who at first said she could not leave her brother for so long, but at last, when George grew stern and masterful about it, was prevailed upon to get out her small skates and put on her thickest boots. They left George filling the farmhouse with excruciating sounds in a gallant attempt to render Mascagni's famous *Intermezzo* on the querulous and protesting piano.

The whole of Mellerby appeared to be disporting itself on or about the Hall pool, whither Barry and Joyce directed their steps. Mr. Lawson, the owner of this fine sheet of ice, was present, muffled up to the eyes, as were also Harold and Edmund Beresford, whose sisters—those doughty Amazons—had joined in the rough-and-tumble game of hockey which was proceeding in the middle of the lake. Rough-and-tumble is a mild adjective to apply to the pastime, for the majority of the players were large, utterly unscientific men, who careered headlong at the ball with knobbed sticks, and cared little how many people they upset in the course of their bull-like rushes. The Misses Beresford, however, were not young ladies to be

daunted by a fifteen-stone butcher; they dashed in and out of the crowd, wheeling, smiting, and racing neck-and-neck with their burly opponents, heeding not hard knocks or tumbles, careless of danger, intent only on guiding the ball between the two bushes which formed the goal.

Meanwhile their brothers watched the game with lukewarm interest from a safe position on the bank—their post of vantage being an old red-brick bridge which spanned one of the lake's outlets a small stream in which, centuries since, the monks of the neighbourhood had trapped fish for Friday's consumption.

Barry, having put on Joyce's skates, and seen her carefully launched upon the ice, proceeded to don his own steel runners. This effected, he treated Mellerby onlookers to a brilliant display, cutting threes and eights in a manner that excited much comment and admiration. Presently he hove in sight of the Beresford pair.

"Hullo, you crocks," he called out lustily, "why aren't you skating?"

They gazed at him with fishy eyes.

"Eh?" inquired Barry, wheeling round backwards and coming to a halt within two yards of them.

"We have never learnt how to," explained Edmund, simply.

"Too delicate, I s'pose?" said Barry.

"Yes," rejoined Harold. "Otherwise we might have shown off before the Mellerby tradespeople."

Barry winced. It seemed to him that however cutting the remarks he addressed to the Beresfords, they invariably retorted with something still more cutting. While he harboured a supreme contempt for them, he was beginning to feel a little afraid of them. Harold's shaft found its mark, for Barry was well aware that he had been endeavouring to impress Mellerby with his skill as a skater. Like the simple fellow he was, he dropped the rapier of sarcasm for the cudgel known as bluster.

"I tell you what it is," he cried, "you two fellows ought to have been girls. You simply funk doing anything at which you're likely to get hurt. You're born cowards. Why, Joyce Denver has ten times the pluck of both of you put together."

How long Barry would have continued this harangue, had the ice held true, we cannot say. At that moment, however, it gave a loud crack, and the water bubbled up under his skates. Shooting an angry glance at the two wrapped-up youths, he made off quickly, but not so quickly as to escape the sound of their derisive cackles.

Nevertheless, the savage scorn of his remarks lingered in their ears, and they were both inspired with a feeling akin to shame when they caught sight of Joyce Denver skimming boldly over the ice. For it struck them that while she, a little girl, appeared absolutely fearless, they, boys well on in their teens, had trembled when their father suggested that their sisters should teach them skating.

The crowd on the lake increased, and the hockey battle was waged more furiously than ever. The Misses Beresford seemed to be absolutely tireless; they had quite worn out the butcher, who was sitting on the bank mopping his crimson brow. Barry, defiantly determined not to be affected by the Beresfords' irony, continued to execute difficult manœuvres on the outskirts of the mob in the centre of the pool. Suddenly, in endeavouring to bring off a particularly dexterous feat, his feet flew from under him and he measured his length on the ice. And his admirers on the bank actually had the impudence to laugh. Feeling considerably shaken, he got up and skated away into the midst of the hockey-players. But unfortunately one of the Misses Beresford, in the ardour of the game, did not notice his proximity, and cannoned into him with such force that he again went down with a thud that left a lump on his head and many bruises as mementoes of the occasion.

But no one laughed this time, for at that moment the attention of both hockey-players and spectators was directed to a far more tragic incident.

Joyce, happy as a bird, had been for some time gliding lightly hither and thither without any preconcerted plan as to route, when she caught sight of the Beresford boys on the little bridge. Turning in their direction, she skated rapidly up to the bridge, and was about to address them when the treacherous ice, weakened by Barry's solid weight, gave way, and Joyce found herself struggling for life in the deadly cold water. She had not even time to scream or call for help; in a moment she was immersed and helpless, for, though she could swim, her movements were impeded by her clothes, and she was utterly disconcerted by the suddenness of the misadventure.

No other skater was near the spot; of all the souls on and around that pool, only the Beresfords witnessed the event. The girl sank and reappeared while the two boys were still gazing at the black circle of water in speechless horror. In her agony she shrieked, and then they, too, raised their queer, feeble voices in an appeal for help. And then—most

strange of all deeds in the annals of heroism—Harold Beresford dropped off the bridge on to the ice, ran towards the gaping hole—and disappeared.

He could not have been of any possible assistance to Joyce; indeed, he would have been an incubus—an additional peril. But Barry's scorn was ringing in his ears. He had been called a coward. He would show everybody that, although he might be weak, he wasn't afraid, and so he sprang to Joyce's assistance and fell in beside her.

Meanwhile, Edmund's rabbit-like squeaks had attracted attention, and soon assistance was at hand. A hurdle was dragged off the bank and pushed along the ice up to the edge of the hole. Joyce had just sense and strength enough left to grasp it, and Harold, thinking—it must be admitted nought of Joyce, and everything of himself, grasped it, too, and so, shivering and gasping, was at length drawn into safety, when the first person to seize his hand and clap him on the back was his ancient foe Barry.

But Harold did not know that till afterwards. Edmund and his sisters bore him off on the instant, and never was mortal man or boy in this world tended with such care as fell to the lot of Harold Beresford that afternoon. Suffice it to say that he got up the following morning very little the worse for his bath, and a great deal the better—as far as his manhood was concerned—for that desperate endeavour to render aid to a drowning fellow-mortal.

Joyce, on the other hand, was in far sadder case

Barry, clear-headed and practical, had taken her hand and made her run to the farm with him. But she was faint and tottering by the time they arrived, though the run had warmed her blood a little. That night her temperature was perilously high, and Deadwood, who sat by her bedside, looked very serious.

CHAPTER XVIII.

A FRIEND IN NEED.

ALL that night, and the next day, and the day after, Joyce Denver, only half-conscious and breathing heavily, fought for her life. The battle was an even one, for, matched against the dire chill that had gripped her blood were a good constitution and the fine skill of a clever surgeon. But throughout the contest the child's Guardian Angel must have hovered over the house, for there were critical moments which made even the young doctor's heart beat fast, accustomed though he was to such wrestles with Death. We may picture at such times the Angel placing her white presence between the sick bed and the black phantoms that waited hungrily for the little soul, held to earth by a gossamer thread.

Throughout this trying period George was in a fever of anxiety and distress. The horrible possibility that he was going to lose his sister haunted his mind day and night; appetite and sleep fled, and he grew thin and haggard His own sightless and impotent condition filled his cup of sorrow to the brim; he could only pace up and down the little parlour—up and down—and wait with a heavy heart for bulletins from the sick-room. Barry came up and tried to comfort him, but there was little to be said. Barry did his best, in his blunt way, to assuage his friend's grief, but George, though grateful enough to the other for his kindness, felt relieved when he went away and left him to rove the small sitting-room at his will.

So the minutes and the hours dragged heavily on. George had nothing to do but listen to the coming and going of the doctor; the soft, quick steps of Mrs. Elphinstone and the maid, as they went up and down the staircase; the subdued, ominous sounds, generally, of a house of sickness. Time's feet seemed to be shod with lead during these dreary days of suspense.

Barry, in his rough kindliness, knowing no other method of expressing his sympathy, sent up huge hothouse grapes and other impossible comestibles for the sufferer's consumption. When the grapes were handed on to George he almost choked in a brave attempt to swallow a few of them. He pushed them aside and threw himself on to the old sofa with a groan. And for the hundredth time he asked himself what he had done to deserve so much trouble.

It was on the fourth day of Joyce's illness that Deadwood, watching the descending flakes of snow from the window, was surprised to hear himself addressed by the invalid in a perfectly rational and collected manner. He turned round quickly and gladly. The fever, then, had left her brain.

"Yes," he said, in answer to the query addressed to him, "George's eyes have been well looked after and are going on very nicely."

"I hope he's not worrying because I'm ill," said Joyce. "He is a dreadful boy to worry, you know."

"He will be very glad to hear you are better," replied Deadwood, avoiding a direct answer to the question.

The young doctor was delighted to find that his small patient's temperature had abated.

But the struggle had left her much reduced; it would take weeks of careful nursing to pull her round, and there was always the danger of a relapse to be feared. Still, the crisis was over for the time being, and that night Deadwood sent up Evans to see Joyce, while he himself went to bed and slept the clock round.

George was admitted for just three minutes to see his sister. He was so weak and run-down that the news that she was practically out of danger had quite unmanned him. He could only take the hot little hand that she held out to him and press it, for there was an enormous lump in his throat which prevented him from saying a single word. That was all that happened. He didn't even see her. Then Evans gently turned him out of the room, and George, groping his way down to the little parlour, was glad that nobody came in during the next ten minutes.

However, the fact that his sister was on the way to recovery made all the difference to him, and he could now listen to Mr. Elphinstone's long Scotch anecdotes of an evening with a certain amount of patience. For Mr. Elphinstone, in a worthy endeavour to do what he could to raise the boy's spirits, had taken it into his head to spin him prodigious yarns of a humorous nature, though they seemed to George the most prolix and unfunny stories he had ever heard in his life. However, to oblige the bailiff he occasionally laughed—sometimes, unfortunately, in the wrong place—and by his demeanour endeavoured to appear interested in what was being narrated.

As for Mrs. Elphinstone, that good soul was in her element. She enjoyed waiting on an invalid far more than going to a theatre. Sickness of any kind had a ghoulish fascination for her, and it may truthfully be said that during Joyce's illness she was happier than she had been for months past. Her only fear was that Joyce, with her sound little body, would get well too soon. So indefatigable and assiduous was Mrs. Elphinstone, indeed, that it seemed quite on the cards that she would nurse Joyce to death instead of back to life, and Deadwood had to warn her that there was such a thing as being too attentive to a patient. It took a casual threat to the effect that he might find it necessary to send up a trained nurse, to make Mrs. Elphinstone abate some of her intemperate ardour and reduce her pillow-arrangings, sheet-smoothings, and proffers of "just a little of this beautiful soup," to a reasonable average.

Barry about this time caught a cold which inflicted upon him temporary loss of voice. Nevertheless, he still called regularly at the farm and insisted on leading George out for walks. With one unable to see and the other to speak, their perambulations about the farm lands were hardly lively affairs; Barry could only steer George's steps safely by keeping a tight grip on his arm, and George indulged in what was practically a monologue, since Barry, thanks to his inflamed larynx, could only make remarks in a whisper that was almost inaudible. However, George got some colour into his cheeks, and the queer conditions under which these walks were taken had the effect of cementing the friendship which had sprung up between the articled clerk and the boy he had once sought to bully. While Barry was dependent on George for conversation, George relied on the other for vision, and the mutual sympathy evoked by their respective conditions made them better friends than they had ever been before.

Unfortunately, however, Barry had no sooner recovered his voice than Mappin sent him off on the firm's business to a distant part of the county. So then George's walks came to an end, and again he found himself moping about the house all day long in a rather morbid state of mind.

He was tinkling somewhat miserably on the piano one day, with the soft pedal well down, when he heard a voice in the hall which sent a sort of joyful electric shock through him. He started up, hoping against hope that he had not been deceived, and then began to grope his way hastily to the door.

He was fumbling excitedly with the handle when the door was opened suddenly on the other side and he was sent reeling back. He gripped wildly at where he thought the table was, but missed it, and fell. In a moment, however, he felt the grasp of a strong man's hands under his elbows, and he was on his feet in a trice, red and stammering with surprise and delight.

It was Munro.

"Why, my dear old boy," said the artist, "I hope I haven't hurt you!"

"You didn't hurt me a bit, sir," replied George. "It was my fault."

"Well, now, we'll get out of this cold room before we talk. There's a fire in the one opposite."

He put a kindly hand on George's shoulder, and led him back to the parlour.

"Where's the parrot?" he asked, looking round.

"We banished him to an outhouse, so that he shouldn't disturb Joyce."

"Joyce! To be sure. How thoughtless of me not to have inquired about her first of all. How is your sister?"

"She's getting better every day," said George, "though of course she's awfully weak and all that."

"Dear, dear me, what a peck of troubles!" cried Munro, taking big strides across the room. "And to think I shouldn't have known anything about it till young Dwyer mentioned it in a letter I received from him yesterday. He's looking after Rufus, you know. I came off at once and made a great lady very cross by postponing her sittings."

Munro clapped his hands on George's shoulders again.

"When I heard what had occurred, George, I thought you'd like to see me. So here I am, and here I'm going to stop till things have righted themselves a bit." He paused a moment and then, in a somewhat altered tone, asked: "I suppose your people in town were told about Joyce?"

"Yes; Dr. Deadwood wired."

"Well?"

"My uncle asked to be informed regularly of her condition. So Mr. Elphinstone sent a wire every day."

Munro bit his moustache. "Then your sister—in town—knows?"

"I suppose so," said George.

He had wondered why Molly had sent no word. Of course, she was very busy, and possibly didn't realise—or hadn't been fully informed—how very ill Joyce was. But still—it was strange—he couldn't quite understand.

Nor, apparently, could Munro, who, on the few occasions that he had seen Molly, had been treated by her in a chilly fashion that rather puzzled him. Could he, he asked himself, have read her aright? He had never imagined her to be the sort of girl whose head is turned by success. And yet—yet—the Molly of *The Mayflower* was not the Molly he had first encountered on the beach one fair April day. However much she might have changed in one way, however, he could not imagine that she harboured now a whit less affection for her little sister. He was certain Molly did not fully realise how ill Joyce was—or had been. She must have imagined that the child had nothing more than a severe cold.

"Do your people know about your eyes?"

"They know they're bad," said George. "My uncle wrote and told me not to bother about getting any work to do until they were quite well."

Munro had been doing famously of late—for him. His study of little Jack Blunt had brought him a good price and several commissions—one a portrait commission from a titled patron of art. He had repented him of his resolution to sell the portrait of Molly. That he intended to exhibit at the Academy, together with the painting of Mrs. Pardoe. And while the sun of success had been shining on him, he reflected, these youngsters had been plunged into fresh adversity.

"Well, I'm here now," he said, "and here I'm going to stay if the good lady of the house will put me up."

The artist's words had dissipated all George's melancholy. Munro's very presence seemed to make things quite bright again. Dr. Deadwood, he acknowledged, was an awfully good chap, and Barry was a first-rate chum, but Mr. Munro, as George crudely but sincerely put it to himself, had something about him which made him different to everybody else.

"You look chippy, George," said the artist presently. "You've had the miserables, I'll be bound—and no wonder. But now you and I are going to get those eyes well, and we're going to get Joyce well, and then we're all going off for a holiday. Do you think I may see Joyce?"

"Oh, I'm sure you can," said George.

"Ask Nurse, whoever she is," quoth Munro, mindful of sickroom etiquette.

Mrs. Elphinstone said "only a few minutes, being a stranger, who'll excite her," and Munro went up.

Joyce turned her head and looked at him rather vaguely as he entered. Then recognition stole into her white face, and with a smile of welcome she put out a sadly thin little hand. Munro put his big one round it and sat down on the nurse's chair.

"I am so pleased you have come," said Joyce, softly. "I was sure you would."

CHAPTER XIX.

MR. BLUNT'S HAPPY THOUGHT.

WHEN Black Jack escaped up the cliff from the coastguard and Deadwood, he made straight for home. Having entered his domicile in the manner he invariably adopted when the front door was locked, i.e., by the kitchen window, he first proceeded to devour all the food he could find, and then commenced a stealthy ascent to the spare room. It was his intention to be off again at early dawn, and he desired that his wife should remain ignorant of his presence in the cottage.

But there was a light sleeper in the house

with whom he had not reckoned. The small amount of noise he had made in his search for eatables failed to reach the ears of his wife, who, tired out after a long day's mangling, was sleeping heavily; but little Jack Blunt was aroused by the stealthy movements below, and, sitting up in his cot, listened with all his ears.

Little Jack hadn't a doubt as to the visitor's identity. He knew instinctively that it was his sire who had honoured the modest dwelling-place with a call, and intended to make the fact known to his mother when the time should be ripe for the announcement.

Just, therefore, as Black Jack was pad-padding cautiously in his stockinged feet past his wife's door, a shrill voice that he had often cursed in smothered accents broke the silence of the dark little house.

"Mother, 'ere's father come 'ome! Wake up, mother!"

The boy followed up this summons in a practical manner. Leaping from his cot, he ran to Mrs. Blunt's bed, and began to tug the clothes vigorously.

"Wake up, mother," he cried again; "'ere's father."

The boatman opened the door and put his shaggy head into the room.

"'Old yer noise, you imp," he growled in a hoarse undertone. "I'll screw yer neck if you say another word."

But little Jack was not to be intimidated. He renewed his efforts to arouse Mrs. Blunt from her deep sleep, informing her meanwhile in a penetrating treble of his reason for so doing.

Black Jack shook his huge fist at the boy, took his head out of the room, and closed the door quietly. But the mischief was done by this time, and the occupant of the bed was sitting up and rubbing her eyes

"Eh?" she said. "Yer father?"

"Yes, 'e's come 'ome. 'E's on the landing."

Mrs. Blunt was out of bed in a second, and, just as her lord and master was creeping in between the blankets in the spare room -he had not waited to undress—a scraggy form in night attire loomed up by his bedside and seized him viciously by the hair.

"You come 'ome, you ruffian!" she shrieked. "Come back 'ere when you can't 'ide anywhere else, 'ave you? Out you get! You're not goin' to stay 'ere, so be off, and sharp."

"Be off, and sharp!" echoed little Master Blunt from the doorway.

"Leave go of my 'air!" shouted Black Jack, flavouring the command with a suitable excerpt from his vocabulary of invectives.

"Get out and be off, then, or I'll 'ave the police to yer."

"'Ave the police to yer," said little Jack, in a tone which suggested that he would probably be the person to fetch them.

"Send the kid away, and I'll explain," expostulated the boatman, seizing his wife's wrists. "You ought to 'ave more respect for me than to let 'im over'ear everything," he added, in an aggrieved tone.

"The kid ain't doin' no 'arm," cried Mrs. Blunt, releasing her husband's unkempt locks. "Now, then, just explain what you've bin up to. Jack, light the candle and bring it in 'ere."

The boatman knew his wife's character better than she suspected. He was well aware that she still had a sneaking regard for his welfare, although she bore him little enough of the love that she had entertained for the giant when she had been misguided enough to marry him. He therefore told her exactly how he had fared since the night of the Dr. Denver episode.

When he pulled away from the scene of the catastrophe in Munro's dinghy, he put a mile between the shore and himself before pausing to think out the situation. The result of his cogitations was that he rowed back to the beach, and took shelter for the night in the cave that he made use of at various periods The coastguardsmen were not at that time aware of the existence of this cave. Blunt knew almost to a minute when they were due in its vicinity, and was careful never to enter or leave it when Dwyer or any of his colleagues were likely to be about. In the early dawn he had erased the words *Why Not Dinghy* from the stern of the boat he had used, and sent the little craft adrift. As she was leaking slightly at the time, he trusted that she would fill and sink before many hours had passed. And in all probability, as Munro neither heard nor saw anything more of his dinghy, this was the fate that befel her.

Keeping to his cave during the daylight, and only issuing therefrom at night for a little fresh air when it was perfectly safe to do so, Black Jack had subsisted on food brought to him "by a pal wot I know something against." This gentleman, a shore-loafer of his own kidney, being so unfortunate as to break his leg, the cave-dweller found starvation staring him in the face, and on this account was led to commit the assault on Dr. Deadwood which resulted in the refugee's hasty return to his modest home.

"Where's the watch?" demanded Mrs. Blunt, when her husband had come to an end of his moving story.

"I dropped it," was the reply.

"Gammon!" was Mrs. Blunt's unbelieving retort. "'And it over."

"'And it over," put in Master Blunt, who had listened to his father's gruff recital with wide-eyed attention.

"That kid's got too much lip," observed Black Jack, in an aggrieved tone, as he unwillingly produced the article under discussion.

"I shall give it back to 'im," said Mrs. Blunt. "I won't 'ave no stolen goods in this 'ouse. 'E won't know 'oo's left it, so don't look so scared. Now get yer clothes off and go to sleep. You can stay 'ere till you can get away safe. You don't deserve it, but I can't forget you're me 'usband. Go back to bed, Jack, and keep yer tongue quiet when I'm talking to your father."

Mrs. Blunt was a true woman. In his hour of dire peril her heart softened towards her husband, and she toiled her hardest to provide the ruffian with the food, drink, and tobacco that he required. Luckily the house on one side had recently been vacated, and it was here that Black Jack had the cunning to hide when the hue and cry was raised for him after his midnight call on Mr. Lawson. Being desperately in need of a little ready money, he had ventured forth one night when his wife was away. After the police had paid their fruitless visit he returned to the little back room, and with the money he had found in the brewer's pockets was wont to send his son for beer when Mrs. Blunt was not in the house. Little Jack obeyed his father in sullen silence, and did not say anything to his mother about these expeditions. But although he ran errands and accepted pennies for his trouble, he could never be prevailed upon to "give his pa a kiss," though frequently urged so to do by Mr. Blunt.

HE COULD NEVER BE PREVAILED UPON TO "GIVE HIS PA A KISS."

It occurred to some of the neighbours, when they caught sight of the little boy trotting down the street to the nearest public house, jug in hand—there was no law then prohibiting a child of such tender years from buying liquor—that Mrs. Blunt was taking rather more than was good for her, but as the boat-

man's wife kept herself to herself, and had very little to say to those living round and about her, no comments on little Jack's journeys ever reached her ears.

The fact that Blunt's presence in the place was never suspected was due, not only to the emptiness of the house on one side, but also to the deafness of the lone widow woman occupying the house on the other side. As the purchase of tobacco in Mellerby would have aroused suspicion, Mrs. Blunt obtained this commodity by post from London. It was Black Jack himself who thought of this device, and pointed out an advertisement of a popular brand in a well-thumbed copy of a weekly journal which he favoured above all others on account of its copious reports of police-court proceedings. And thus the outlaw whiled away several months, never a soul outside the house dreaming that he was in it.

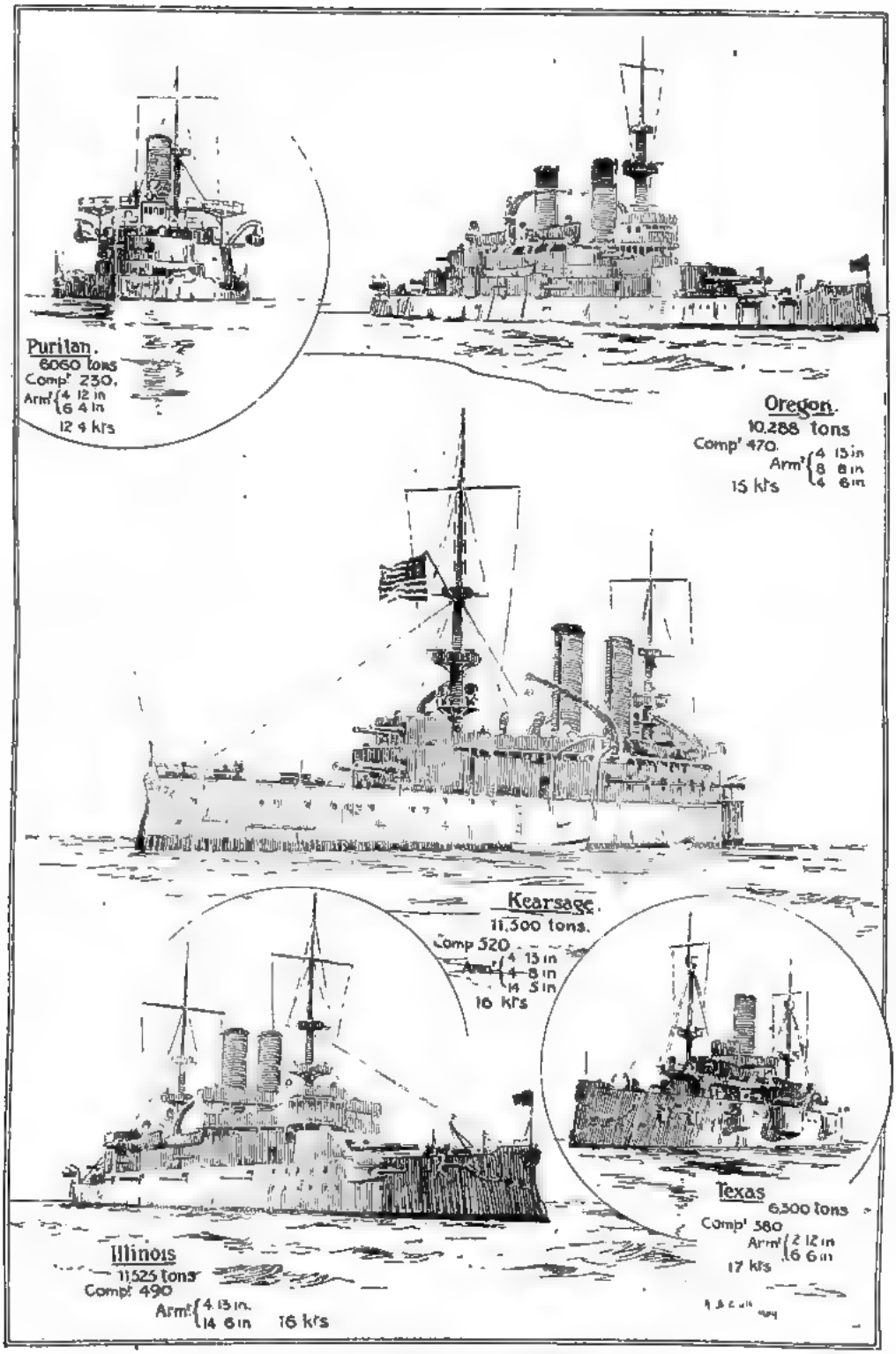
At last sheer *ennui* goaded Blunt into action. He decided to help himself to a boat, row out to sea, and get picked up by a passing vessel. Then, if he had any luck, he would be put ashore at some foreign port where it would be an easy job to sign on as one of the crew of a ship bound to a distant corner of the globe. Japan, say. That sounded a good long way from Mellerby police-station.

Having matured his plans, he waited until his wife should depart on one of her periodical charring visits to a neighbouring village. He wanted her to be well out of the way at the time of his departure, and he wanted the night of his exodus to be as dark a night as possible.

Fortune, as it appeared, favoured him. Early in the dismal month of February Mrs. Blunt informed him that she would not be home to sleep on a certain night, as she was wanted for two days at a farmhouse. She left some food for him, and, as was usual now, little Jack stayed at home to act as his father's house and parlour maid. While the daylight lasted, Black Jack lay on his bed and added a few finishing touches to his mental programme. Before finally shaking the mud—as it was now—of Mellerby off his feet, he thought it would be a pity not to fill his purse at the expense of some good Mellerby householder. He was already so deep in the mire of guilt that one more little burglarious venture could not make his record much blacker. He conned over the houses that lay between the street in which he dwelt and Mellerby beach. The Vicarage Mr. Blunt promptly dismissed from his mind as an unpromising edifice to plunder. The poor-box in the church would be equally unlikely to yield much of a haul. "Wee Neste," the abode of a newly-married young City man, who came down for week-ends, was also struck off the list. So was Trenham Place, the abode of a retired Covent Garden asparagus merchant. There were dogs there, in addition to a stalwart coachman-gardener, who slept on the premises, his wife acting as cook to the establishment. Then came a row of substantial villas, which were pack full of children. Not much likelihood of anything valuable being left about in places like that. No, what Mr. Blunt required was the house of a well-to-do, unprotected female. He ran over the list of unprotected females dwelling between his road and the beach—or within a fairly wide area in the direction of the beach, as he did not mind going a little out of his way—and found it to be a very short one. In fact, the only unprotected female (worth robbing) he could think of was Mrs. Pardoe. She, he remembered, had a dog, but it was an old one and probably slept in its mistress's bedroom. Ah! the very house. These aged ladies had a way of keeping money in odd places. He had been in her parlour when he had been paying his rent and had noticed a very handsome cabinet in the corner—the lower part having wooden, and the upper part glass, doors. A very likely cabinet for his purpose and a house that should offer no difficulties as to entrance to a man of his resources. Over the bridge, past the summer-house in which she had been sitting when last he had had the pleasure of a little conversation with her, up the path bordered by gooseberry and raspberry bushes, and so to the kitchen window. At the conclusion of his visit, back again the same way, then over the common towards the empty bungalows and the drawn-up boats.

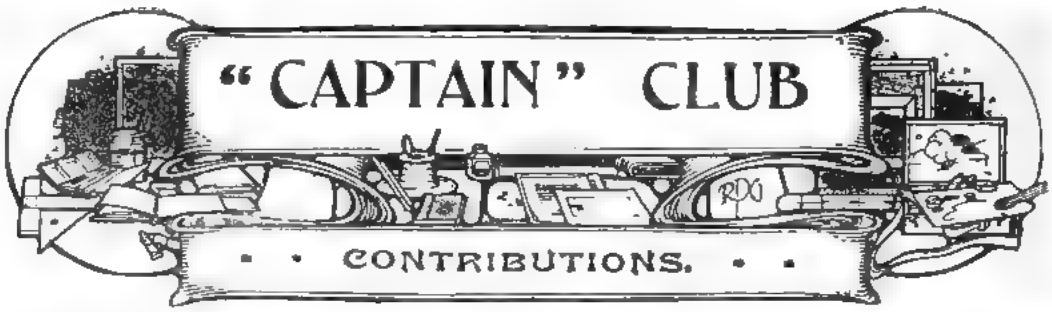
Congratulating himself on the felicity of the idea, Mr. Blunt smoked serenely and waited for dusk. And when it grew dark, Mr. Blunt was pleased to observe that there was next to no moon. As the hour grew late, rain began to fall, and with it came the wind, sighing and moaning round the dripping eaves. It was a black, dismal night, well suited to the deed which this desperate outlaw had in contemplation.

(To be concluded.)



SOME AMERICAN BATTLESHIPS.

Drawn for The Captain by A. B. Cull.

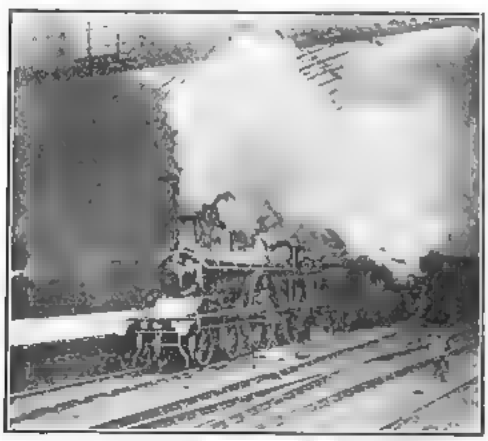


This part of the Magazine is set aside for Members of the CAPTAIN Club with literary and artistic aspirations. Articles, poems, etc., should be kept quite short. Drawings should be executed on stiff board in Indian ink. CAPTAIN Club contributions are occasionally used in other parts of the Magazine.

BOOKS by CAPTAIN authors are awarded to A. D. Robertson, "A Watson Boy," A. Van Swae, and Joseph W. Connell. Each prize-winner is requested to send his present address, and at the same time to select a book.

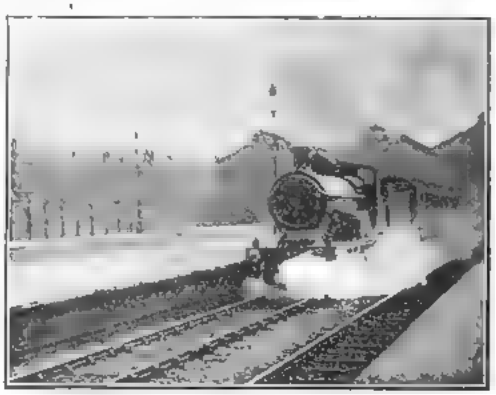
Train Snaps.

PROBABLY most amateur photographers who have taken snapshots of railway trains have often been disappointed with their results. The chief cause of failure is undoubtedly under-exposure, but the attempt to snapshot trains travelling at top



SCOTCH EXPRESS LEAVING ST. PANCRAS.

speed, with a shutter that will not work with sufficient rapidity, accounts for many of the blurred results which are produced. These blurred results would be greatly modified if the train were made to cover less of the plate, as the nearer the train is to the lens the more blurred will be the result. Besides, is it not an advantage to show, in moderation, the metals upon which the train is about to run? In a photograph, the only means of giving a train the appearance of movement is by the reproduction of steam. This is obviously best obtained after the train has just started, or when it is ascending a steep gradient. Therefore, instead of snapshotting trains travelling at a very high speed, it is better to take them when they are travelling comparatively slowly,

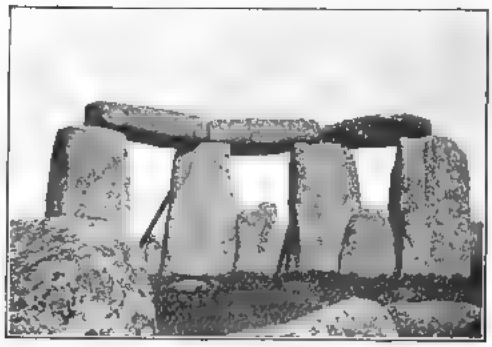


LEICESTER EXPRESS LEAVING MARYLEBONE.

as not only is steam more likely to be obtained, but the risk of under-exposure is greatly minimised. In order to reproduce steam to its full advantage, backed plates should be used. The accompanying photographs, illustrating my suggestions, were taken about midday in April, upon Imperial Special Rapid plates, with an aperture of *f*/8, and shutter working at 1-25th of a second. A. D. ROBERTSON.

Stonehenge.

SEVERAL widely different theories have been advanced as to the probable origin of the megalithic structure which dominates Salisbury Plain. Stonehenge is Old English for "hanging-stones," or "stones of Hengist." In 1620, Inigo Jones, the father of modern English architecture, expressed the opinion "that Stonehenge was a Roman temple, inscribed to Cœlus, and built after the Tuscan order." This idea was opposed by Dr. Charleton, who ascribed it to the Danes.



STONEHENGE.
Photo. by Sybil Nicholson.

One hundred and twenty years later, Dr. Stukeley overruled both these suggestions, and proclaimed it to be a Druid temple, in which view he was supported by many eminent men of that period. Scientists and astrologers of more recent generations have described it as the Assyrian Bel and an astronomical observatory respectively, while modern palæontologists, from Lord Avebury downwards, regard it as being from 10,000 to 50,000 years in antiquity. Excavations made in 1620 by the Duke of Buckingham, however, go to contradict this latter theory, as iron armour and Roman pottery were discovered under the base of the fallen stones, conclusively proving that Stonehenge was erected after the arrival of the Romans in Britain. Further, all direct historic evidence available points to the fact that Stonehenge was raised, probably by Ambrosius, to commemorate the slaughter of 300 nobles by Hengist, in 469 A.D. C. G. P.

The Rugby International Championship, 1883—1904.

THE year 1883 was practically the first year of the Championship, as previously to this Wales had no fixture with Scotland, and it was only in 1880 that Wales began its series of matches with England. As far back as 1871 Scotland beat England at Edinburgh by 8 points to 3, and to this day England *v.* Scotland is looked upon by both countries as the most important fixture of the year. Since 1883 Scotland has distinguished itself most, closely followed by England, which won the Championship in 1883, 1884, 1885, and was equal with Scotland in 1886. Last year England was unlucky in not getting the Calcutta Cup, and Wales was also unlucky in being beaten by Ireland by 14 points to 12. Scotland has much cause to thank Ireland for defeating Wales, as she would have had to give up the Cup to Wales had the Irish been beaten. In the Scottish-English match (1904), Scotland won by two tries to one. Scotland scored through J. E. Crabbie (formerly of Oxford) in the first half, but at the beginning of the

A COMPETITOR IN A DOG-SLEDGE RACE IN THE VICINITY OF STOCKHOLM—A FAVOURITE SWEDISH WINTER SPORT.
Photo. by Klemming and Meller. Sent by Georg Brochner.

second half E. J. Vivyan (Devon) scored for England right behind the posts. Vivyan took the easy place-kick himself and, as luck would have it for the Scotch, missed bringing out major points. Just on time, "Jimmy" Macdonald (Scotland's little terror) scored for the North, thus gaining the Cup for Scotland for the second year in succession. It may be mentioned that Mark C. Morrison, the Scottish captain, has played in no fewer than twenty-five International Matches for Scotland, captaining Scotland fifteen times! This great player has been forced to retire, and he will be sadly missed from the Scottish ranks this season. Appended is the position of the four countries from 1883:

PANORAMIC VIEW OF PORTION OF RUINS AFTER GREAT FIRE OF TORONTO (APRIL 19TH AND 20TH, 1904), Showing on the left dynamite explosion for the purpose of removing the tottering walls. Assisted by a furious gale, the fire raged for ten hours, and devastated an area of fourteen acres, destroying 130 wholesale warehouses of the value, roughly, of £2,400,000.

Photo. by Arnold Brigden, Toronto.

	Pld.	Won	Drn.	Lost	Points For-Agst.	No. of times Champions.
1. Scotland	61	37	8	16	487-214	12
2. England	59	30	5	24	442 348	9
3. Wales	58	23	3	32	393-492	4
4. Ireland	60	18	4	38	233-471	5

"A WATSON BOY."

Why "Lorna Doone" will Live.

WILL it live? is a question often asked about a book that has become a popular favourite. With regard to the majority of present-day productions, the answer must be in the negative, as they hopelessly fail to stand the tests that must be applied. Happily, however, some of them can emerge successfully from the most critical examination. One of these is, in my opinion, Blackmore's masterly *Lorna Doone*.

Applying the tests to this particular work, the first item to consider is—is the subject treated worthy to live? If the true loves of a brave, honest, and sterling Englishman and of a high-born yet humble and faithful maiden are of any worth, then the answer is emphatically—yes. Is a true and faithful representation of English country life a fit subject to record? Again we have the same reply.

If the portrayal of the characters, the scenes, the life of those times, the virtues, vices, and aspirations, is absolutely genuine, then it will pass our second test. Is this the case with *Lorna Doone*? The reply cannot be otherwise than favourable, as truth and genuineness pervade the whole book, even to an account of such a small, insignificant and unpoetical occupation as feeding pigs. On further examination we find that the style and subject matter are delicately blended. The simple, yet rugged and picturesque style at once gives an idea of the country, as well as of the chief characters. Especially is this harmony seen in the passage in which "Jan Ridd" declares his love for "Lorna," in their secret meeting-place. The time, the place, and the outspoken words of honest Jan are all in touch with the mutual love that is being revealed.

As to the language, who can say that Blackmore has not presented his mother-tongue in such a way as to make one feel what a grand language English is? The country dialect as well as the language of court is faithfully set down.

The meaning throughout is always clear, the chief reason being that the author never used

THE "VICTORIA AND ALBERT," KING EDWARD'S BEAUTIFUL YACHT.
It is a very imposing vessel of 4,700 tons displacement, carries engines of 11,000 horse power, and is capable of steaming at 20 knots per hour under normal conditions.
Photo. by William Woodin.

a foreign word if a good old English one could possibly be employed instead.

On every page we seem to see a portrait of Blackmore himself, hale, hearty, straightforward, honest, and hardworking. We see a man who loved his home, his family, and, indeed, all the world; a manwho had a contented mind, and who, within his rugged exterior, had a heart as pure, tender, and true as that of a little child.

For these reasons I think that *Lorna Doone* will deservedly live. JOSEPH W. CONNELL.

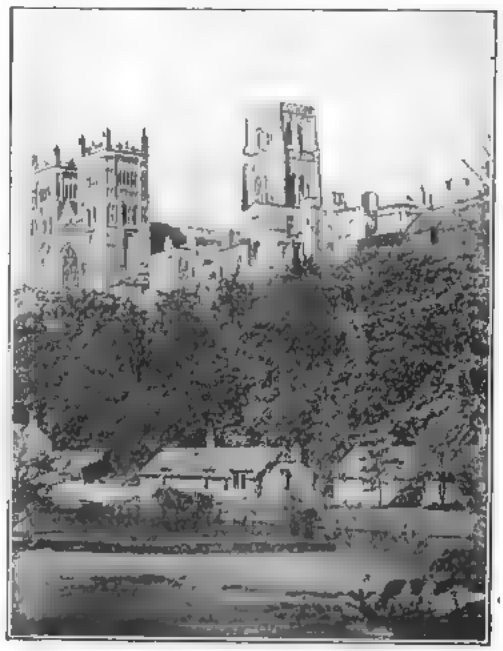
They and We: A Contrast.

They wear a cap, we a hat.
They wear no overcoat, we do.
They turn up their trousers, we don't.
They have a stick, we have a cane.
They are cold-blooded, we not quite so much.
They eat much "steak," we drink much wine.
Their schoolmasters cane them, our schoolmasters kick us.
They are born sportsmen, we may learn to be.
They have a pipe, we cigarettes.
They don't know conscription, we are its slaves.
They have a fine navy, we acknowledge it.
They travel at sixty miles per hour, we at thirty to forty.
They pay 1d. a mile, we five centimes.
They are Protestants, we mostly Catholics.
They are clean-shaven, we have pointed moustaches.
They have their pudding, we have our soup.
They build machinery, we have many artists.
They are good at maths., we at the languages.
They have Dons and Blues, we Professors and students.
They are for the Japs, we for the Russians.

A. VAN SWAE.

Durham Cathedral.

TOWERING majestically over the quaint old city, and presenting an impressive picture from across the river Wear, Durham Cathedral comprises the work of four centuries. It was commenced about 1093, by Bishop William de Carilepho, and was completed towards the end of the fifteenth century, consequently embracing specimens of the Norman and Early English styles of architecture. The cathedral covers a total area of 55,700 feet, the inside length being 473 feet, while the nave is 81 feet in width. The Chapel of the Nine Altars, at the east end, is an elegant example of pure Early English, the pillars and screen being festooned with rare carving. The exceptionally large rose window at the same end is renowned as being one of the finest lights in England. But the chief characteristics of Durham Cathedral, perhaps, lie in its three richly ornamented towers, the highest being 216 feet, and dating from the thirteenth century. The ill-fated Cardinal Wolsey was once Bishop of Durham, and the cathedral contains the tombs of St. Cuthbert and the Venerable Bede. ST. IVEL.



DURHAM CATHEDRAL, FROM PREBEND'S BRIDGE.
Photo. by E. G. Caldcleugh.

COMPETITIONS FOR FEBRUARY.

Last day for sending in, February 18th.

(Foreign and Colonial Readers, March 18th.)

NOTICE.—At the top of the first page the following particulars must be clearly written, thus :—

Competition No. ——, Class ——, Name ——,
Address ——, Age ——.

Letters to the Editor should not be sent with competitions.

We trust to your honour to send in unaided work.

GIRLS may compete, and in the event of their proving successful in competitions where cricket-bats, &c., are offered as prizes, will be allowed to select other articles of similar value.

Pages should be connected with paper-fasteners; not pins.

Write only on one side of the paper.

You may send as many "tries" for each competition as you like, but each "try" must be sent in a separately stamped envelope.

Owing to the frequency with which certain names have appeared in the Lists of Prize-Winners, we have decided to make a rule to the effect that a Competitor may not win more than one first prize and one consolation prize per month.

Address envelopes and postcards as follows:—Competition No. ——, Class ——, THE CAPTAIN, 12 Burleigh Street, Strand, London.

All competitions should reach us by February 18th.

The Results will be published in April.

AGE RULE: A Competitor may enter for (say) an age limit 21 competition, so long as he has not actually turned 22. The same rule applies to the other age limits.

In every case the Editor's decision is final, and he cannot enter into correspondence with unsuccessful competitors.

No. 1.—"**Hidden Advertisers.**"—Second Series.—On one of our advertisement pages you will find twelve pictures. Each picture is intended to describe the name of a well-known advertiser or advertising firm. Write the name under each picture, fill in your name, age, class, and address, tear out the page, and post to us. Prizes: Three Columbia A. Q. Graphophones. (See Prizes page.)

Class I. ... .. Age limit: Twenty-one.
Class II. ... .. Age limit: Sixteen.
Class III. .. .. Age limit: Twelve.

No. 2.—"**A February Event.**"—Write an essay, not exceeding 400 words in length, on any great event that has happened in the month of February. Neat handwriting, punctuation, and good spelling will be taken into consideration. Prizes: Three Benetfink Footballs (or Hockey Sticks for girls). (See Prizes page.)

Class I. .. ... Age limit: Twenty one.
Class II. .. ... Age limit: Sixteen.
Class III. ... ... Age limit: Twelve.

No. 3.—"**'Captain' Birthday Book.**"—This time take the month of *June* (thirty days), and supply a suitable quotation for each day. You may obtain your quotations, poetical or prose, humorous or serious, from any source you please. Make them as varied as possible, and bear in mind the season June falls in. Remember that you are put on your honour not to copy anything out of other birthday books. Do not neglect "THE CAPTAIN" when making your choice. Prizes: Class I., a handsomely framed picture by Louis Wain; Classes II. and III., a Set of Sandow Grip Dumb Bells. (See Prizes page.)

Class I. ... ... No age limit.
Class II. ... ... Age limit: Twenty-one.
Class III. ... . Age limit: Sixteen.

No. 4.—"**Photographic Competition.**"—Send a print from your best negative. Photographs must be original, *i.e.*, not copied from the work of others. Neatness in mounting will be taken into consideration. Prizes: Three "Swan" Fountain Pens. (See Prizes page.)

Class I. ... ... No age limit.
Class II. .. ... Age limit: Twenty one.
Class III. ... .. Age limit: Sixteen

No. 5.—"**Drawing of an Open Door.**"—Send a sketch of an open door, in pen, pencil, or water-colours. Prizes: Class I., a Gradidge Football; Classes II. and III., a City Sale and Exchange Hockey Stick. (See Prizes page.)

Class I. ... .. No age limit.
Class II. . .. Age limit: Twenty-one.
Class III. ... Age limit. Sixteen.

No. 6.—"**Derivations.**"—Give the derivations of the following twelve words, and explain how they came to have their present meaning: salver, atonement, arctic, ostracism, electricity, saunterer, biscuit, boudoir, auspices, meerschaum, degenerate, idiot. Prizes: in each Class, Books to the value of Ten Shillings.

Class I. ... No age limit.
Class II ... ... Age limit: twenty-one.

FOREIGN and COLONIAL READERS are invited to compete. In their case the time limit is extended to ***March 18th.*** By "Foreign and Colonial" we refer to readers living ***outside*** Europe. There will be ***no age limit.*** One prize of 5s. will be awarded to the sender of the best entry in each Competition. Envelopes should be marked: "Foreign and Colonial February Competitions."

12, BURLEIGH STREET, STRAND, LONDON.

"Captainites," young and old, will all hear with great regret that Mr. C. B. Fry has found himself compelled to vacate the position of Athletic Editor to this magazine. In the interests of his own magazine he considers it necessary that he should devote himself more exclusively to that periodical, and so, with much reluctance, he has handed over the Corner with which he has been so long associated to another writer. Mr. Fry joined THE CAPTAIN at its inception. To our first number he contributed a very sound article on "How to Train for Sports," and his work has appeared in nearly every succeeding issue. He has penned contributions for us on a vast variety of topics—cricket, football, sports, training, breathing, diet, and other little byeway subjects—"Cricket Crowds," "Holidays," "Moderation," "Perseverance," and the like. His CAPTAIN work alone would make a big book. He has enriched our columns with a host of reliable information and helpful answers to correspondents, and he has throughout taken a keen and lively interest in the magazine's welfare. We bid him farewell with regret. His strenuous personality has permeated our pages; his vitality has imparted, I think, something of itself to our programme and our tone. His printed teachings remain behind for you to read and read again—the splendid work of a great man, who, by arduous study and struggle, had first to instruct himself in the wisdom which he has handed on to you in THE CAPTAIN Athletic Corner.

Such a Man is not easily replaced, for our Athletic editorship demands many qualities. Our Athletic Editor must be something of a scholar as well as an athlete, he must be a man of sound judgment and ripe experience, and one who has the interests of boys at heart. And I have been so fortunate as to obtain a man possessed of all these qualifications. As "P. F. Warner" he is known in the papers—as "Plum" Warner to his friends. In Mr. Warner we have a thoughtful and capable writer—on divers subjects besides cricket, as you will see as time goes on—a cricketer of great distinction, and a very good fellow. He is full of fire and ideas, and keen as mustard on keeping up the reputation of the Corner he has succeeded to. That he is a man of very solid worth you may be sure, else would he never have been chosen to captain the M.C.C. team that went to Australia last winter, and won the rubber in the test matches. This summer the Australians will be battling for those "ashes" on the green swards of Old England, and no one will be better equipped with knowledge to discuss the struggle than the English captain who so recently, and amid so much adverse criticism, took an English team to Australia, and covered himself with glory. In the spring Mr. Warner will sum up, in these pages, the merits of each member of the Australian team, and, as the season goes on, will give his further impressions of our visitors.

From Mr. Fry's admirable "Book of Cricket" I extract the following estimate of our new Athletic Editor's prowess:—

> No heartier cricketer than Pelham Warner ever chose a bat. His education in the game was at Rugby, with Tom Emmett as head-master. There he learnt the rudiments of an irreproachable style and more of cricket lore than most men of fifty carry in grey heads. His school cricket was a great success, and he eventually captained the Rugby eleven. This honour he afterwards supplemented

MR. P. F. WARNER.
OUR NEW ATHLETIC EDITOR.
Photo. T. Humphrey and Co.

by gaining his Blue at Oxford. But it was not till he came down that he developed into the batsman his cricket for Middlesex has shown him to be. As he is one who thinks that there is always room for improvement, and that everything requires attention and diligence, he is likely to take a very high place among batsmen. He represents the best kind of public school player. His style is almost classically correct, without being so moulded as to suppress individuality. Perhaps the most noticeable point in his play is the absolute straightness of his bat, but his orthodoxy is of the kind that appears natural, such is the ease that much practice gives. Many players who strive after correctness lose their ease and swing; not so Warner, who has made all that is artificial in batting quite his own.

The quality of defence is strong both in his back and in his forward play, as you would expect from so straight a "cue." He is not exactly a powerful back player, because he does not force the ball quite enough, but he is sound as a bell. His forward play is of its kind practically perfect. He never fails when in form to plant his leg quite close to the line of the ball and to play the ball quite close to the leg. This point is particularly evident when he plays forward to the ball well outside the off-stump. And almost every time he tries the stroke he may stay well balanced where he is, and watch the ball go for four, a result as satisfactory to the spectators as to himself

He is a very determined player on the leg-stump, being able to persuade most balls pitched there away outside mid-on for twos and threes. Anything on his legs he deals with in the most approved fashion, a neat glance or glide. He is one of those batsmen who make their strokes late rather than soon, so his push strokes are not dead, but alive; they go hard and reach the boundary. He is a keen and energetic fieldsman, who loves his work all day, a passable bowler at country houses, and a golden treasury of all that ever happened, or was likely to happen, in the game of cricket.

As for other biographical particulars, well, *Who's Who* sums them up in this commendably terse fashion:—

Warner, Pelham Francis; Journalist, Barrister-at-Law, Inner Temple; b. Trinidad, West Indies, 2 Oct. 1873; y. s. of late C. W. Warner, C.B.; m. 1904, Agnes, d. of late Henry Arthur and Mrs. Blyth, of 45 Portland Place, W., and Stanstead, Essex. Educ.: Rugby, Oriel College, Oxford. Honours in Final School of Jurisprudence; Rugby XI. 1889, '90, '91, '92 (Capt.); Oxford XI. 1895, '96; Middlesex XI. since 1894 (Vice-Captain); Captained M.C.C. Team in Australia, 1903-4. Publications: "Cricket in Many Climes"; "Cricket Across the Seas"; "How we Recovered the Ashes"; Cricket Contributor to *Westminster Gazette*. Recreations: cricket, tennis, swimming.

So now, being possessed of all this information about Mr. Warner, you will doubtless turn with interest to his first contribution to our columns—"The Story of Middlesex."

The other day I received a call from an old friend who has never yet been to see me without making a suggestion. I was worrying away at my proofs, with that confounded Eton-jacketed young fellow (the one on the books) interrupting me with all sorts of questions, when the door opened and an odd figure appeared. Our Hound followed immediately in his wake, as if uncertain whether to bite him or not, but ready to do so (judging by the way he sniffed at the visitor's calves) on the slightest provocation, or at a nod from myself. "Yes, sir?" I said, and then, "Lie down, Baskerville—lie down, old boy!" Our Hound lay down exactly where he was, and with his head between his paws proceeded to watch the caller in a sullen and suspicious manner. I turned my gaze interrogatively

AS IF UNCERTAIN WHETHER TO BITE HIM OR NOT.

on the tall, lean, bearded gentleman in question. "Yes, sir?" I repeated. He was holding his hat and umbrella in front of him in a manner which seemed familiar to me. Where had I met him before—in a tea-shop, in Egypt, in the Tube—where? At length he spoke:

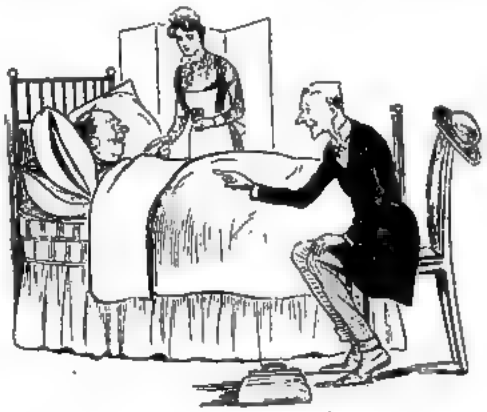
"Don't you know me?" I gazed at him searchingly through my glasses. . . . Of course! "*The Idea Merchant!*" I exclaimed. "Ah! you've penetrated Nature's disguise, then?" laughed he; "you will observe I have grown a beard." "It is

not an improvement," I ventured. "Then 'tis soon removed," cried the Idea Merchant, plucking off his false chin covering and thrusting it into his overcoat pocket. "I adopted this disguise," he explained, "in order to get successfully past the Fighting Editor and the Office Dog. My ruse was successful—eh, Baskerville, old man?"

Baskerville rose to his feet and inspected the caller's trouser-legs. I motioned to him to lie down again, and when he had done so I placed a chair for the Idea Merchant. Then I waited for the usual sentence. It was not long coming. "*I have an idea for you*," he said, and groped importantly in that same old inner pocket.

For the benefit of the New Reader I must here interpolate a few words of explanation and introduction. The Idea Merchant made his bow to THE CAPTAIN public in our first number, where I described how our friend proposed to execute various wonderful feats (such as crawling from London to York on his hands and knees) and publishing his experiences in our pages. Since then, there have been intermittent references to him in this Corner, mostly of an unsatisfactory nature. To our last Christmas Number but one he contributed a brief letter addressed from Holloway Gaol, where he had been confined for assaulting a gentleman with whom he had differed on the Big and Little Loaf question. I had not seen him since, hence my failure to recognise him with a beard—previously he had been clean-shaven—which artificial growth, I must add, did not enhance his beauty or lessen the extraordinary nature of his appearance. Indeed, coupled with his threadbare frockcoat and ill-brushed hat, it gave him the look of a sandwichman rigged out for a party by a third-hand clothes-dealer.

I tapped the desk with my pencil, and smiled encouragingly. It was so long since he had been up that even the Hound had forgotten him. I like to let old friends see I remember them, and the Idea Merchant was often in and out in THE CAPTAIN'S early days. In fact, his "Any crumbs, Mr. Editor—any little crumbs of work for yours hungrily?" was at one time almost a daily inquiry. He witnessed the magazine's early struggles—he was an eccentric member of our little circle when we were all six years younger, working shoulder to shoulder to build up THE CAPTAIN on a solid foundation. "Well," I said, "and what new idea have you got for me now?" "This," he replied, taking a roll of paper from his pocket and spreading it out upon his knee with much circumstance. "May I ask whether you suffer from insomnia?" I answered him that I did not. "Still, you sympathise with people who suffer from that distressing malady?" "Yes," said I; "certainly I sympathise with them." "Then will you act as Chairman of a company I am forming to provide a certain cure for sleeplessness?" "I don't think



"I SHALL TAKE A TURN AT IT MYSELF."

I can do that," said I. "But tell me about your cure, will you?"

The name he had given to his remedy, he told me, was "SLEEPO—Nature's Sweet Restorer," and the remedy consisted of a course costing fifty guineas. Each patient would be required to spend a month at the Sleepo establishment in London, where he would be lulled to rest by the strains of a fairy-like string band. Should more music be required, the musical-box in each bedroom could be turned on at the rate of 6d. per half-hour. Every air played would be of a soothing and peaceful nature. Should the patient awake in the night, another sixpennyworth would be at his service. The rooms of the Sleepo institution would be specially constructed; air would be introduced, but not sound. In fact, the institution would prove of universal benefit. People took cures for other complaints, then why not for sleeplessness—he asked again, why not?

"**You** must remember," said I, "that insomnia springs from a variety of causes—depression——"

"I have thought of that," cried the Idea Merchant. "I shall have a fellow to tell funny stories to depressed people, and make them chuckle themselves to sleep. I shall take a turn at it myself, in fact, when our *raconteur* wants an evening off."

"I should have thought that funny stories would keep a man awake," said I.

"No, sir," replied the Idea Merchant. "Ease the poor fellow's mind, make him laugh, put him in a good humour—then sharp along with a glass of hot milk, and turn on the musical-box. Do you take me?"

"Take you?"

"Understand me, I should say. Then again. Some people sleep better in a train than in a bed. 'Sleepo' will provide for them by means of a bed *in* a train—in fact, a train-dormitory. A long train, all beds Punctually at eleven p.m. they will arrive at the station, each will go into his cubicle, and the train will start."

"Where will it go?" I asked.

The Idea Merchant waved his hand vaguely.

"Liverpool, York, Cardiff—anywhere But when they wake, hey! presto! they will find themselves back at their starting-point. Do you take me?"

I smiled. The Idea Merchant rose to his feet.

"Now for my plan of procedure. With your help, I propose to advertise particulars of the company, and offer the public fifty thousand shares at par. *I* shall be the Managing Director; you, Honorary Chairman."

"What's that?"

AT ELEVEN P.M. THEY WILL ARRIVE AT THE STATION.

"You are supposed to take the chair at the meetings, but you won't really. *I* shall."

"I SHALL BE THE MANAGING DIRECTOR."

"Why put me down, then?"

"Sir, your reverend appearance, your white locks, your stoop, your pious expression, the excellent tone of the periodical you conduct with such good taste and sound judgment——"

"Well?" said I, impatiently.

"All these attributes give you a certain market value on a prospectus," he replied in a very practical tone.

"Thank you," said I, "but I don't intend that my pious expression and white locks shall be put to commercial uses."

"'Sleepo,'" replied the Idea Merchant, "will be largely a humanitarian movement. It is," he proceeded, in an unctuous drawl, "the outcome of a desire on my part to benefit suffering humanity——"

"Who will first buy fifty thousand £1 shares?"

"Capital is necessary," he snuffled.

"As regards," said I, "your suggestion that I be Honorary Chairman. I suppose you would put my portrait on the prospectus?"

"Why, yes," said he; "it would inspire confidence. The very look of you is calming to the nerves. Think of the poor insomniack——"

"Eh?"

"Insomniack—'one who cannot sleep.' Think, I say, of the poor insomniack gazing on that reverend appearance, those white locks, that stoop——"

"That'll do—close down," I cried. "I feel as if I were something in a Stores cata-

"COULD YOU OBLIGE ME WITH HALF-A-CROWN?"

—GAZED DOWN AT THE HOUND IN AN ANXIOUS MANNER.

logue. To be brief, what do you want? You know I won't have anything to do with this wild cat idea of yours, so the point is——"

"Ah!" He bent over me. "*Could you oblige me with half-a-crown?*"

I produced the coin. "You might have said that was what you wanted, without all this rigmarole about my stoop, my pious expression, &c."

"Still," he said, "don't you think there's something in my idea? Sleepo would minister to the wants of many thousand poor insomniacks——"

I rose to my feet. "That word again! Look here, do you mind going?" And I pointed to the door.

"Think of the poor wrecks of insomniacks——" he recommenced.

"*Will* you go?"

"Think of the advertisements: '*If you Can't Sleep, Try Sleepo, Nature's Sweet Restorer. Only Fifty Guineas; Worth Five Hundred.*'"

"Go, sir!" I thundered.

At that moment Baskerville made a jump at him. The Idea Merchant leapt lightly on to a desk and gazed down at the Hound in an anxious manner.

"With you as Honorary Chairman," he started again, "the public, inspired with confidence by your stoop, your white——"

Baskerville uttered a menacing growl.

"Hold the dog, and I'll go," said the Merchant.

"Lie down, sir," I said to the Hound. "Now, then——"

FURTHER SOUNDS LED ME TO BELIEVE THAT HE WAS GOING DOWNSTAIRS IN A HURRY.

He hurried to the door, went out, then put his head in.

"It's worth thinking over. It's not every man who can start a company on the strength of his appearance. Your white locks would——"

"Baskerville!"

The Hound, with a blood-curdling growl, sprang forward. The door banged, and further sounds led me to believe that the Idea Merchant was going downstairs in a hurry. Since then I have seen nothing of him.

I do not altogether like what he said about my appearance. Are my locks as white as all that? Is my expression so very pious? I thought I had a touch of the *bon vivant* about me. Here, boy, bring me that little bit of a looking-glass of yours. Ah! Now, then. . . .

. . . . [*When I took this 'ere to the printer's 'e was still studying 'imself in the glass. Don't believe 'e likes being called Ho Heff—vanity, that's wot it is—vanity. Oh, 'ow weak is 'yuman natcher*—The O.B.]

Books Received: In addition to the books reviewed elsewhere, I beg to acknowledge receipt of the following, a selection of which will be noticed next month:—

From Ward, Lock, and Co., Ltd.—*In Regions of Perpetual Snow*, by Gordon Stables, M.D., C.M., R.N. (5s.).

From A. and C. Black.—*The Pilgrim's Progress*, by John Bunyan (6s.).

From the Westminster Press.—*The Commission of H.M.S. "Fox,"* the "Log" Series, No. 19 (4s. net).

From W. Collins, Sons, and Co., Ltd.—*My Sword's My Fortune*, by Herbert Hayens (6s.); *The War God and the Brown Maiden*, by Tom Bevan (3s. 6d.).

From George Bell and Sons.—*Eton*, by A. Clutton-Brock; *Harrow*, by J. Fischer Williams; *Winchester*, by R. Townsend Warner; *Rugby*, by H. C. Bradby; *Charterhouse*, by A. H. Tod; *Westminster*, by Reginald Airy (3s. 6d. net each); *Rowing and Sculling*, by Guy Rixon (1s.); *Wrestling*, by Walter Armstrong (1s.). **THE OLD FAG.**

[*A large number of correspondents will receive replies next month.*]

Results of December Competitions.

No. I.—"Famous Footballers."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-one.)

WINNER OF "GRADIDGE" FOOTBALL: Arthur Wheeler, Desmond House, Southchurch-road, Southend-on-Sea.

CONSOLATION PRIZES HAVE BEEN AWARDED TO: C. E. Vigor, Forest Lea, Highstone, Leytonstone, N.E.; Bernard F. Manbey, Crompton School, Southend-on-Sea.

HONOURABLE MENTION: W. Leslie, C. L. Widlake, W. E. Horner, W. J. Phillips, Archie Rutter, W. T. Casson, H. Wilmot.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

WINNERS OF HOCKEY STICKS: John J. Sheil, 61 Spellow-lane, Liverpool; Tom Marston, 13 Denman Drive, Newsham Park, Liverpool.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Jack Gillman, N. McCaig, Neville H. Smith, Jack H. Gamble, Geo. H. Banton, James Loutet, W. S. Leeming, Frank R. Howse, R. C. Tripp, L. E. Lawrence, Edward W. Simpson, A. R. Burnett-Hirst.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Twelve.)

WINNERS OF HOCKEY STICKS: James Cooper, Parkiseа, West Cults, Aberdeen; W. Howard Mallett, 48 Grandison road, Clapham Common, London.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Leonard Clifford, K. Turpin, Leslie Philp, B. J. Michael, H. W. Turner, J. W. Middleton.

No. II.—"A December Event."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-one.)

WINNER OF BENEFINK FOOTBALL: Eric Moore Ritchie, Beaufort House, Alexandra Park, Manchester.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE HAS BEEN AWARDED TO: Frances Whittingham, Kimberley, Kinnaird-avenue, Bromley.

HONOURABLE MENTION: J. M. D. Henderson, William Ainsley, Robert Layfield, C. E. Duncan, F. J. de Boos, W. G. Palmer, F. Gordon Grigsby, E. Wharrier-Soulsby, F. Eustace Petter, W. H. Gronow.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

WINNER OF SANDOW GRIP DUMB-BELLS: J. Wilson Campbell, 6 Vernon-street, Bolton.

CONSOLATION PRIZES HAVE BEEN AWARDED TO: William M. Marshall, Elizabeth College, Guernsey; W. E. R. Saunders, 13 Church-street, Wellingborough, Northants.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Ian O. Innes, G. H. Banton, L. A. Pavey, W. H. Lea, William Mackay, L. J. Hibbert, C. A. Wheeler, R. L. Robertson, Arthur Fox, Frank N. Harby, Thomas Cooke, Marguerite Schindhelm.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Twelve.)

WINNER OF SANDOW GRIP DUMB-BELLS: Elizabeth Maude, 9 Cadogan gardens, London, S.W.

HONOURABLE MENTION: R. J. Evans, C. W. Metcalfe, Percy Hartill, Cameron Bardsley.

No. III.—"Handwriting."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty one.)

WINNER OF HOBBIES' FRETWORK OUTFIT: G. W. Bailey, 396 Attercliffe road, Sheffield.

CONSOLATION PRIZES HAVE BEEN AWARDED TO: Thomas Street, 36 Montgomery-street, Edinburgh; S. Wilson, The High School for Boys, Croydon; Charles C. Norbury, 6 Stonehaven terrace, Stanley-road, Wakefield.

HONOURABLE MENTION: John F. Rowan, Haveley R. Hill, Harold Schofield, Harry Wolff, Thomas R. Penn, R. Padro, T. F. McMullen, Fred. J. Spencer.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

WINNER OF HOBBIES' FRETWORK OUTFIT: Douglas King, Whinhill Cottage, By Auchinblae, Fordoun.

CONSOLATION PRIZES HAVE BEEN AWARDED TO: Norman Lockhart, Manor House, Clapham, S.W.; J. W. Smith, Branksome, Edgeley-road, Cheadle Heath.

HONOURABLE MENTION: J. M. Aitken, Arthur Dickson, E. F. S. Anderson, John Hunt, Francis G. Potter, A. Robins, R. G. M. Jones, Harry Hodson, G. Holzapfel.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Twelve.)

WINNER OF HOBBIES' FRETWORK OUTFIT: Douglas Cruickshank Herring, Chesnous, Belmont-road, Wallington, Surrey.

CONSOLATION PRIZES HAVE BEEN AWARDED TO: A. S. Killick, 5 Dixon road, New Cross; Donald F. Fergusson, Logie Manse, Bridge of Allan, Scotland.

HONOURABLE MENTION: A. G. Fenn, Harry C. Hunt, Charlotte M. Tainton, Thomas Cooke, R. W. A. Lloyd Jones, A. W. Harris, R. S. Ashworth, Harold Paxton, N. Bollam.

No. IV.—"Photographic Competition."

CLASS I. (No age limit.)

WINNER OF COLUMBIA GRAPHOPHONE: E. G. Medley, Clarendon-road, Shanklin, I.W.

CONSOLATION PRIZES HAVE BEEN AWARDED TO: R. G. Jenkins, 114 The Albany, Albany-road, Camberwell, S.E.; A. H. Kimm, 18 Brook street, Cromer; Ursula M. Peck, 8a Randolph-road, Maida Vale, London, W.; A. H. Kimm, 18 Brook street, Cromer.

HONOURABLE MENTION: K. Reeves, G. Heynes, Arthur Higgins, the Rev. A. N. Gilmore, H. Gibson, Herbert W. Harmsworth, Mrs. Pratt, H. J. Tufnell, W. J. Walker, jun., W. R. Bainbridge.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Twenty one.)

WINNER OF "SUNNY MEMORIES" ALBUM: G. S. H. Cushnie, 182 Grove-street, Liverpool.

CONSOLATION PRIZES HAVE BEEN AWARDED TO: L. E. Bastable, Brighton-road, Rathgar, Dublin; W. L. Taylor, 9 Bell street, Henley-on-Thames; Alfred Mattinson, 5 Norfolk-road, St. John's Wood, N.W.; S. G. Gurney, 93 Queen's-road, Wimbledon.

HONOURABLE MENTION: J. J. R. H. Oldham, J. D. MacKay, W. N. Bagshaw, Charles W. Hoban, R. E. O. Chipp, Alice M. Hamling, Stanley Dudman, Othert Boucher.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

WINNER OF "SUNNY MEMORIES" ALBUM: Cedric Burrell, Neville Cottage, Clifton-road, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

CONSOLATION PRIZES HAVE BEEN AWARDED TO: Bennett Robinson, 246 Bath-street, Glasgow; Dorothy Alice Hilton, Oaklands, Sturry, near Canterbury; William G. Briggs, 80 Reedworth street, Kennington, S.E.

HONOURABLE MENTION: R. J. Howie, Arthur O. Donoghue, Eric R. Evell, H. C. C. Stanley, Reginald J. Drury, Jasper Williams.

No. V.—"Captain Birthday Book."

CLASS I. (No age limit.)

WINNER OF JOHN PIGOTT GOLF OUTFIT: C. Maud Heddy, 46 Redcliffe gardens, South Kensington.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE HAS BEEN AWARDED TO: May MacCowen Hall, Penderel Lodge, Tenterden.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Charles Reed, Constance Mesurvy, Constance Greaves, Mary Gillott, Albert A. Kerridge, S. C. Arding, Ursula M. Peck, G. T. Burrows.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Twenty one.)

WINNER OF HOCKEY STICK: Albert Albrow, 43 Hinton-road, Loughborough Junction, S.E.

CONSOLATION PRIZES HAVE BEEN AWARDED TO: Grace Elliston, 37 Clondesdale road, Balham, S.W.; Margery L. P. Laycock, 10 Lancaster road, West Norwood, S.E.

HONOURABLE MENTION: T. W. Spikin, Marian Hewitt, C. S. Duncan, Gladys A. W. von Stralendorff, Alice M. Hamling, E. Wharrier-Soulsby, Ethel L. Brooks, Evelyn Byrde, F. Gordon Grigsby.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

WINNER OF HOCKEY STICK: R. Gough, 12 Northgate-street, Bury St. Edmunds.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE HAS BEEN AWARDED TO: Maude Brougham, Viewmount, Inverness.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Dorothy Smithers, M. Rose Sandes, Mildred Hall, J. Wilson Campbell, Jean B. Montgomery, Dorothy Osmond, George M. Fowler.

No. VI.—"Stamp Collectors' Competition."

CLASS I. (Over Twenty.)

WINNER OF "CRISPAIRE" OUTFIT: B. L. Jones, 6 Brunswick street, Carlisle.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Constance H. Greaves, Winifred Cates, W. A. Oldfield, H. G. Tucker, Arthur H. Redman.

CLASS II. (Over Fifteen.)

WINNER OF "CENTURY" STAMP ALBUM: Jack Simpson, North of Scotland Bank, Portree.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Lottie Tucker, C. R. Wood, Herbert W. Quicke, W. E. Powell, John Deed, Mildred Hall, P. Langston, Gwen Okeden.

CLASS III. (Under Fifteen.)

WINNER OF "CENTURY" STAMP ALBUM: J. F. Mielziner, 6 Lindum-terrace, Bradford.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Percy W. Sadler, J. S. Jeffrey, R. R. Gench, Phyllis H. Arundel, Edgar A. Leigh, J. W. Smith, Ernest A. Hill, S. Carson.

Foreign and Colonial Readers. November, 1904.

No. I.—WINNER OF 5s.: Arthur Troye, 53 Pretoria street, Hospital Hill, Johannesburg, South Africa.

No. II.—WINNER OF 5s.: E. S. Glasse, 54 Cape-road, Port Elizabeth, Cape Colony. Honourable Mention: E. W. Melville, B. A. Harris (India), Frank Calcutt (Canada), M. R. D. Mookerjea (India), F. Delanougerede (India), D. G. Harris (India), Alfred Fulford (South Africa), Henry Burke (India), Aldridge Kershaw (Transvaal).

No. III.—WINNER OF 5s.: J. W. Stanley, Charlottetown, P.E.I., Canada. Honourable Mention: A. K. Tancock (Ceylon), John Allison (Cape Colony), R. C. Harrison (Cape Town), H. C. Maclaine (Demerara), Max Marais (Orange River Colony), Mary W. Johnstone (Transvaal).

No. IV.—WINNER OF 5s.: R. D. Mookerjea, Bankipore, India. Honourable Mention: B. A. Harris, Leslie Lacy-Langley (India).

No. V.—WINNER OF 5s.: Egerton W. Melville, 10 East Race Course, Kingston, Jamaica. Honourable Mention: B. A. Harris.

No. VI.—WINNER OF 5s.: A. W. Edwards, Bank of Commerce, Windsor, Nova Scotia, Canada. Honourable Mention: J. Lacy Langley, W. G. Hanson (Canada), R. D. Mookerjea, E. W. Melville, F. Delanougerede, A. K. Tancock, Kenneth Cameron (Cape Town), A. W. McGregor (Cape Town), Max Marais, Aldridge Kershaw.

Winners of Consolation Prizes are requested to inform the Editor which they would prefer—a volume of the "Captain," "Strand," "Sunday Strand," "Wide World," "Technics," "C. B. Fry's Magazine," or one of the following books—"Jim Mortimer, Surgeon," "J. O. Jones," "Tales of Greyhouse," "Actor's Pawn," "The Heart of the Prairie."

Comments on the December Competitions.

No. I.—A correct list will be found on an advertisement page. Pictures Nos. 2 and 3 proved to be the most difficult to solve, a large number of competitors putting "Wood" and "Pallett" instead of the correct solutions.

No. II.—A number of good essays were sent in, but on the whole they were not up to the usual high standard. The important events which found most chroniclers were: Battle of Austerlitz, Birth of John Milton, Death of Washington, Fall of Plevna, and Battle of Colenso.

No. III.—There were an enormous number of entries for this competition, and such was the general excellence that the winners were only selected with difficulty.

No. IV. There were very few entries this month, probably owing to the dull weather.

No. V.—A large number of exceedingly good birthday books were submitted, the quotations for the most part showing great taste and judgment. Competitors must bear in mind that very long quotations are unsuitable. I congratulate the prize-winner in Class II. on a most artistic production.

No. VI.—The six most artistic postage stamps, according to votes, are as follows:—

Canada, Jubilee Issue, 1897.
New Zealand, 5s., 1898.
New Zealand, 2½d., 1898.
Tasmania, 1d. and 2d., 1900.
Newfoundland, 5c., 1896.
Jamaica, 1d., 1900.

I regret that some confusion was caused as to classes, but competitors may rest assured that no one has suffered any injustice in consequence of the error.

FOREIGN AND COLONIAL READERS.—More new names, I was pleased to observe.

THE COMPETITION EDITOR.

HAMLEY'S NOVELTIES.

HAMLEY'S Speciality
Boxes of Surprises.

Box containing 1 Flying Bananas, 1 Flying Snake, 2 Howling Babies, 2 Goose, 1 Balloon, 1 Blow-out Cigar, 1 Fid, 1 Flying Serpent. All of these blow out and squeak, causing roars of laughter. Price 1/-, Post Free, 1/3.

Smaller Box, containing 7 Surprises. Price 6d.; Post Free, 7d.

Boxes of Flying Serpents, containing 7 different colours. Price 6d.; Post Free, 7d.

NOVELTIES. POST FREE, 7D.

Packet of Magic Flowers
Wizard of North Pack Cards.
The Three Card Trick.
The Ever-Changing Card.
The Marvelous Bubbler
The Funny Chinese Tumbler.
The Wonderful Flying Bat.
The Little Printer.

The Surprise Torch.

By pressing the bottom a spring jumps up, causing much astonishment and laughter.

Price 6d.

Post Free, 8d.

Magnetic Wonders.

A Box of Apparatus for experimenting with a Magnet. Very clever and amusing.

Price 1/- Post Free, 1/3. Larger Size 2/- Post Free, 2/4.

Strong Phonograph.

Mounted on Embossed Iron Base and Gold lined, good tone. Price 6/11. Post Free, 1 Extra.

The "Triumph" Phonograph.

Fitted on polished Wood Box with Nickel Base with reversible lid enabling Phonograph to be packed inside the box.

Price 10/6. Post Free, 1/6 ex.

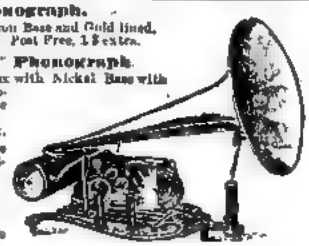
Edison Bell Cylinders for the above, Comic Songs, Recitations, Bands, &c.

Price 1/- Post Free, 1/3.

Gold Moulded ditto.

Price 1/6, Post Free, 1/9.

Sent by post at purchaser's risk.

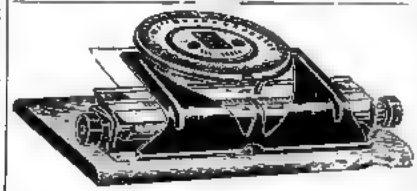


The Camera Obscura.

Very amusing and interesting.

Price 2/-.

Post Free, 2/4.



The Simplex Typewriter.

Useful and amusing and simple to work. Complete in box, with box and full directions. Price, No. 1, 3/-; No. 2, 12/6 & 2/- Box and Post 3d. and 1/- extra.

The Surprise Hunter.

A Great Novelty. A paper cap is inserted inside the case, and when the top is pressed it goes off with a loud report, causing much laughter.

Price 6d.

Post Free, 8d.

The Latest Novelty.

A nickel tube in the shape of a telescope, with a hole to look through at the top. You ask someone to find the view, and tell him to twist the screw to suit his sight, when to his surprise he receives a shower of water in his face.

Price 1/-; Post Free, 1/3.

HAMLEY'S BRANCHES { 64 & 66 REGENT ST., W. (Piccadilly Circus); 512 & 510a OXFORD ST., W. (Marble Arch); 59 KNIGHTSBRIDGE, S.W. (near Albert Gate); 35 NEW OXFORD ST., W.C., Conjuring and Entertainments; 231 HIGH HOLBORN, W.C., Conjuring and Fancy Goods; 86 & 87 HIGH HOLBORN, W.C., Wholesale and Retail. } **LONDON.**

Interesting, Instructive, and Amusing.

Established 1789. Contractors to the Admiralty.

BRITISH MADE WORKING SCALE MODEL STEAM ENGINES.—Run backwards or forwards, straight or circular. Correct designs and colours of the principal British Railway Companies. *Tested under steam and guaranteed.* Engines of all kinds from 1/6 to £15.

OUR FAMED CLYDE-BUILT MODEL RACING YACHTS, fully rigged, 36 in. deck, 7/9 to £10.

Send to-day for OUR SPECIAL ILLUSTRATED LIST of above, also Rails, Signals, Points, Bridges, Cars, Waggons, and all Rolling Stock of all the principal British Railways. Special Clockwork Railways, Steam Torpedoes and Submarines, Boats, &c. Post Free to readers of THE CAPTAIN for one stamp.

Dept. A, CLYDE MODEL DOCKYARD AND ENGINE DEPOT, Model Yacht Builders, Engineers, and Electricians, ARGYLL ARCADE, GLASGOW, N.B.

DELICIOUS COFFEE.

RED WHITE & BLUE

For Breakfast & after Dinner.

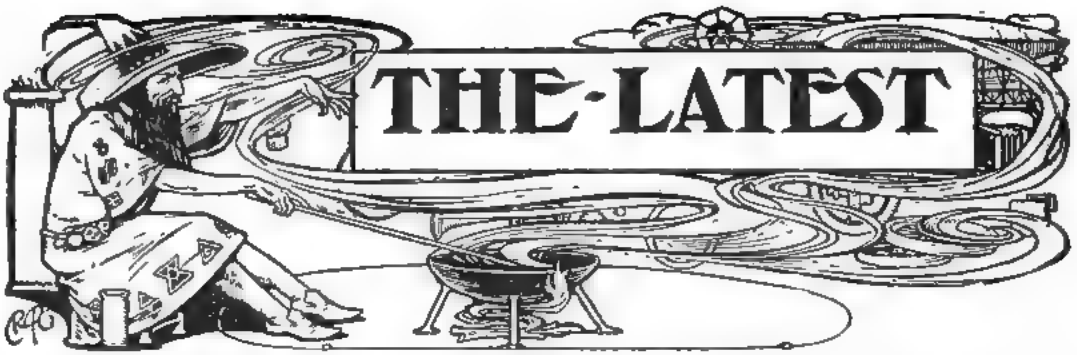
Take the advice of two great footballers—

Mr. A. J. GOULD (Newport), and HARRY WOOD (Southampton),

AND WHEN IN TRAINING USE

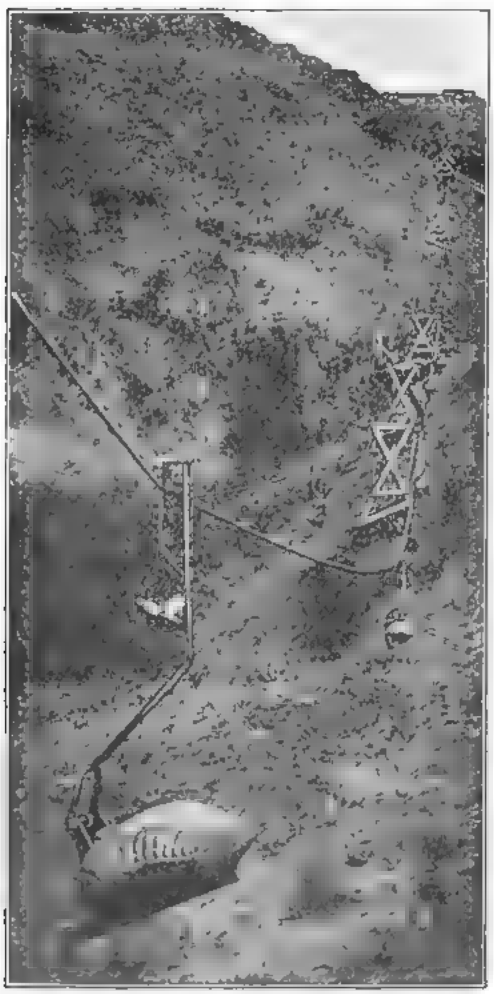
Fry's PURE CONCENTRATED Cocoa.

"No Better Food." —*Dr. ANDREW WILSON, F.R.S.E., &c.*

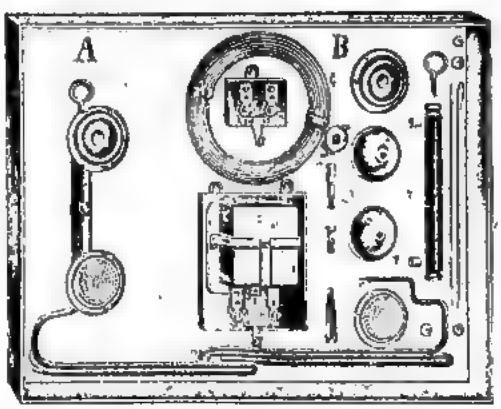


A Novel Wheat-Conveyor.

Europe depends on America for a large portion of its wheat supply, and some ingenious methods are used for conveying the grain from the great storage warehouses to the ships which carry it across the ocean. Of these, the most serviceable are the bucket tramways which convey hundreds of thousands of bushels of wheat every grain season, saving the farmers many miles of haulage over rugged country. The conveyor illustrated on this page is over a mile long, descends 1,700 feet, and is self-propelling. It is situated at Wawawai, Washington, on the Snake River. This unique contrivance is operated solely by gravity. Strung along the endless rope, at distances of 80 feet, are carriers, each capable of holding a sack of wheat. There are 120 of these carriers, so that 64 are constantly descending, loaded, to the lower warehouse, and at the same time hauling up the 64 empty carriers. This aerial tramway can easily convey 200 tons in ten hours, and 75,000 to 85,000 sacks in one season.



AN AERIAL WHEAT CONVEYOR.



Home Telephones for All.

By means of the model telephones supplied by Messrs. F. Darton and Co., 142 St. John-street, London, E.C., any CAPTAIN reader may, for an outlay of half-a-guinea, fix up a telephone at home between any two rooms of the house. The "Combinophone," as it is called, is quite the most scientific and practical set of parts on the market for a boy's own fitting-up. The "station," fitted with a key switch, is supplied ready-made, but the plain end is in numbered

LEARN AT HOME . .

A FOREIGN LANGUAGE

which is cheaper than attending a Class.

MARLBOROUGH'S

'Self-Taught' Series

Of European and Oriental Languages.

CONTAINS

Vocabularies and Elementary Grammar, Colloquial and Idiomatic Phrases, Commercial and Trading Terms, &c.

With English Phonetic Pronunciation.

FRENCH } Self-Taught. | **ITALIAN** } Self-Taught.
GERMAN } | **SPANISH** }

Blue Wrapper, 1/- each; **Cloth, 1/6** each.
Complete List of the Series Post Free.

All Players of the Game of Dominoes should obtain a copy of Mr. Whyte's

DOMINOES:

GAMES, TRICKS, AND STORIES.

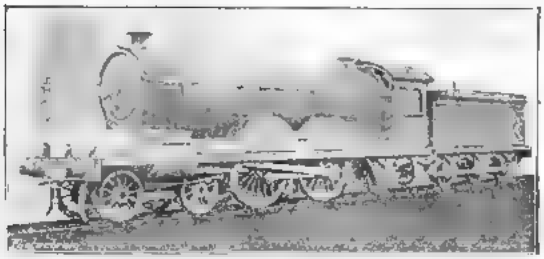
Wrapper, 1/- Cloth, 1/6.

"During the winter evenings boys and girls cannot do better than study the book."—THE KING.

Of all Booksellers and Bookstalls.

London: E. MARLBOROUGH & CO., 51 Old Bailey, E.C.

ARE YOU INTERESTED IN RAILWAYS & LOCOMOTIVES?



THE RAILWAY MAGAZINE

is the best and most popular railway publication. Record runs described by experts. Profusely illustrated. Popular Prize Competitions. Published monthly, price **6d.** Annual subscription, post free to any part of the world, **7s. 6d.**

Just Published by the *Railway Magazine*:

EIGHT LARGE COLOURED PLATES OF BRITISH LOCOMOTIVES, G.C. 192; G.E. 1335; G.N. 251; G.W. 171; L. & N.W. 515; L. & S.W. 395; Mid. 2632; and N.E. 640. Beautifully printed in ten colours. Size of each plate, 20 by 12 inches. Price per plate, post free, rolled and enclosed in tube, **6d.** Complete set of eight plates, and a large coloured plate of the Midland Railway "Scotch Express," will be sent to all who mention "THE CAPTAIN," post free, **4s.**

"RAILWAY MAGAZINE" OFFICE,

30 FETTER LANE, FLEET ST., LONDON, E.C.

THE **1000 SHOT**

DAISY AIR RIFLE

A MAGAZINE GUN WITH LEVER ACTION.
MAGAZINE HOLDS 1000 B.B. SHOT &
LOADS AUTOMATICALLY. *Length 36 inches. Weight 3¼lbs.*

Working parts steel and brass. Anyone can take gun apart and put together again.

SHOOTS ACCURATELY AND WITH GREAT FORCE.

NO POWDER. NO SMOKE. NO DANGER. NO NOISE.

PRICE 10 S. EACH FROM ALL DEALERS

Dept. N Wm. E. PECK & Co. 8, BRADFORD AVENUE, LONDON, E.C.

RULES of FOOTBALL, with Special Information to Players, Referees, and Linesmen.
RULES of HOCKEY, with Notes to Players and Umpires.
RULES of BADMINTON, with Particulars about Indoor Play.
Rules of all Indoor & Outdoor Games. **Post Free 3 Stamps.**

CRICKET COMPANION, 1905, contains special articles on Winchester College Cricket, price 6d.

Football Scoring Cards, **3d.** per dozen.

WRIGHT & CO., 23 Paternoster Square, London.

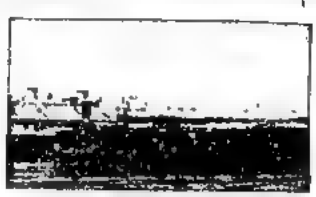
H.M.S. "CONWAY" SCHOOL SHIP

MOORED IN THE MERSEY.

Designed to give a sound TECHNICAL and GENERAL EDUCATION to boys desirous of entering the MERCANTILE MARINE and other professions. SEVERAL NOMINATIONS TO ROYAL NAVAL CADETSHIPS. Physical culture a special feature.

For full particulars and prospectus apply to the Commander, Lieut. H. W. BROADBENT, R.N.R., Rock Ferry, Cheshire.

PICTORIAL POSTCARDS LOCOMOTIVES & TRAINS



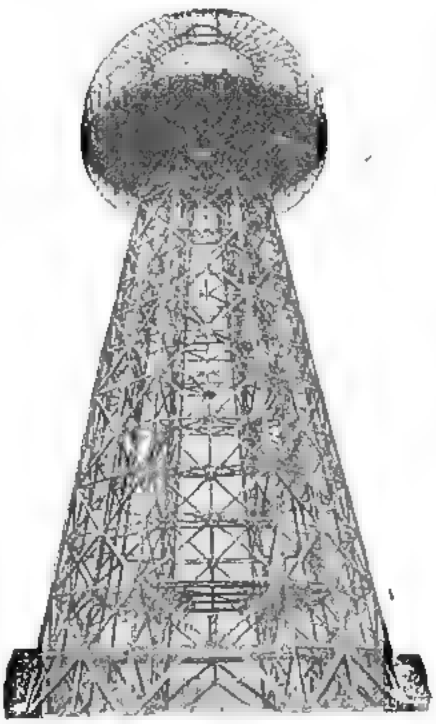
Sample 1 Dozen Cards, Post Free, 1/-.

THE LOCOMOTIVE PUBLISHING CO., Ltd.,
Amen Corner, Paternoster Row, London, E.C.

parts. Full directions and diagrams are enclosed. More elaborate "Combinophones" may be had from the same makers, price 13s. 6d. and 18s. the set.

The Latest Wireless Telegraphy Tower.

A sketch on this page shows the Tesla central power plant and transmission tower, for the transmission of wireless telegraphy, which are now nearly completed on Long Island, New York. The Tesla system is one of the rivals of Marconi's. The pyramidal tower shown herewith has eight sides and is 185 feet high.



NEW TRANSMISSION TOWER FOR WIRELESS TELEGRAMS

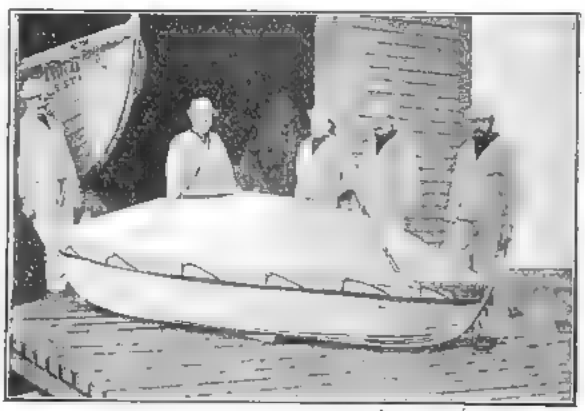
Railway on a Dinner Table.

We recently illustrated the model engine and train built to convey cigars, &c., round a gentleman's table during dessert. The accompanying photo. shows the whole railway as laid out on the table.

THE LATEST NAVAL GAME.

"Torpedoing an Ironclad."

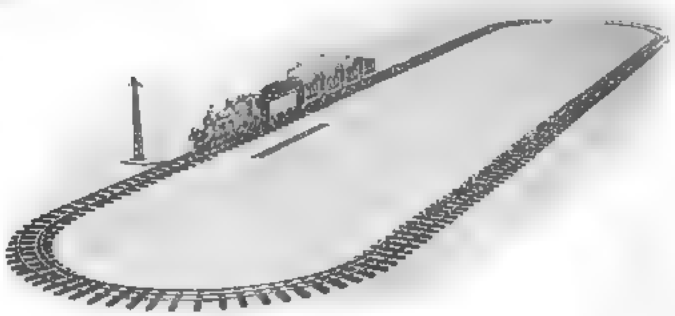
An accompanying photograph shows the clever toy which won the Grand Prize at the last Paris Toy Show. It is something quite new in home targets, and when the torpedo hits the ironclad the result is really startling. If you want to know more about it, write to John Piggott, Ltd., Cheapside, London.



THE NEW TYPE OF LIFEBOAT DESCRIBED BELOW.

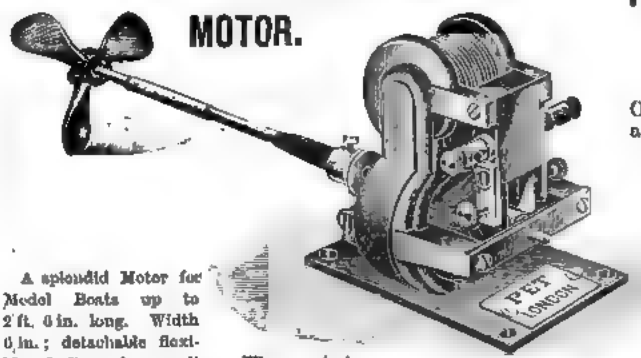
The Latest in Lifeboats.

The lifeboat shown in the accompanying picture is made of galvanised iron, and is drawn out to the wreck by a life-line fired from the shore. The boat is ten feet in length and will hold four people. After the persons to be rescued from a shipwrecked vessel are on board, a watertight covering is drawn over the opening and the boat hauled ashore.



MODEL RAILWAY ON A DINNER TABLE, WORKED BY ELECTRICITY.

THE "PET" ELECTRIC BOAT MOTOR.



A splendid Motor for Model Boats up to 2 ft. 6 in. long. Width 6 in.; detachable flexible shaft and propeller. When not in use in the boat, it can be used as an ordinary motor. It is self-starting and powerful. Price 9/-

No. 13.—Larger size 13/6

" 14 " " 21/-

" 15.—Suitable for Boat 5 ft. long .. 30/-

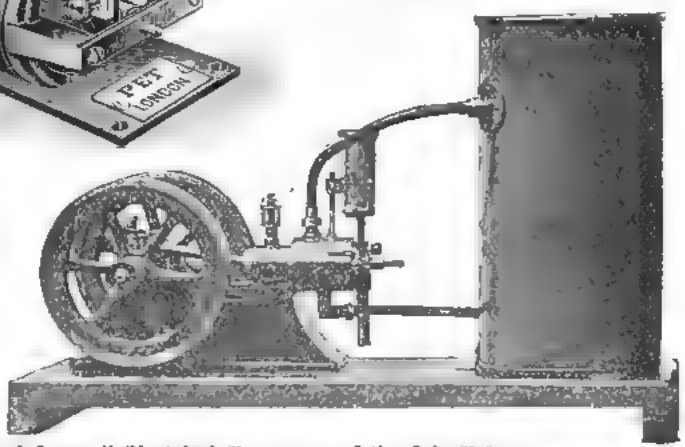
Runs well with Two Small Batteries, or an Accumulator.

THE "LITTLE GIANT" GAS ENGINE, ⅛ H.P.

Price complete for Gas, £13 10 0

Or, fitted with a Dynamo, 8-cog drum armature, giving 10 volts 6 ampères, suitable for charging small accumulators,

Complete £18 15 0



The above can be obtained from all Electrical Houses, or of the Sole Makers:

F. DARTON & CO., 142 St. John Street, London, E.C.

ILLUSTRATED ELECTRICAL LIST FREE ON RECEIPT OF TWO STAMPS.

Special to Public School Men!

THERE are plenty of Excellent Situations, at Salaries of £1,200 to £2,000, in the public service, just waiting to be filled.

VACANCIES:

AT HOME { Admiralty (London and Dockyards). War Office (Royal Irish Constabulary). Inland Revenue (Taxes) Home Office (Inspector of Factories). Royal Courts of Justice (London).

INDIA: The Civil Service, India Police, &c.

CHINA JAPAN TURKEY } **The Foreign Office:** Consulships, Interpreters, &c.

THE ROYAL NAVY: Cadetships, Paymasters, Engineers. If you are Backward, don't lose Heart.

THE GREAT CENTRE OF SUCCESS,

SKERRY'S COLLEGE (London, Glasgow, and Dublin), has had over 14,000 *successful students*—and *the most backward got through.*

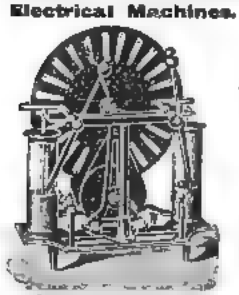
NOTE NEW ADDRESS, and

Write fully, in confidence, to the Sec., Skerry's College, 119 High Holborn (corner of Southampton Row), London, W.C.

Preparation by Graduates in Honours for University and Professional Examinations.

REDDING'S SCIENTIFIC NOVELTIES.

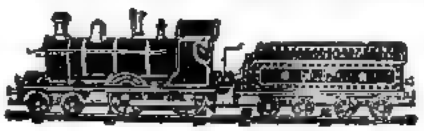
Electrical Machines.



REDDING'S IMPROVED WIMSHURST MACHINES.

Superior Quality, from 37/6. A great variety of experiments for use with these Machines always in Stock.

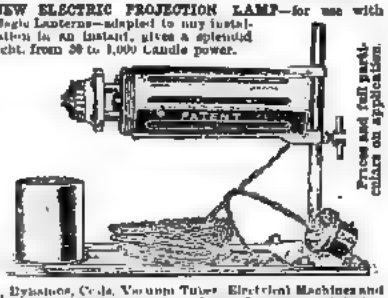
REDDING'S NEW SCALE MODELS OF STEAM LOCOMOTIVES, correctly coloured in Four Railways, 15/6 each.



New Scale Models of British Locomotives, beautifully finished in the correct colours of the four Principal Railways. Every model guaranteed. Tested by steam, all fitted with Slide Valve Cylinders, Exhaust through Funnel, &c., &c.

Gauges (1) £1 12s. 6d. (2) £2 10s. (3) £4 18s.; (4) £6 10s. Complete with Tenders.

NEW ELECTRIC PROJECTION LAMP—for use with Magic Lanterns—adapted to any installation in an instant, gives a splendid light, from 30 to 1,000 candle power.



Prices and full particulars on application.

Write at once for our New Illustrated Catalogues of Motors, Dynamos, Coils, Vacuum Tubes, Electrical Machines and Experiments, Bells, Batteries, Accumulators, and Pocket Lamps, Microscopes and Telescopes, Magic Lanterns and Slides, Working Model Stationary and Locomotive Engines of all kinds, and all the Latest Scientific and Amusing Novelties, post free

H. J. REDDING & CO., 3 ARGYLL PLACE, REGENT STREET, W.

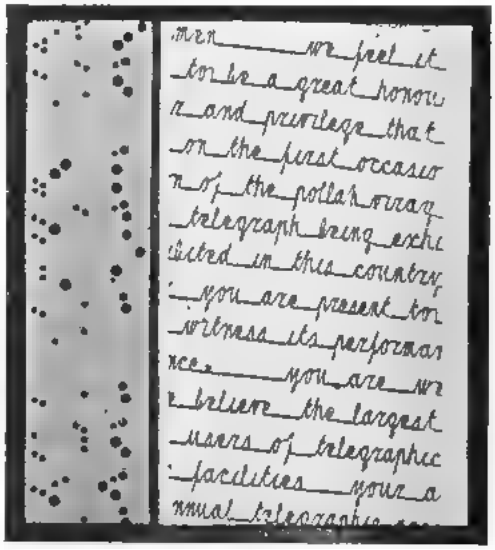
Close to Oxford Circus Tube Station.

From Land to Mid-Ocean.

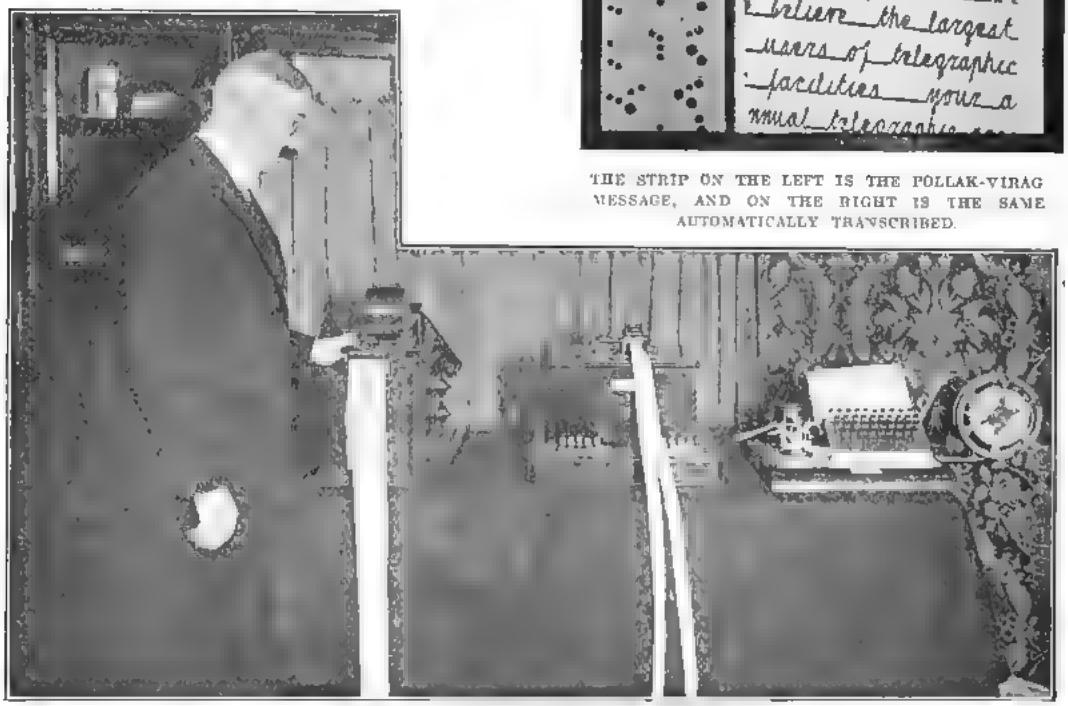
Any CAPTAIN reader may now send a wireless telegram to a friend crossing the Atlantic on the steamers of any of the great steamship lines. Until the beginning of the year only specially privileged persons were permitted to avail themselves of the practical advantages accruing from Marconi's inventive genius. But now, from any telegraph office, at a cost of 6½d a word, and a minimum charge of 6s. 6d., you may telegraph to a friend in mid-ocean

40,000 Words an Hour.

The latest marvel of telegraphy is the Pollak Virag telegraph apparatus, which automatically records a message in writing and this at the rate of 40,000 words per hour! One of our photos. shows this wonderful instrument, and the other a message as it leaves the transmitter, and also as automatically transcribed.



THE STRIP ON THE LEFT IS THE POLLAK-VIRAG MESSAGE, AND ON THE RIGHT IS THE SAME AUTOMATICALLY TRANSCRIBED.



THE POLLAK-VIRAG TELEGRAPHIC APPARATUS.
Photos. "Topical."

THE LATEST STAMP EXHIBITION.

A Stamp Exhibition will be held, under the auspices of the Junior Philatelic Association, at Exeter Hall, Strand, London, W.C., on Friday and Saturday, February 3rd and 4th, 1905. Further particulars will be found in the advertisement on page xix of this issue, and any reader of THE CAPTAIN will be admitted on presentation of the coupon included therein.

SPECIAL TO "CAPTAIN" READERS.

THE LONDON STAMP EXHIBITION

In EXETER HALL, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.,

On FRIDAY & SATURDAY, FEB. 3rd & 4th, 1905.

Competitive Section. Open to Members and Non-Members.

Gold Medal.—It has been decided to present a Gold Medal to the boy or girl (whose age must not exceed 19), who submits to the Committee the best arranged collection of postage stamps in accordance with the conditions printed below.

Two Silver Medals and a number of other prizes offered by stall holders will be awarded to the competitors next in order of merit. A full list of medals and prizes is printed below.

There is no charge for entry, and the contest will be open to every boy or girl collector whose age does not exceed 19, whether a member of the Junior Philatelic Society or not.

Albums intended for this contest should be sent to the Hon. Secretaries, H. F. Johnson and P. Clare, 11, Trigon Road, Clapham, on or before Wednesday, February 1st. An addressed cover with stamps for return postage and registration must be enclosed for the safe return of the album when examined.

The Medals and Prizes will be awarded for the Collections which display the best skill and knowledge in the arrangement of the stamps. The rarity and value of the stamps, or whether used or unused, or the costliness of Album and mountings, will not be taken into consideration. A small collection neatly and carefully arranged may as readily head the list as a big collection of enormous value.

Only Boys and Girls under 19 will be allowed to compete, and competitors must enclose a letter signed by a parent, or a schoolmaster, clergyman, guardian, or other responsible person, stating that the collection is the entire property of the competitor, and that the competitor's age does not exceed 19 years.

There are no other conditions, and it need not cost you anything to compete, except the small cost of postage. All other costs are being borne by the Exhibition Committee. The successful albums will be displayed in a special case at the Exhibition, where will be made the first announcements of the result of the contest.

The Collections may be General or Specialised.—They may comprise used stamps only or unused only, or both together. Any postage stamps, postal cards, envelopes, or wrappers may be included, but fiscal stamps will not be considered.

The following is the order of the medals and prizes :—

1.—The Society's Gold Medal.
2.—The Society's Silver Medal.
3.—Another Silver Medal.
4.—A Three-Guinea Cistafile, presented by Messrs. Lawn & Barlow.
5.—A No. 5 Standard Postage Stamp Album (value £2 5s.), presented by Messrs. Whitfield King & Co.
6.—A Set of Six Volumes of "The Captain," presented by Messrs. George Newnes, Limited.
7.—Thirty shillings' worth of stamps, to be selected from Bright's ABC Catalogue, presented by Messrs. Bright & Son.
8.—A Royal Stamp Album, with a 1d. and 2d. Mulready, presented by Mr. D. Field.
9.—A Packet Collection of 2,000 varieties, presented by Mr. William Brown.

All Communications respecting this contest must be made to the Honorary Secretaries (The Junior Philatelic Society), H. F. Johnson and P. Clare, 11, Trigon Road, Clapham, London, S.W.

DETACH HERE.

COMPLIMENTARY TICKET

THE LONDON STAMP EXHIBITION

Organised by the Junior Philatelic Society, to be held in

EXETER HALL, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.,

Friday & Saturday, Feb. 3rd & 4th.

Please Admit Bearer to the Exhibition any time between 3.30 p.m. and 9.30 p.m. on Friday, and between 11 a.m. and 9.30 p.m. on Saturday.

With the "Old Fag's" Compliments. "THE CAPTAIN," BURLEIGH STREET, STRAND, W.C.

Digitized by Google

F. C. GOULD.
Photo. Newnes.

THE BOYS' EMPIRE LEAGUE

To Promote and Strengthen a Worthy Imperial Spirit in British Boys all over the World.

MOTTO—"Many Countries but One Empire."

THE VEN. W. M. SINCLAIR, D.D.
Photo. Mills.

President, F. C. GOULD, Esq. *Vice-Presidents*, THE ARCHDEACON OF LONDON, SIR A. CONAN DOYLE.

LEAGUE NOTES FOR FEBRUARY, 1905.

THIS page is open every month for the insertion of reports and announcements concerning the numerous branches of the Boys' Empire League. Club secretaries are requested to send such notices to the Organising Secretary, B.E.L., at 56 Ludgate Hill, E.C., by the 26th of every month. Forms for this purpose can be obtained on application to the Secretary.

The Secretary would be pleased to hear from readers of THE CAPTAIN in all parts of the Empire on matters affecting the doings and welfare of the League and its members. As it is, he receives regular communications from all our principal Colonies, and has quite recently had interesting letters from CAPTAIN readers living in such widely scattered regions as Buenos Ayres, Malay, Fiji, Falkland Isles, Cape Breton, Calabar, Tasmania, and other outposts of the British Empire.

INTER-COLONIAL CORRESPONDENCE.—My recent paragraph in regard to the above has brought a budget of inquiries from all parts of the United Kingdom, and the writers have been duly placed in communication with members of the B.E.L. in the various Colonies, in accordance with their wishes. The working of this section is very simple when attended to with regularity, but by the time THE CAPTAIN has reached the farthest colony, and CAPTAIN readers have had time to reply, I shall require a number of names of British boys who will be willing to correspond with members abroad.

British correspondents are wanted by Ulric John, 12 Magazine Cut, Freetown, Sierra Leone; G. B. Thompson, The Rectory, Forbes, New South Wales; Geo. Brooker, Junr., 13 Kelvin-grove, Auburn, Australia; and Walter H. Toll, of 37 Benyon-road, Southgate-road, N.; would be glad to hear from a correspondent in Canada.

KIDDERMINSTER.—Fred. Ashcroft and Wm. J. Hammond, hon. secs.—This club is making steady progress, owing, in a great measure, to the praiseworthy efforts of the joint secretaries and a well-chosen committee. Mr. Barnard, one of the vice-presidents, has presented the branch with an enlarged photo of himself, which is now hanging on the wall of the club room in Worcester-street. In addition, Mr. Barnard has also offered a silver cup to be competed for in the Draughts Tournament. The club is well appointed, and furnished with games and papers. A hearty invitation is extended to all B.E.L. members in the district. Club nights, Wednesdays and Saturdays, from 6.30 to 9.15, at 28 Worcester-street, Kidderminster.

NEWBURY, BERKS.—Mr. John Wickens, F.S.B.C., B.E.L. 4407, 3 Gordon-place, St. Mary's-road, Newbury, Berks, would be pleased to hear from any B.E.L. members residing in the counties of Berks, Hants, and Wilts, for the purpose of organising clubs, and if possible, at intervals, to visit such clubs for lecturing. Apply, stating number of B.E.L. members, particulars of club, and enclosing stamped addressed envelope, to the above.

BROMSGROVE, WORCESTERSHIRE.—I am pleased to hear that Messrs. Giles and Snell, the joint secretaries of this branch, have arranged an excellent programme for the spring session. More members are cordially invited.

B.E.L. HANDBOOK.—I am pleased to say that the B.E.L. Handbook, which has been thoroughly revised and enlarged, and partly re-written, is now ready, and available at cost price, 3d. It contains the latest portraits of the President, the founders, the Archdeacon of London, Sir A. Conan Doyle, and others, besides all information regarding the League.

NEW ZEALAND.—The Committee have selected the beautiful "Empire Story of New Zealand" by W. Pember Reeves, Esq., Agent-General for New Zealand, as the work for the ensuing session. It is published at 1s. 6d., but through the kindness of the publishers we are enabled to forward it to our members post free to any address for 1s. 2d.

HOWARD H. SPICER.

Digitized by Google

THIS IS NOT KITCHENER,

But

CARINGTON.

In the February Number of **Fry's Magazine** you will meet Carington for the first time. He is one of the most remarkable characters ever introduced into a magazine, and his audacious career and thrilling adventures, as set forth by MAJOR PHILIP TREVOR, will completely capture you.

THE CAPTURES OF CARINGTON,

IN

C. B. FRY'S Magazine.

Sixpence Net.

Digitized by Google

JOHN PIGGOTT, LTD.

SPEND ½d. to SAVE £1

Send a Postcard for our

SPECIAL

SALE LIST

OF

GENUINE BARGAINS.

Goods GREATLY REDUCED in all Departments.

117 & 118 CHEAPSIDE, AND 1, 2, & 3 MILK STREET BUILDINGS, LONDON, E.C.

CADBURY'S

Absolutely Pure, **COCOA** Therefore Best.

HEALTH says: "CADBURY'S Cocoa has in a remarkable degree those natural elements of sustenance which give the system endurance and hardihood, building up muscle and bodily vigour with a steady action that renders it a most acceptable and reliable beverage."

BEWARE of cocoas treated with alkali or other chemicals to give a fictitious appearance of strength.

CALLARD & BOWSER'S

BUTTER-SCOTCH

(The Celebrated Sweet for Children).

Really wholesome Confectionery." Lancet.

MANUFACTORY: LONDON, W.C.

WHEN THINGS LOOK BLACK BUY

"MATCHLESS" METAL **POLISH** AND RUB 'EM

BE LOYAL! DONT PURCHASE FOREIGN POLISHES. "MATCHLESS" METAL POLISH IS *BRITISH ALL THROUGH.*

Manufacturers "THE MATCHLESS" METAL POLISH Co. Ltd. LIVERPOOL.

ALL ADVERTISEMENTS FOR "THE CAPTAIN" should be addressed ADVERTISEMENT DEPARTMENT, GEORGE NEWNES, LIMITED, 7-12 SOUTHAMPTON STREET, STRAND, W.C.

Printed by Richard Clay and Sons, Ltd., Bread Street Hill, E.C., and Bungay, Suffolk.

Digitized by Google